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METAMORPHOSES

II

OVID

METAMORPHOSES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

FRANK JUSTUS MILLER
PH.D., LL.D.
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN TWO VOLUMES

II

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METAMORPHOSES

METAMORPHOSEON

LIBER IX

QVAE gemitus truncaeque deo Neptunius heros
causa rogat frontis, cum sic Calydonius amnis
coepit inornatos redimitus harundine crines:
"triste petis munus. quis enim sua proelia victus
commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam
turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est,
magnaque dat nobis tantus solacia victor.
nomine siqua suo fando pervenit ad aures
Deïanira tuas, quondam pulcherrima virgo
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum.
cum quibus ut soceri domus est intrata petiti,
'accipe me generum,' dixi 'Parthaone nate':
dixit et Alcides. alii cessere duobus.
ille Iovem socerum dare se, famamque laborum,
et superata suae referebat iussa novercae.
contra ego 'turpe deum mortali cedere' dixi—
nondum erat ille deus—'dominum me cernis aquarum

METAMORPHOSES

BOOK IX

The Neptunian hero[1] asked the god why he groaned and what was the cause of his mutilated forehead. And thus the Calydonian river, binding up his rough locks with a band of reeds, made answer: "'Tis an unpleasant task you set; for who would care to chronicle his defeats? Still I will tell the story as it happened: nor was it so much a disgrace to be defeated as it was an honour to have striven at all, and the thought that my conqueror was so mighty is a great comfort to me. Deianira (if you have ever heard of her) was once a most beautiful maiden and the envied hope of many suitors. When along with them I entered the house of the father[2] of the maid I sought, I said: 'Take me for son-in-law, O son of Parthaon.' Hercules said the same, and the others yielded their claims to us two. He pleaded the fact that Jove was his father, pleaded his famous labours and all that he had overcome at the command of his stepmother. In reply I said: 'It is a shame for a god to give place to a mortal' (Hercules had not yet been made a god); 'you behold in me the lord of the

1 Theseus was the reputed son of Aegeus; but there was a current tradition that he was really the son of Neptune.

2 Oeneus.

cursibus obliquis inter tua regna fluentum.
nec gener externis hospes tibi missus ab oris,
sed popularis ego et rerum pars una tuarum.
tantum ne noceat, quod me nec regia Iuno
odit, et omnis abest iussorum poena laborum.
nam, quo te iactas, Alcmena nate, creatum,
Iuppiter aut falsus pater est, aut crimine verus.
matris adulterio patrem petis. elige, fictum
esse Iovem malis, an te per dedecus ortum.'
talia dicentem iandudum lumine torvo
spectat, et accensae non fortiter imperat irae,
verbaque tot reddit: 'melior mihi dextera lingua.
dummodo pugnando superem, tu vince loquendo'
congrediturque ferox. puduit modo magna locutum
cedere: reieci viridem de corpore vestem,
bracchiaque opposui, tenuique a pectore varas
in statione manus et pugnae membra paravi.
ille cavis hausto spargit me pulvere palmis,
inque vicem fulvae tactu flavescit harenae.
et modo cervicem, modo crura micantia captat,
aut captare putes, omnique a parte lacessit.
me mea defendit gravitas frustraque petebar;
haud secus ac moles, magno quam murmure fluctus
oppugnant; manet illa, suoque est pondere tuta.
digredimur paulum, rursusque ad bella coimus,
inque gradu stetimus, certi non cedere, eratque
cum pede pes iunctus, totoque ego pectore pronus
et digitos digitis et frontem fronte premebam.
non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,

waters which flow down their winding courses through your realm. If I wed your daughter, it will be no stranger from foreign shores; but I shall be one of your own countrymen, a part of your own kingdom. Only let it not be to my disadvantage that Queen Juno does not hate me and that no labours are imposed upon me in consequence of her hate. For Jove, from whom you boast that you have sprung, O son of Alcmena, is either not your father, or is so to your disgrace. Through your mother's sin you claim your father. Choose, then, whether you prefer to say that your claim to Jove is false, or to confess yourself the son of shame.' As I thus spoke he eyed me for a long while with lowering gaze and, unable to control his hot wrath longer, he answered just these words: 'My hand is better than my tongue. Let me but win in fighting and you may win in speech'; and he came at me fiercely. I was ashamed to draw back after having spoken so boldly; and so I threw off my green coat, put up my arms, held my clenched hands out in front of my breast in position, and so prepared me for the fight. He caught up some dust in the hollow of his hand and threw it over me and in turn himself became yellow with the tawny sand. And now he caught at my neck, now at my quick-moving legs (or you would think he did), and attacked me at every point. My weight protected me and I was attacked in vain. Just like a cliff I stood, which, though the roaring waves dash against it, stands secure, safe in its own bulk. We draw apart a little space, then rush together again to the fray and stand firm in our tracks, each determined not to yield. Foot locked with foot, fingers with fingers clenched, brow against brow, with all my body's forward-leaning weight I pressed upon him. Like that have I seen two strong bulls rush

cum, pretium pugnae, toto nitidissima saltu
expetitur coniunx : spectant armenta paventque
nescia, quem maneat tanti victoria regni.
ter sine profectu voluit nitentia contra
reicere Alcides a se mea pectora ; quarto
excutit amplexus, adductaque bracchia solvit,[1]
inpulsumque manu—certum est mihi vera fateri—
protinus avertit, tergoque onerosus inhaesit.
siqua fides,—neque enim ficta mihi gloria voce
quaeritur—inposito pressus mihi monte videbar.
vix tamen inserui sudore fluentia multo
bracchia, vix solvi duros a pectore nexus.
instat anhelanti, prohibetque resumere vires,
et cervice mea potitur. tum denique tellus
pressa genu nostro est, et harenas ore momordi.
inferior virtute, meas divertor ad artes,
elaborque viro longum formatus in anguem.
qui postquam flexos sinuavi corpus in orbes,
cumque fero movi linguam stridore bisulcam,
risit, et inludens nostras Tirynthius artes
'cunarum labor est angues superare mearum,'
dixit 'et ut vincas alios, Acheloe, dracones,
pars quota Lernaeae serpens eris unus echidnae ?
vulneribus fecunda suis erat illa, nec ullum
de centum numero caput est inpune recisum,
quin gemino cervix herede valentior esset.
hanc ego ramosam natis e caede colubris
crescentemque malo domui, domitamque reclusi.
quid fore te credas, falsum qui versus in anguem

[1] *So Merkel : Ehwald* volvit.

together when they strive for the sleekest heifer in the pasture as the prize of conflict. The herd looks on in fear and trembling, not knowing to which one victory will award so great dominion. Three times without success did Alcides strive to push away from him my opposing breast ; at the fourth attempt he shook off my embrace, broke my hold, and, giving me a sharp buffet with his hand (I am determined to tell it as it was), he whirled me round and clung with all his weight upon my back. If you will believe me (for I am not trying to gain any credit by exaggeration), I seemed to bear the weight of a mountain on my back. With difficulty I thrust in my arms streaming with sweat, with difficulty I broke his hard grip from my body. He pressed close upon me as I panted for breath, gave me no chance to regain my strength, and got me around the neck. Then at length I fell to my knees upon the earth and bit the dust. Finding myself no match for him in strength, I had recourse to my arts, and glided out of his grasp in the form of a long snake. But when I wound my body into twisting coils, and darted out my forked tongue and hissed fiercely at him, the hero of Tiryns only laughed, and mocking at my arts he said : ' It was the task of my cradle days to conquer snakes ; and though you should outdo all other serpents, Acheloüs, how small a part of that Lernaean monster would you, just one snake, be ? For it throve on the wounds I gave ; nor was any one of its hundred heads cut off without its neck being the stronger by two succeeding heads. This creature, branching out with serpents sprung from death and thriving on destruction, I overmastered and, having overmastered, destroyed. And what do you think will become of you who, having assumed but a lying serpent form, make use of

arma aliena moves, quem forma precaria celat?'
dixerat, et summo digitorum vincula collo
inicit: angebar, ceu guttura forcipe pressus,
pollicibusque meas pugnabam evellere fauces.
sic quoque devicto restabat tertia tauri
forma trucis. tauro mutatus membra rebello.
induit ille toris a laeva parte lacertos,
admissumque trahens sequitur, depressaque dura
cornua figit humo, meque alta sternit harena.
nec satis hoc fuerat: rigidum fera dextera cornu
dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revellit.
naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
sacrarunt; divesque meo Bona Copia cornu est."

Dixerat: et nymphe ritu succincta Dianae,
una ministrarum, fusis utrimque capillis,
incessit totumque tulit praedivite cornu
autumnum et mensas, felicia poma, secundas.
lux subit; et primo feriente cacumina sole
discedunt iuvenes, neque enim dum flumina pacem
et placidos habeant lapsus totaeque residant
opperiuntur aquae. vultus Achelous agrestis
et lacerum cornu mediis caput abdidit undis.

Hunc tamen ablati domuit iactura decoris,
cetera sospes habet. capitis quoque fronde saligna
aut superinposita celatur harundine damnum.
at te, Nesse ferox, eiusdem virginis ardor
perdiderat volucri traiectum terga sagitta.
namque nova repetens patrios cum coniuge muros

borrowed arms, who are masked in a shifting form?' So saying he fixed his vice-like grip upon my throat. I was in anguish, as if my throat were in a forceps' grip, and struggled to tear my jaws from his fingers. Conquered in this form also, there remained to me my third refuge, the form of a savage bull. And so in bull form I fought him. He threw his arms around my neck on the left, kept up with me as I ran at full speed, dragging upon me; and, finally, forced down my hard horns and thrust them into the earth and laid me low in the deep dust. Nor was this enough: holding my tough horn in his pitiless right hand, he broke it off and tore it from my forehead, mutilating me. This horn the naiads took, filled it with fruit and fragrant flowers, and hallowed it. And now the goddess of glad Abundance is enriched with my horn."

So spoke the river-god; and lo, a nymph girt like Diana, one of the attendants with locks flowing free, appeared and served them from her bounteous horn with all the fruits of Autumn, and wholesome apples for the second course. The dawn came on, and, as the first rays of the sun smote the mountain-tops, the youths took their departure; for they did not wait until the river should flow in peaceful current and all the flood-waters should subside. And Achelous hid his rustic features and his head, scarred from the wrenched-off horn, beneath his waves.

He was humbled indeed by the loss of his beauteous horn, which had been taken from him, though scathless in all else, a loss which he could hide with willow boughs and reeds entwined about his head. But, O savage Nessus, a passion for the same maiden utterly destroyed you, pierced through the body by a flying arrow. For, seeking his native city with his

venerat Eueni rapidas Iove natus ad undas.
uberior solito, nimbis hiemalibus auctus,
verticibusque frequens erat atque inpervius amnis.
intrepidum pro se, curam de coniuge agentem
Nessus adit, membrisque valens scitusque vadorum,
"officio" que "meo ripa sistetur in illa
haec," ait "Alcide. tu viribus utere nando!"
pallentemque metu, fluviumque ipsumque timentem
tradidit Aonius pavidam Calydonida Nesso.
mox, ut erat, pharetraque gravis spolioque leonis—
nam clavam et curvos trans ripam miserat arcus—
"quandoquidem coepi, superentur flumina" dixit,
nec dubitat nec, qua sit clementissimus amnis,
quaerit, et obsequio deferri spernit aquarum.
iamque tenens ripam, missos cum tolleret arcus,
coniugis agnovit vocem Nessoque paranti
fallere depositum "quo te fiducia" clamat
"vana pedum, violente, rapit? tibi, Nesse biformis,
dicimus. exaudi, nec res intercipe nostras.
si te nulla mei reverentia movit, at orbes
concubitus vetitos poterant inhibere paterni.
haud tamen effugies, quamvis ope fidis equina;
vulnere, non pedibus te consequar." ultima dicta
res probat, et missa fugientia terga sagitta
traicit. exstabat ferrum de pectore aduncum

bride, the son of Jove had come to the swift waters of Euenus. The stream was higher than its wont, swollen with winter rains, full of wild eddies, and quite impassable. As the hero stood undaunted for himself, but anxious for his bride, Nessus came up, strong of limb and well acquainted with the fords, and said: "By my assistance, Alcides, she shall be set on yonder bank; and do you use your strength and swim across!" The Theban accordingly entrusted to Nessus' care the Calydonian maid, pale and trembling, fearing the river and the centaur himself. At once, just as he was, burdened with his quiver and the lion's skin (for he had tossed his club and curving bow across to the other bank), the hero said: "Since I have undertaken it, these waters shall be overcome." And in he plunged; nor did he seek out where the stream was kindliest, and scorned to reach his goal by the courtesy of the waters. And now he had just gained the other bank, and was picking up his bow which he had thrown across, when he heard his wife's voice calling; and to Nessus, who was in act to betray his trust, he shouted: "Where is your vain confidence in your fleetness carrying you, you ravisher? To you, two-formed Nessus, I am talking: listen, and do not dare come between me and mine. If no fear of me has weight with you, at least your father's [1] whirling wheel should prevent the outrage you intend. You shall not escape, however much you trust in your horse's fleetness. With my deadly wound, if not with my feet, I shall overtake you." Suiting the action to his last words, he shot an arrow straight into the back of the fleeing centaur. The barbed point protruded from his

[1] *i.e.* Ixion, who also had been guilty of an outrage for which he suffered his well-known punishment in Hades.

quod simul evulsum est, sanguis per utrumque foramen
emicuit mixtus Lernaei tabe veneni.
excipit hunc Nessus: "neque enim moriemur inulti"
secum ait, et calido velamina tincta cruore
dat munus raptae velut inritamen amoris.

Longa fuit medii mora temporis, actaque magni
Herculis inplerant terras odiumque novercae.
victor ab Oechalia Cenaeo sacra parabat
vota Iovi, cum Fama loquax praecessit ad aures,
Deianira, tuas, quae veris addere falsa
gaudet, et e minimo sua per mendacia crescit,
Amphitryoniaden Ioles ardore teneri.
credit amans, venerisque novae perterrita fama
indulsit primo lacrimis, flendoque dolorem
diffudit miseranda suum. mox deinde "quid autem
flemus?" ait "paelex lacrimis laetabitur istis.
quae quoniam adveniet, properandum aliquidque
novandum est,
dum licet, et nondum thalamos tenet altera nostros.
conquerar, an sileam? repetam Calydona, morerne?
excedam tectis? an, si nihil amplius, obstem?
quid si me, Meleagre, tuam memor esse sororem
forte paro facinus, quantumque iniuria possit
femineusque dolor, iugulata paelice testor?"
incursus animus varios habet. omnibus illis
praetulit inbutam Nesseo sanguine vestem

breast. This he tore out, and spurting forth from both wounds came the blood mixed with the deadly poison of the Lernaean hydra. Nessus caught this, and muttering, "I shall not die unavenged," he gave his tunic, soaked with his warm blood, to Deianira as a gift, potent to revive waning love.

Meanwhile, long years had passed; the deeds of the mighty Hercules had filled the earth and had sated his stepmother's hate. Returning victorious from Oechalia, he was preparing to pay his vows to Jove at Cenaeum, when tattling Rumour came on ahead to your ears, Deianira, Rumour, who loves to mingle false and true and, though very small at first, grows huge through lying, and she reported that the son of Amphitryon[1] was enthralled by love of Iole.[2] The loving wife believes the tale, and completely overcome by the report of this new love, she indulges her tears at first and, poor creature, pours out her grief in a flood of weeping. But soon she says: "Why do I weep? My rival will rejoice at my tears. But since she is on her way hither I must make haste and devise some plan while I may, and while as yet another woman has not usurped my couch. Shall I complain or shall I grieve in silence? Shall I go back to Calydon or tarry here? Shall I leave my house or, if I can nothing more, stay and oppose her? What if, O Meleager, remembering that I am your sister, I make bold to plan some dreadful deed, and by killing my rival prove how much a woman's outraged feelings and grief can do?" Her mind has various promptings; but to all other plans she prefers to send to her husband the tunic soaked in Nessus' blood, in the hope that this

1 The husband of Alcmena and putative father of Hercules.
2 The daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia.

mittere, quae vires defecto reddat amori,
ignaroque Lichae, quid tradat, nescia, luctus
ipsa suos tradit blandisque miserrima verbis,
dona det illa viro, mandat. capit inscius heros,
induiturque umeris Lernaeae virus echidnae.
Tura dabat primis et verba precantia flammis,
vinaque marmoreas patera fundebat in aras :
incaluit vis illa mali, resolutaque flammis
Herculeos abiit late dilapsa per artus.
dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.
victa malis postquam est patientia, reppulit aras,
implevitque suis nemorosum vocibus Oeten.
nec mora, letiferam conatur scindere vestem :
qua trahitur, trahit illa cutem, foedumque relatu,
aut haeret membris frustra temptata revelli,
aut laceros artus et grandia detegit ossa.
ipse cruor, gelido ceu quondam lammina candens
tincta lacu, stridit coquiturque ardente veneno.
nec modus est, sorbent avidae praecordia flammae,
caeruleusque fluit toto de corpore sudor,
ambustique sonant nervi, caecaque medullis
tabe liquefactis tollens ad sidera palmas
" cladibus," exclamat " Saturnia, pascere nostris :
pascere, et hanc pestem specta, crudelis, ab alto,
corque ferum satia. vel si miserandus et hosti,
hoc est, si tibi sum, diris cruciatibus aegram
invisamque animam natamque laboribus aufer.
hoc mihi munus erit; decet haec dare dona novercam.

may revive her husband's failing love; and to Lichas, ignorant of what he bears, with her own hands she all unwittingly commits the cause of her future woe, and with honeyed words the unhappy woman bids him take this present to her lord. The hero innocently received the gift and put on his shoulders the tunic soaked in the Lernaean hydra's poison.

He was offering incense and prayers amid the kindling flames and pouring wine from the libation bowl upon the marble altar: then was the virulence of that pest aroused and, freed by the heat, went stealing throughout the frame of Hercules. While he could, with his habitual manly courage he held back his groans. But when his endurance was conquered by his pain, he overthrew the altar and filled woody Oeta with his cries. At once he tries to tear off the deadly tunic; but where it is torn away, it tears the skin with it and, ghastly to relate, it either sticks to his limbs, from which he vainly tries to tear it, or else lays bare his torn muscles and huge bones. His very blood hisses and boils with the burning poison, as when a piece of red-hot metal is plunged into a cold pool. Without limit the greedy flames devour his vitals; the dark sweat pours from his whole body; his burnt sinews crackle and, while his very marrow melts with the hidden, deadly fire, he stretches suppliant hands to heaven and cries: "Come, feast, Saturnia,[1] upon my destruction; feast, I say; look down, thou cruel one, from thy lofty seat, behold my miserable end, and glut thy savage heart! Or, if I merit pity even from my enemy—that is, from thee—take hence this hateful life, sick with its cruel sufferings and born for toil. This will be a boon to me, surely a fitting boon

[1] Juno.

ergo ego foedantem peregrino templa cruore
Busirin domui? saevoque alimenta parentis
Antaeo eripui? nec me pastoris Hiberi
forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua, Cerbere, movit?
vosne, manus, validi pressistis cornua tauri?
vestrum opus Elis habet, vestrum Stymphalides undae,
Partheniumque nemus? vestra virtute relatus
Thermodontiaco caelatus balteus auro,
pomaque ab insomni concustodita dracone?
nec mihi centauri potuere resistere, nec mi
Arcadiae vastator aper? nec profuit hydrae
crescere per damnum geminasque resumere vires?
quid, quod Thracis equos humano sanguine pingues
plenaque corporibus laceris praesepia vidi,
visaque deieci, dominumque ipsosque peremi?
his elisa iacet moles Nemeaea lacertis:
hac caelum cervice tuli. defessa iubendo est
saeva Iovis coniunx: ego sum indefessus agendo.
sed nova pestis adest, cui nec virtute resisti
nec telis armisque potest. pulmonibus errat
ignis edax imis, perque omnes pascitur artus.
at valet Eurystheus! et sunt, qui credere possint
esse deos!" dixit, perque altum saucius Oeten
haud aliter graditur, quam si venabula taurus
corpore fixa gerat, factique refugerit auctor.
saepe illum gemitus edentem, saepe frementem,
saepe retemptantem totas infringere vestes
sternentemque trabes irascentemque videres
montibus aut patrio tendentem bracchia caelo.

for a stepmother to bestow! Was it for this I slew Busiris, who defiled his temples with strangers' blood? that I deprived the dread Antaeus of his mother's strength? that I did not fear the Spanish shepherd's [1] triple form, nor thy triple form, O Cerberus? Was it for this, O hands, that you broke the strong bull's horns? that Elis knows your toil, the waves of Stymphalus, the Parthenian woods? that by your prowess the girdle wrought of Thermodonian gold in relief was secured, and that fruit guarded by the dragon's sleepless eyes? Was it for this that the centaurs could not prevail against me, nor the boar that wasted Arcady? that it did not avail the hydra to grow by loss and gain redoubled strength? What, when I saw the Thracian's horses fat with human blood and those mangers full of mangled corpses and, seeing, threw them down and slew the master [2] and the steeds themselves? By these arms the monster of Nemea lies crushed; upon this neck I upheld the sky! The cruel wife of Jove is weary of imposing toils; but I am not yet weary of performing them. But now a strange and deadly thing is at me, which neither by strength can I resist, nor yet by weapons nor by arms. Deep through my lungs steals the devouring fire, and feeds through all my frame. But Eurystheus is alive and well! And there are those who can believe that there are gods!" He spoke and in sore distress went ranging along high Oeta; just as a bull carries about the shaft that has pierced his body, though the giver of the wound has fled. See him there on the mountains oft uttering heart-rending groans, oft roaring in agony, oft struggling to tear off all his garments, uprooting great trunks of trees, and raging o'er the mountains or stretching out his arms to his father's skies.

[1] Geryon. [2] Diomedes.

Ecce Lichan trepidum latitantem rupe cavata
aspicit, utque dolor rabiem conlegerat omnem,
"tune, Licha," dixit "feralia dona dedisti?
tune meae necis auctor eris?" tremit ille, pavetque
pallidus, et timide verba excusantia dicit.
dicentem genibusque manus adhibere parantem
corripit Alcides, et terque quaterque rotatum
mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas.
ille per aërias pendens induruit auras:
utque ferunt imbres gelidis concrescere ventis,
inde nives fieri, nivibus quoque molle rotatis
astringi et spissa glomerari grandine corpus,
sic illum validis iactum per inane lacertis
exsanguemque metu nec quicquam umoris habentem
in rigidos versum silices prior edidit aetas.
nunc quoque in Euboico scopulus brevis eminet alto
gurgite et humanae servat vestigia formae,
quem, quasi sensurum, nautae calcare verentur,
appellantque Lichan. at tu, Iovis inclita proles,
arboribus caesis, quas ardua gesserat Oete,
inque pyram structis arcum pharetramque capacem
regnaque visuras iterum Troiana sagittas
ferre iubes Poeante satum, quo flamma ministro
subdita. dumque avidis comprenditur ignibus agger,
congeriem silvae Nemeaeo vellere summam
sternis, et inposita clavae cervice recumbis,
haud alio vultu, quam si conviva iaceres
inter plena meri redimitus pocula sertis.

Of a sudden he caught sight of Lichas cowering with fear and hiding beneath a hollow rock, and with all the accumulated rage of suffering he cried: "Was it you, Lichas, who brought this fatal gift? And shall you be called the author of my death?" The young man trembled, grew pale with fear, and timidly attempted to excuse his act. But while he was yet speaking and striving to clasp the hero's knees, Alcides caught him up and, whirling him thrice and again about his head, he hurled him far out into the Euboean sea, swifter than a missile from a catapult. The youth stiffened as he yet hung high in air; and as drops of rain are said to congeal beneath the chilling blast and change to snow, then whirling snowflakes condense to a soft mass and finally are packed in frozen hail: so, hurled by strong arms through the empty air, bloodless with fear, his vital moisture dried, he changed, old tradition says, to flinty rock. Even to this day in the Euboean sea a low rock rises from the waves, keeping the semblance of a human form; this rock, as if it were sentient, the sailors fear to tread on, and they call it Lichas. But you, illustrious son of Jove, cut down the trees which grew on lofty Oeta, built a huge funeral pyre, and bade the son of Poeas,[1] who set the torch beneath, to take in recompense your bow, capacious quiver and arrows, destined once again to see the realm of Troy. And as the pyre began to kindle with the greedy flames, you spread the Nemean lion's skin on top of the pile of wood and, with your club for pillow, laid you down with peaceful countenance, as if, amid cups of generous wine and crowned with garlands, you were reclining on a banquet-couch.

[1] Philoctetes.

Iamque valens et in omne latus diffusa sonabat,
securosque artus contemptoremque petebat
flamma suum. timuere dei pro vindice terrae.
quos ita, sensit enim, laeto Saturnius ore
Iuppiter adloquitur: "nostra est timor iste voluptas,
o superi, totoque libens mihi pectore grator,
quod memoris populi dicor rectorque paterque
et mea progenies vestro quoque tuta favore est.
nam quamquam ipsius datis hoc inmanibus actis,
obligor ipse tamen. sed enim nec pectora vano
fida metu paveant. istas nec spernite flammas!
omnia qui vicit, vincet, quos cernitis, ignes;
nec nisi materna Vulcanum parte potentem
sentiet. aeternum est a me quod traxit, et expers
atque inmune necis, nullique domabile flammae.
idque ego defunctum terra caelestibus oris
accipiam, cunctisque meum laetabile factum
dis fore confido. siquis tamen Hercule, siquis
forte deo dolituras erit, data praemia nolet,
sed meruisse dari sciet, invitusque probabit."
adsensere dei. coniunx quoque regia visa est
cetera non duro, duro tamen ultima vultu
dicta tulisse Iovis, seque indoluisse notatam.
interea quodcumque fuit populabile flammae,
Mulciber abstulerat, nec cognoscenda remansit
Herculis effigies, nec quicquam ab imagine ductum
matris habet, tantumque Iovis vestigia servat.
utque novus serpens posita cum pelle senecta
luxuriare solet, squamaque nitere recenti,

And now on all sides the spreading flames were crackling fiercely, and licking at the careless limbs that scorned their power. The gods felt fear for the earth's defender. Then Saturnian Jove, well pleased (for he knew their thoughts), addressed them: "Your solicitude is a joy to me, ye gods of heaven, and I rejoice with all my heart that I am called king and father of a grateful race of gods, and that my offspring is safe under your protecting favour also. For, though you offer this tribute to his own mighty deeds, still I myself am much beholden to you. But let not your faithful hearts be filled with needless fear. Scorn not those flames! He who has conquered all things shall conquer these fires which you see; nor shall he feel Vulcan's power save in the part his mother gave him. Immortal is the part which he took from me, and that is safe and beyond the power of death, which no flame can destroy. And when this is done with earth I shall receive him on the heavenly shores, and I trust that this act of mine will be pleasing to all the gods. But if there is anyone, if there is anyone, I say, who is going to be sorry that Hercules is made a god, why then, he will begrudge the prize, but he will at least know that it was given deservedly, and will be forced to approve the deed." The gods assented; even Juno seemed to take all else complacently, but not complacently the last words of Jove, and she grieved that she had been singled out for rebuke. Meanwhile, whatever the flames could destroy, Mulciber had now consumed, and no shape of Hercules that could be recognized remained, nor was there anything left which his mother gave. He kept traces only of his father; and as a serpent, its old age sloughed off with its skin, revels in fresh life, and shines resplendent in its

sic ubi mortales Tirynthius exuit artus,
parte sui meliore viget, maiorque videri
coepit et augusta fieri gravitate verendus.
quem pater omnipotens inter cava nubila raptum
quadriiugo curru radiantibus intulit astris.

Sensit Atlas pondus. neque adhuc Stheneleïus iras
solverat Eurystheus, odiumque in prole paternum
exercebat atrox. at longis anxia curis
Argolis Alcmene, questus ubi ponat aniles,
cui referat nati testatos orbe labores,
cuive suos casus, Iolen habet. Herculis illam
imperiis thalamoque animoque receperat Hyllus,
inpleratque uterum generoso semine; cui sic
incipit Alcmene: "faveant tibi numina saltem,
conripiantque moras tum cum matura vocabis
praepositam timidis parientibus Ilithyiam,
quam mihi difficilem Iunonis gratia fecit.
namque laboriferi cum iam natalis adesset
Herculis et decimum premeretur sidere signum,
tendebat gravitas uterum mihi, quodque ferebam,
tantum erat, ut posses auctorem dicere tecti
ponderis esse Iovem. nec iam tolerare labores
ulterius poteram. quin nunc quoque frigidus artus,
dum loquor, horror habet, parsque est meminisse
doloris.
septem ego per noctes, totidem cruciata diebus,
fessa malis, tendensque ad caelum bracchia, magno
Lucinam Nixosque patres clamore vocabam.
illa quidem venit, sed praecorrupta, meumque
quae donare caput Iunoni vellet iniquae.

bright new scales; so when the Tirynthian put off his mortal frame, he gained new vigour in his better part, began to seem of more heroic size, and to become awful in his godlike dignity. Him the Almighty Father sped through the hollow clouds with his team of four, and set him amid the glittering stars.

Atlas felt his weight. But not even now did Eurystheus, the son of Sthenelus, put away his wrath; but his bitter hatred for the father he still kept up towards his race. Now, spent with long-continued cares, Argive Alcmena had in Iole one to whom she could confide her old woman's troubles, to whom she could relate her son's labours witnessed by all the world, and her own misfortunes. For by Hercules' command, Hyllus had received Iole to his arms and heart, and to him she was about to bear a child of that noble race. Thus spoke Alcmena to her: "May the gods be merciful to you at least and give you swift deliverance in that hour when in your need you call on Ilithyia, goddess of frightened mothers in travail, whom Juno's hatred made so bitter against me. For when the natal hour of toil-bearing Hercules was near and the tenth sign was being traversed by the sun, my burden was so heavy and what I bore so great that you could know Jove was the father of the unborn child; nor could I longer bear my pangs. Nay, even now as I tell it, cold horror holds my limbs and my pains return even as I think of it. For seven nights and days I was in torture; then, spent with anguish, I stretched my arms to heaven and with a mighty wail I called upon Lucina and the three guardian deities of birth. Lucina came, indeed, but pledged in advance to give my life to cruel Juno. There she sat upon the altar before the door, listening to my groans, with her

utque meos audit gemitus, subsedit in illa
ante fores ara, dextroque a poplite laevum
pressa genu et digitis inter se pectine iunctis
sustinuit partus. tacita quoque carmina voce
dixit, et inceptos tenuerunt carmina partus.
nitor, et ingrato facio convicia demens
vana Iovi, cupioque mori, moturaque duros
verba queror silices. matres Cadmeïdes adsunt,
votaque suscipiunt, exhortanturque dolentem.
una ministrarum, media de plebe, Galanthis,
flava comas, aderat, faciendis strenua iussis,
officiis dilecta suis. ea sensit iniqua
nescio quid Iunone geri, dumque exit et intrat
saepe fores, divam residentem vidit in ara
bracchiaque in genibus digitis conexa tenentem,
et 'quaecumque es,' ait 'dominae gratare. levata est
Argolis Alcmene, potiturque puerpera voto.'
exsiluit, iunctasque manus pavefacta remisit
diva potens uteri: vinclis levor ipsa remissis.
numine decepto risisse Galanthida fama est.
ridentem prensamque ipsis dea saeva capillis
traxit, et e terra corpus relevare volentem
arcuit, inque pedes mutavit bracchia primos.
strenuitas antiqua manet; nec terga colorem
amisere suum: forma est diversa priori.
quae quia mendaci parientem iuverat ore,
ore parit nostrasque domos, ut et ante, frequentat."
Dixit, et admonitu veteris commota ministrae

right knee crossed over her left, and with her fingers interlocked; and so she stayed the birth. Charms also, in low muttered words, she chanted, and the charms prevented my deliverance. I fiercely strove and, mad with pain, I shrieked out vain revilings against ungrateful Jove. I longed to die, and my words would have moved the unfeeling rocks. The Theban matrons stood around me, appealed to heaven, and strove to stay my grief. There was one of my attendants born of the common folk, Galanthis, with hair of reddish hue, active always in obedience to my commands, well loved by me for her faithful services. She felt assured that unjust Juno was working some spell against me; and as she was passing in and out the house, she saw the goddess seated on the altar holding her clinched hands upon her knees, and said to her: 'Whoever you are, congratulate our mistress: Argive Alcmena is relieved; her prayers are answered and her child is born.' Up leaped the goddess of birth, unclinched her hands and spread them wide in consternation; my bonds were loosed and I was delivered of my child. They said Galanthis laughed in derision of the cheated deity. And as she laughed the cruel goddess caught her by the hair and dragged her on the ground; and, as the girl strove to rise, she kept her there and changed her arms into the forelegs of an animal. Her old activity remained and her hair kept its former hue; but her former shape was changed. And because she had helped her labouring mistress with her deceitful lips, through her mouth must she bring forth her young. And still, as of yore, she makes our dwelling-place her home."[1]

She spoke and, stirred by the warning fate of her former attendant, groaned deeply. And as she

[1] Galanthis was changed into a weasel.

ingemuit. quam sic nurus est affata dolentem: 325
'te tamen, o genetrix, alienae sanguine nostro
rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
fata meae referam? quamquam lacrimaeque dolorque
impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri—
me pater ex alia genuit—notissima forma 330
Oechalidum, Dryope. quam virginitate carentem
vimque dei passam Delphos Delumque tenentis
excipit Andraemon, et habetur coniuge felix.
est lacus, adclivis devexo margine formam
litoris efficiens, summum myrteta coronant. 335
venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia, quoque
indignere magis, nymphis latura coronas,
inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum
dulce ferebat onus tepidique ope lactis alebat.
haut procul a stagno Tyrios imitata colores 340
in spem bacarum florebat aquatica lotos.
carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
porrigeret, flores, et idem factura videbar—
namque aderam—vidi guttas e flore cruentas
decidere et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 345
scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc nymphe, fugiens obscena Priapi,
contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.
"Nescierat soror hoc. quae cum perterrita retro
ire et adoratis vellet discedere nymphis, 350
haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat,
nec quicquam, nisi summa movet. subcrescit ab imo,
totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.

grieved her daughter-in-law thus addressed her: "And yet, my mother, 'tis the changed form of one not of our blood you grieve for. What if I should tell you of the strange misfortunes of my own sister? And yet my tears and grief check me and almost prevent my speech. She was her mother's only child (for I was born of my father's second wife), Dryope, the most beautiful of all the Oechalian maids. Her, a maid no more through the violence of him who rules at Delphi and at Delos, Andraemon took and was counted happy in his wife. There is a pool whose shelving banks take the form of sloping shores, the top of which a growth of myrtle crowns. Dryope had come hither innocent of the fates and, that you may be the more indignant, with the intention of gathering garlands for the nymphs. In her arms she bore a pleasing burden, her infant boy not yet a full year old, and nursed him at her breast. Near the margin of the pool a plant of the water-lotus grew full of bright blossoms, the harbingers of fruit. To please her little son the mother plucked some of these blossoms, and I was in the act to do the same (for I was with her), when I saw drops of blood falling from the flowers and all the branches shivering with horror. For, you must know, as the slow rustics still relate, Lotis, a nymph, while fleeing from Priapus' vile pursuit, had taken refuge in this shape, changed as to features but keeping still her name.

"But my sister knew naught of this. And when she started back in terror and, with prayers to the nymphs, strove to leave the place, her feet clung, root-like, to the ground; she struggled to tear herself away, but nothing moved except the upper part of her body; the slow-creeping bark climbed upward from her feet and covered all her loins. When

ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.
at puer Amphissos, (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
addiderat nomen,) materna rigescere sentit
ubera; nec sequitur ducentem lacteus umor.
spectatrix aderam fati crudelis, opemque
non poteram tibi ferre, soror, quantumque valebam,
crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa morabar,
et, fateor, volui sub eodem cortice condi.
"Ecce vir Andraemon genitorque miserrimus adsunt,
et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno,
adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent.
nil nisi iam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat
cara soror: lacrimae misero de corpore factis
inrorant foliis; et, dum licet, oraque praestant
vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:
'siqua fides miseris, hoc me per numina iuro
non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam.
viximus innocuae. si mentior, arida perdam
quas habeo frondes, et caesa securibus urar.
hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
et date nutrici, nostraque sub arbore saepe
lac facitote bibat, nostraque sub arbore ludat.
cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
et tristis dicat "latet hoc in stipite mater."
stagna tamen timeat, nec carpat ab arbore flores,

she saw this, she strove to tear her hair with her hands, but only filled her hands with leaves; for leaves now covered all her head. But the boy, Amphissos (for so his grandsire, Eurytus, had named him), felt his mother's breast grow hard, nor could he any longer draw his milky feast. I stood and saw your cruel fate, my sister, nor could I bring you any aid at all. And yet, so far as I could, I delayed the change by holding your growing trunk and branches fast in my embrace; and (shall I confess it?) I longed to hide me beneath that selfsame bark.

"But lo, her husband, Andraemon, and her most unhappy father came seeking for Dryope; and Dryope, in response to their questionings, I showed them as the lotus-tree. They printed kisses on the warm wood and, prostrate on the ground, they clung about the roots of their darling tree. And now my dear sister had only her face remaining, while all the rest was tree. Her tears rained down upon the leaves made from her poor body; and while they could, and her lips afforded utterance for her voice, it poured forth these complaints into the air: 'If oaths of wretched sufferers have any force, I swear by the gods that I have not merited this dreadful thing. In utter innocence I am suffering, and in innocence I have always lived. If I say not the truth, parched with the drought may I lose my foliage and may I be cut down by the axe and burned. But take this infant from his mother's limbs and give him to a nurse. Beneath my tree let him often come and take his milk; beneath my tree let him play. And when he learns to talk, have him greet his mother and sadly say: "Here in this tree-trunk is my mother hid." Still let him fear the pool, pluck no blossoms from the trees, and think all shrubs are goddesses in

et frutices omnes corpus putet esse dearum.
care vale coniunx, et tu, germana, paterque!
quin, siqua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis,
a pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras.
et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
dum tangi possum, parvumque attollite natum!
plura loqui nequeo. nam iam per candida mollis
colla liber serpit, summoque cacumine condor.
ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro
contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex!'
desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse. diuque
corpore mutato rami caluere recentes."

Dumque refert Iole factum mirabile, dumque
Eurytidos lacrimas admoto pollice siccat
Alemene, (flet et ipsa tamen,) compescuit omnem
res nova tristitiam. nam limine constitit alto
paene puer dubiaque tegens lanugine malas,
ora reformatus primos Iolaus in annos.
hoc illi dederat Iunonia muneris Hebe,
victa viri precibus. quae cum iurare pararet,
dona tributuram post hunc se talia nulli,
non est passa Themis: "nam iam discordia Thebae
bella movent," dixit "Capaneusque nisi ab Iove vinci
haud poterit, fientque pares in vulnere fratres,
subductaque suos manes tellure videbit

disguise! Farewell, dear husband, and you, sister, and my father! Nay, if you love me still, protect my branches from the sharp knife, my foliage from the browsing sheep. And, since it is not permitted me to bend down to you, reach up to me and let me kiss you while I may; and reach me once more my little son! Now I can say no more; for over my white neck the soft bark comes creeping, and I am buried in its overtopping folds. You need not close my eyes with your hands; without your service let the bark creep up and close my dying eyes!" In the same moment did she cease to speak and cease to be; and long did the new-made branches keep the warmth of the transformed body."

While Iole was telling this wonderful tale, and while Alcmena, herself also in tears, was drying with her sympathetic hand the tears of the daughter of Eurytus, a startling circumstance banished the grief of both. For there, in the deep doorway, stood a youth, almost a boy, with delicate down covering his cheeks, Iolaüs,[1] restored in features to his youthful prime. Hebe, Juno's daughter, won by her husband's[2] prayers, had given him this boon; and when she was on the point of swearing that to no one after him would she bestow such gifts, Themis checked her vow. "For," said she, "Thebes is even now embroiled in civil strife, Capaneus shall be invincible save by the hand of Jove himself; the two brothers[3] shall die by mutual wounds; the prophet-king[4] shall in the flesh behold his own spirits,

[1] The son of Iphicles, half-brother to Hercules.

[2] *i.e.* Hercules, to whom, after his translation to heaven, Hebe had been given in marriage.

[3] Eteocles and Polynices. [4] Amphiaraüs.

vivus adhuc vates; ultusque parente parentem
natus erit facto pius et sceleratus eodem
attonitusque malis, exul mentisque domusque,
vultibus Eumenidum matrisque agitabitur umbris,
donec eum coniunx fatale poposcerit aurum,
cognatumque latus Phegeïus hauserit ensis.
tum demum magno petet hos Acheloia supplex
ab Iove Callirhoe natis infantibus annos,
neve necem sinat esse diu victoris inultam.
Iuppiter his motus privignae dona nurusque
praecipiet, facietque viros inpubibus annis."

Haec ubi faticano venturi praescia dixit
ore Themis, vario superi sermone fremebant,
et, cur non aliis eadem dare dona liceret,
murmur erat. queritur veteres Pallantias annos
coniugis esse sui, queritur canescere mitis
Iäsiona Ceres, repetitum Mulciber aevum
poscit Erichthonio, Venerem quoque cura futuri
tangit, et Anchisae renovare paciscitur annos.
cui studeat, deus omnis habet; crescitque favore
turbida seditio, donec sua Iuppiter ora
solvit, et "o! nostri siqua est reverentia," dixit
"quo ruitis? tantumne aliquis sibi posse videtur,
fata quoque ut superet? fatis Iolaus in annos,
quos egit, rediit. fatis iuvenescere debent

engulfed by the yawning earth; and his son[1] shall avenge parent on parent,[2] filial and accursed in the selfsame act; stunned by these evil doings, banished from reason and from home, he shall be hounded by the Furies and by his mother's ghost until his wife[3] shall ask of him the fatal golden necklace and the sword of Phegeus shall have drained his kinsman's blood. And then at last shall Callirhoë, daughter of Acheloüs, by prayer obtain from mighty Jove that her infant sons may attain at once to manly years, that so their victorious father's death be not long unavenged. Jove, thus prevailed upon, shall claim in advance for these the gifts of his stepdaughter[4] and daughter-in-law,[5] and shall in an act change beardless boys to men."

When Themis, who knew what was to come, thus spoke with prophetic lips, a confused murmur of varying demands arose among the gods, and they inquired why they were not allowed to grant the same boon to others. Pallantis[6] lamented her husband's[7] hoary age; mild Ceres bewailed Iasion's whitening locks; Mulciber demanded renewed life for Erichthonius, and Venus, too, with care for the future, stipulated that old Anchises' years should be restored. Each god had his own favourite; and the noisy, partisan strife kept on, until Jupiter opened his lips and spoke: "Oh, if you have any reverence for me, what are you coming to? Does anyone suppose that he can so far prevail as to alter Fate's decrees? 'Twas by the will of Fate that Iolaüs was restored to the years which he had passed, by Fate

1 Alcmaeon. 2 Eriphyle. 3 Callirhoë.
4 Hebe. 5 Ibid.
6 Aurora. 7 Tithonus.

Callirhoe geniti, non ambitione nec armis.
vos etiam, quoque hoc animo meliore feratis,
me quoque fata regunt. quae si mutare valerem,
nec nostrum seri curvarent Aeacon anni,
perpetuumque aevi florem Rhadamanthus haberet
cum Minoe meo, qui propter amara senectae
pondera despicitur, nec quo prius ordine regnat."
Dicta Iovis movere deos; nec sustinet ullus,
cum videat fessos Rhadamanthon et Aeacon annis
et Minoa, queri. qui, dum fuit integer aevi,
terruerat magnas ipso quoque nomine gentes;
tunc erat invalidus, Deïonidenque iuventae
robore Miletum Phoeboque parente superbum
pertimuit, credensque suis insurgere regnis,
haut tamen est patriis arcere penatibus ausus.
sponte fugis, Milete, tua, celerique carina
Aegaeas metiris aquas, et in Aside terra
moenia constituis positoris habentia nomen.
hic tibi, dum sequitur patriae curvamina ripae,
filia Maeandri totiens redeuntis eodem
cognita Cyanee, praestanti corpora forma,
Byblida cum Cauno, prolem est enixa gemellam.
Byblis in exemplo est, ut ament concessa puellae,
Byblis Apollinei correpta cupidine fratris;
non soror ut fratrem, nec qua debebat, amabat.
illa quidem primo nullos intellegit ignes,
nec peccare putat, quod saepius oscula iungat,
quod sua fraterno circumdet bracchia collo;

also Callirhoë's sons are destined to leap to manhood from infancy, and not by any ambition or strife of theirs. You, too (I say this that you may be of better mind), and me also the Fates control. If I could change them, old age would not bend low my Aeacus; Rhadamanthus, too, would enjoy perpetual youth, together with my Minos, who, because of the galling weight of age, is now despised and no longer reigns in his former state."

Jove's words appeased the gods; nor could anyone complain when he saw Rhadamanthus, Aeacus, and Minos spent with years. Now Minos, while in his prime, had held great nations in fear of him by his very name; but at that time he was infirm with age and in fear of Miletus, son of Deione and Phoebus, proud of his youthful strength and parentage; and, though he believed that the youth was planning a rebellion against his kingdom, still he did not dare to banish him from his ancestral home. But of your own accord you fled, Miletus, and in your swift vessel crossed the Aegean sea and on the shores of Asia built a city which still bears its founder's name. There, while wandering along the banks of her father's winding stream, Cyanee, a nymph of unrivalled beauty, daughter of Maeander, who oft returns upon his former course, was known by you; and of this union Byblis and Caunus, twin progeny, were born.

Byblis is a warning that girls should not love unlawfully, Byblis, smitten with a passion for her brother, the grandson of Apollo. She loved him not as a brother, nor as a sister should. At first, indeed, she did not recognize the fires of love, nor think it wrong often to kiss him, often to throw her arms about her brother's neck, and she was long deceived

mendacique diu pietatis fallitur umbra.
paulatim declinat amor, visuraque fratrem
culta venit, nimiumque cupit formosa videri
et siqua est illic formosior, invidet illi.
sed nondum manifesta sibi est, nullumque sub illo
igne facit votum, verumtamen aestuat intus.
iam dominum appellat, iam nomina sanguinis odit,
Byblida iam mavult, quam se vocet ille sororem.

Spes tamen obscenas animo demittere non est
ausa suo vigilans; placida resoluta quiete
saepe videt quod amat: visa est quoque iungere fratri
corpus et erubuit, quamvis sopita iacebat.
somnus abit; silet illa diu repetitque quietis
ipsa suae speciem dubiaque ita mente profatur:
"me miseram! tacitae quid vult sibi noctis imago?
quam nolim rata sit! cur haec ego somnia vidi?
ille quidem est oculis quamvis formosus iniquis
et placet, et possim, si non sit frater, amare,
et me dignus erat. verum nocet esse sororem.
dummodo tale nihil vigilans, committere temptem,
saepe licet simili redeat sub imagine somnus!
testis abest somno, nec obest imitata voluptas.
pro Venus et tenera volucer cum matre Cupido,
gaudia quanta tuli! quam me manifesta libido
contigit! ut iacui totis resoluta medullis!
ut meminisse iuvat! quamvis brevis illa voluptas
noxque fuit praeceps et coeptis invida nostris.
"O ego, si liceat mutato nomine iungi,

by the semblance of sisterly affection. But gradually this affection changed to love: carefully adorned she came to see her brother, too anxious to seem lovely in his sight; and if any other seemed more beautiful to him, she envied her. But not yet did she have a clear vision of herself, felt no desire, prayed for no joy of love; but yet the hidden fire burned on. Now she called him her lord, now hated the name of brother, and wished him to call her Byblis, rather than sister.

Still in her waking hours she does not let her mind dwell on impure desires; but when she is relaxed in peaceful slumber, she often has visions of her love: she sees herself clasped in her brother's arms and blushes, though she lies sunk in sleep. When sleep has fled, she lies still for long and pictures again the visions of her slumber and at last, with wavering mind, she exclaims: "Oh, wretched girl that I am! What means this vision of the night? Oh, but I would not have it so! Why do I have such dreams? He is indeed beautiful, even to eyes that look unkindly on him, and is pleasing, and I could love him if he were not my brother; and he would be worthy of me; but it is my bane that I am his sister. If only when I am awake I make trial of no such thing, still may sleep often return with a dream like that! There's no one to tell in sleep, and there is no harm in imagined joy. O Venus and winged Cupid with thy soft mother, how happy I was! How real my joy seemed! How my very heart melted within me as I lay! How sweet to remember it! And yet 'twas but a fleeting pleasure, and night was headlong and envious of the joys before me.

"Oh, if I could only change my name and be joined

quam bene, Caune, tuo poteram nurus esse parenti!
quam bene, Caune, meo poteras gener esse parenti!
omnia, di facerent, essent communia nobis,
praeter avos: tu me vellem generosior esses!
nescioquam facies igitur, pulcherrime, matrem;
at mihi, quae male sum, quos tu, sortita parentes,
nil nisi frater eris. quod obest, id habebimus unum.
quid mihi significant ergo mea visa? quod autem
somnia pondus habent? an habent et somnia pondus?
di melius! di nempe suas habuere sorores.
sic Saturnus Opem iunctam sibi sanguine duxit,
Oceanus Tethyn, Iunonem rector Olympi.
sunt superis sua iura! quid ad caelestia ritus
exigere humanos diversaque foedera tempto?
aut nostro vetitus de corde fugabitur ardor,
aut hoc si nequeo, peream, precor, ante toroque
mortua componar, positaeque det oscula frater.
et tamen arbitrium quaerit res ista duorum!
finge placere mihi: scelus esse videbitur illi.
"At non Aeolidae thalamos timuere sororum!
unde sed hos novi? cur haec exempla paravi?
quo feror? obscenae procul hinc discedite flammae
nec, nisi qua fas est germanae, frater ametur!
si tamen ipse meo captus prior esset amore,
forsitan illius possem indulgere furori.
ergo ego, quae fuerim non reiectura petentem,
ipsa petam! poterisne loqui? poterisne fateri?
coget amor, potero! vel, si pudor ora tenebit,
littera celatos arcana fatebitur ignes."

to you, how good a daughter, Caunus, I could be to your father, how good a son, Caunus, you could be to mine! we should have all things in common, if heaven allowed, except our grandparents. I should want you to be better born than I! You will be someone's husband, I suppose, O most beautiful; but to me, who have unfortunately drawn the same parents as yourself, you will never be anything but brother: what is our bane, that alone we shall have in common. What then do my dreams mean for me!—But what weight have dreams? or have dreams really weight? The gods forbid!—But surely the gods have loved their sisters; so Saturn married Ops, blood-kin of his; Oceanus, Tethys; the ruler of Olympus, Juno. But the gods are a law unto themselves! Why should I try to measure human fashions by divine and far different customs? Either my passion will flee from my heart if I forbid its presence, or if I cannot do this, I pray that I may die before I yield, and be laid out dead upon my couch, and as I lie there may my brother kiss my lips. And yet that act requires the will of two! Supposing it please me, it will seem a crime to him.

"Yet the Aeolidae did not shun their sisters' chambers! But whence do I know these? Why do I quote these examples? Whither am I tending? Get you far hence, immodest love, and let not my brother be loved at all, save in sisterly fashion! And yet if he himself had first been smitten with love for me, I might perchance smile upon his passion. Let me myself, then, woo him, since I should not have rejected his wooing! And can you speak? can you confess? Love will compel me: I can! or if shame holds my lips, a private letter shall confess my secret love."

Hoc placet, haec dubiam vicit sententia mentem.
in latus erigitur cubitoque innixa sinistro
"viderit: insanos" inquit "fateamur amores!
ei mihi, quo labor? quem mens mea concipit ignem?"
et meditata manu componit verba trementi.
dextra tenet ferrum, vacuam tenet altera ceram.
incipit et dubitat, scribit damnatque tabellas,
et notat et delet, mutat culpatque probatque
inque vicem sumptas ponit positasque resumit.
quid velit ignorat; quicquid factura videtur,
displicet. in vultu est audacia mixta pudori.
scripta "soror" fuerat; visum est delere sororem
verbaque correctis incidere talia ceris:
"quam, nisi tu dederis, non est habitura salutem,
hanc tibi mittit amans: pudet, a, pudet edere nomen,
et si quid cupiam quaeris, sine nomine vellem
posset agi mea causa meo, nec cognita Byblis
ante forem, quam spes votorum certa fuisset.
"Esse quidem laesi poterat tibi pectoris index
et color et macies et vultus et umida saepe
lumina nec causa suspiria mota patenti
et crebri amplexus, et quae, si forte notasti,
oscula sentiri non esse sororia possent.
ipsa tamen, quamvis animo grave vulnus habebam,
quamvis intus erat furor igneus, omnia feci
(sunt mihi di testes), ut tandem sanior essem,
pugnavique diu violenta Cupidinis arma
effugere infelix, et plus, quam ferre puellam
posse putes, ego dura tuli. superata fateri

This plan meets her approval; upon this her wavering mind decides. She half-way rises and, leaning upon her left elbow, says: "Let him see: let us confess our mad passion! Ah me! whither am I slipping? What hot love does my heart conceive?" And she proceeds to set down with a trembling hand the words she has thought out. In her right hand she holds her pen, in her left an empty waxen tablet. She begins, then hesitates and stops; writes on and hates what she has written; writes and erases; changes, condemns, approves; by turns she lays her tablets down and takes them up again. What she would do she knows not; on the point of action, she decides against it. Shame and bold resolution mingle in her face. She had begun with "sister"; but "sister" she decided to erase, and wrote these words on the amended wax: "A health to you, which, if you give it not to her, she will not have, one sends to you who loves you. Shamed, oh, she is ashamed to tell her name. And if you seek to know what I desire, I would that nameless I might plead my cause, and not be known as Byblis until my fond hopes were sure.

"You might have had knowledge of my wounded heart from my pale, drawn face, my eyes oft filled with tears, my sighs for no seeming cause, my frequent embraces and my kisses which you might have known, had you but marked them, were more than sisterly. Yet, though my heart was sore distressed, though full of hot passion, I have done everything (the gods are my witnesses) to bring myself to sanity. Long have I fought, unhappy that I am, to escape love's cruel charge, and I have borne more than you would think a girl could bear. But I have been overborne and am forced to confess my

cogor, opemque tuam timidis exposcere votis.
tu servare potes, tu perdere solus amantem:
elige, utrum facias. non hoc inimica precatur,
sed quae, cum tibi sit iunctissima, iunctior esse
expetit et vinclo tecum propiore ligari.
iura senes norint, et quid liceatque nefasque
fasque sit, inquirant, legumque examina servent.
conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris.
quid liceat, nescimus adhuc, et cuncta licere
credimus, et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum.
nec nos aut durus pater aut reverentia famae
aut timor impediet: tamen ut sit causa timendi,
dulci fraterno sub nomine furta tegemus.
est mihi libertas tecum secreta loquendi,
et damus amplexus, et iungimus oscula coram.
quantum est, quod desit? miserere fatentis amores,
et non fassurae, nisi cogeret ultimus ardor,
neve merere meo subscribi causa sepulchro."

Talia nequiquam perarantem plena reliquit
cera manum, summusque in margine versus adhaesit.
protinus inpressa signat sua crimina gemma,
quam tinxit lacrimis (linguam defecerat umor):
deque suis unum famulis pudibunda vocavit,
et pavidum blandita "fer has, fidissime, nostro"—
dixit, et adiecit longo post tempore "fratri."
cum daret, elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae.
omine turbata est, misit tamen. apta minister

love, and with timid prayers to beg help of you. For you alone can save, you only can destroy your lover. Choose which you will do. It is no enemy who prays to you, but one who, though most closely joined to you, seeks to be more fully joined and to be bound by a still closer tie. Let old men know propriety and talk of what is fitting, what is right and wrong, and preserve the nice discrimination of the laws. But love is compliant and heedless for those of our age. What is allowed we have not yet discovered, and we believe all things allowed; and in this we do but follow the example of the gods. You and I have no harsh father, no care for reputation, no fear to hold us back. And yet even though there be cause for fear, beneath the sweet name of brother and sister we shall conceal our stolen love. I have full liberty to talk apart with you; we may embrace and kiss in open view of all. How much still is lacking? Pity her who confesses to you her love, but who would not confess if the utmost love did not compel her; and let it not be written on my sepulchre that for your sake I died."

The tablet was full when she had traced these words doomed to disappointment, the last line coming to the very edge. Straightway she stamped the shameful letter with her seal which she moistened with her tears (for moisture failed her tongue). Then, blushing hotly, she called one of her attendants and with timorous and coaxing voice said: "Take these tablets, most faithful servant, to my ——"; and after a long silence added, "brother." While she was giving them, the tablets slipped from her hands and fell. Though much perturbed by the omen, she still sent the letter. The servant, finding a fitting time, went to the brother and delivered to

tempora nactus adit traditque fatentia verba.
attonitus subita iuvenis Maeandrius ira
proicit acceptas lecta sibi parte tabellas,
vixque manus retinens trepidantis ab ore ministri,
"dum licet, o! vetitae scelerate libidinis auctor,
effuge!" ait "qui, si nostrum tua fata pudorem
non traherent secum, poenas mihi morte dedisses."
ille fugit pavidus, dominaeque ferocia Cauni
dicta refert. palles audita, Bybli, repulsa,
et pavet obsessum glaciali frigore corpus.
mens tamen ut rediit, pariter rediere furores,
linguaque vix tales icto dedit aëre voces:
"et merito! quid enim temeraria vulneris huius
indicium feci? quid, quae celanda fuerunt,
tam cito commisi properatis verba tabellis?
ante erat ambiguis animi sententia dictis
praetemptanda mihi. nec non sequeretur euntem,
parte aliqua veli, qualis foret aura, notare
debueram, tutoque mari decurrere, quae nunc
non exploratis inplevi lintea ventis.
auferor in scopulos igitur, subversaque toto
obruor oceano, neque habent mea vela recursus.
"Quid quod et ominibus certis prohibebar amori
indulgere meo, tum cum mihi ferre iubenti
excidit et fecit spes nostras cera caducas?
nonne vel illa dies fuerat, vel tota voluntas,
sed potius mutanda dies? deus ipse monebat
signaque certa dabat, si non male sana fuissem.
et tamen ipsa loqui, nec me committere cerae

him the message of confession. The grandson of Maeander, in a passion of sudden rage, threw down the tablets which he had taken and read half through, and, scarcely restraining his hands from the trembling servant's throat, he cried: "Flee while you may, you rascally promoter of a lawless love! But if your fate did not involve our own disgrace, you should have paid the penalty for this with death." He fled in terror and reported to his mistress her brother's savage answer. When, Byblis, you heard that your love had been repulsed, you grew pale, and your whole body trembled in the grip of an icy chill. But when your senses came back, your mad love came back with equal force; and then with choked and feeble utterance you spoke: "Deservedly I suffer! For why did I so rashly tell him of this wound of mine? Why was I in such a haste to commit to tablets what should have been concealed? I should first have tried his disposition towards me by obscure hints. That my voyage might have a favourable wind, I should first have tested with a close-reefed sail what the wind was, and so have fared in safety; but now with sails full spread I have encountered unexpected winds. And so my ship is on the rocks; with the full force of ocean am I overwhelmed, and have no power to turn back upon my course.

"Nay, by the clearest omens I was warned not to confess my love, at the time when the letter fell from my hand as I bade my servant bear it, and taught me that my hopes must fall as well. Should not that day or my whole purpose—say rather, should not the day have been postponed? God himself warned me and gave me clear signs had I not been mad with love. And yet I should have told him with my own lips, I should in person have confessed my

debueram, praesensque meos aperire furores.
vidisset lacrimas, vultum vidisset amantis;
plura loqui poteram, quam quae cepere tabellae.
invito potui circumdare bracchia collo,
et, si reicerer, potui moritura videri
amplectique pedes, adfusaque poscere vitam.
omnia fecissem, quorum si singula duram
flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia, mentem.
forsitan et missi sit quaedam culpa ministri:
non adiit apte, nec legit idonea, credo,
tempora, nec petiit horamque animumque vacantem.
"Haec nocuere mihi. neque enim est de tigride natus
nec rigidas silices solidumve in pectore ferrum
aut adamanta gerit, nec lac bibit ille leaenae.
vincetur! repetendus erit, nec taedia coepti
ulla mei capiam, dum spiritus iste manebit.
nam primum, si facta mihi revocare liceret,
non coepisse fuit: coepta expugnare secundum est.
quippe nec ille potest, ut iam mea vota relinquam,
non tamen ausorum semper memor esse meorum.
et, quia desierim, leviter voluisse videbor,
aut etiam temptasse illum insidiisque petisse,
vel certe non hoc, qui plurimus urguet et urit
pectora nostra, deo, sed victa libidine credar;
denique iam nequeo nil commisisse nefandum.
et scripsi et petii: temerata est nostra voluntas;
ut nihil adiciam, non possum innoxia dici.

passion, and not have trusted my inmost heart to waxen tablets! He should have seen my tears, he should have seen his lover's face; I could have spoken more than any tablets could hold; I could have thrown my arms about his unwilling neck and, if I were rejected, I could have seemed at the point of death, could have embraced his feet and, lying prostrate there, have begged for life. I should have done all things, which together might have won his stubborn soul if one by one they could not. Perhaps the servant whom I sent made some mistake: did not approach him rightly; chose an unfitting time, I suppose, nor sought an hour and mind that was free.

"All this has wrought against me. For he is no tigress' son; he has no heart of hard flint or solid iron or adamant; no lioness has suckled him. He shall be conquered! I must go to him again; nor shall I weary in my attempts while I have breath left in my body. For if it were not too late to undo what I have done, it was the best thing not to have begun at all; the second best is to win through with what I have begun. Though I should now abandon my suit, he cannot help remembering always how far I have already dared. And in that case, just because I did give up, I shall seem either to have been fickle in my desire, or else to have been trying to tempt him and catch him in a snare. Whichever of these he thinks of me, he certainly will not believe that I have been overcome by that god who more than all others rules and inflames our hearts, but actuated by lust alone. In short, I cannot now undo the wrong that I have done. I have both written and have wooed him: and rash I was to do so. Though I do nothing more,

quod superest, multum est in vota, in crimina
parvum."
dixit, et (incertae tanta est discordia mentis.)
cum pigeat temptasse, libet temptare. modumque
exit et infelix committit saepe repelli.
mox ubi finis abest, patriam fugit ille nefasque,
inque peregrina ponit nova moenia terra.
Tum vero maestam tota Miletida mente
defecisse ferunt, tum vero a pectore vestem
diripuit planxitque suos furibunda lacertos;
iamque palam est demens, inconcessamque fatetur
spem veneris, sine qua patriam invisosque penates
deserit, et profugi sequitur vestigia fratris.
utque tuo motae, proles Semeleïa, thyrso
Ismariae celebrant repetita triennia bacchae,
Byblida non aliter latos ululasse per agros
Bubasides videre nurus. quibus illa relictis
Caras et armiferos Lelegas Lyciamque pererrat.
iam Cragon et Limyren Xanthique reliquerat undas,
quoque Chimaera iugo mediis in partibus ignem,
pectus et ora leae, caudam serpentis habebat.
deficiunt silvae, cum tu lassata sequendo
concidis, et dura positis tellure capillis,
Bybli, iaces, frondesque tuo premis ore caducas.
saepe etiam nymphae teneris Lelegeïdes ulnis
tollere conantur, saepe, ut medeatur amori,
praecipiunt, surdaeque adhibent solacia menti.
muta iacet, viridesque suis tenet unguibus herbas
Byblis, et umectat lacrimarum gramina rivus.

I cannot seem other than guilty in his sight. As for the rest, I have much to hope and naught to fear." Thus does she argue; and (so great is her uncertainty of soul), while she is sorry that she tried at all, she wants to try again. The wretched girl tries every art within her power, but is repeatedly repulsed. At length, when there seemed to be no limit to her importunity, the youth fled from his native land and from this shameful wooing, and founded a new city [1] in another land.

Then, they say, the wretched daughter of Miletus lost all control of reason; she tore her garments from her breast, and in mad passion beat her arms. Now before all the world she rages and publicly proclaims her hope of unlawful love, disappointed in which she forsakes her land and her hated home and follows her fleeing brother. And just as, crazed by thy thyrsus, O son of Semele, thy Ismarian worshippers throng thy triennial orgies, so the women of Bubassus [2] beheld Byblis go shrieking through the broad fields. Leaving these behind, she wandered through the land of Caria, by the well-armed Leleges and the country of the Lycians. And now she had passed by Cragus and Limyre and Xanthus' stream and the ridge where dwelt Chimaera, that fire-breathing monster with lion's head and neck and serpent's tail. Clear beyond the wooded ridge she went, and then at last, wearied with pursuing, you fell, O Byblis, and lay there with your hair streaming over the hard ground and your face buried in the fallen leaves. Often the Lelegeian nymphs try to lift her in their soft arms, often advise her how she may cure her love and offer comfort to her unheeding soul. Byblis lies without a word,

[1] Caunus, in south-western Caria.
[2] A town in Caria.

naïdas his venam, quae numquam arescere posset,
subposuisse ferunt. quid enim dare maius habebant?
protinus, ut secto piceae de cortice guttae,
utve tenax gravida manat tellure bitumen;
utve sub adventu spirantis lene favoni
sole remollescit quae frigore constitit unda;
sic lacrimis consumpta suis Phoebeïa Byblis
vertitur in fontem, qui nunc quoque vallibus illis
nomen habet dominae, nigraque sub ilice manat.

Fama novi centum Creteas forsitan urbes
implesset monstri, si non miracula nuper
Iphide mutata Crete propiora tulisset.
proxima Gnosiaco nam quondam Phaestia regno
progenuit tellus ignotum nomine Ligdum,
ingenua de plebe virum, nec census in illo
nobilitate sua maior, sed vita fidesque
inculpata fuit. gravidae qui coniugis aures
vocibus his monuit, cum iam prope partus adesset.
"quae voveam, duo sunt: minimo ut relevere dolore,
utque marem parias. onerosior altera sors est,
et vires fortuna negat. quod abominor: ergo
edita forte tuo fuerit si femina partu,—
invitus mando; pietas, ignosce!—necetur."
dixerat, et lacrimis vultum lavere profusis,
tam qui mandabat, quam cui mandata dabantur.
sed tamen usque suum vanis Telethusa maritum

clutching the green herbs with her fingers, and watering the grass with her flowing tears. The naiads are said to have given her a vein of tears which could never dry; for what greater gift had they to bestow? Straightway, as drops of pitch drip forth from the gashed pine-bark; as sticky bitumen oozes from rich heavy earth; or as, at the approach of the soft breathing west-wind, the water which had stood frozen with the cold now melts beneath the sun; so Phoebean Byblis, consumed by her own tears, is changed into a fountain, which to this day in those valleys has the name of its mistress, and issues forth from under a dark ilex-tree.

The story of this unnatural passion would, perhaps, have been the talk of Crete's hundred towns, if Crete had not lately had a wonder of its own in the changed form of Iphis. For there once lived in the Phaestian country, not far from the royal town of Gnosus, a man named Ligdus, otherwise unknown, of free-born but humble parentage; nor was his property any greater than his birth. But he was of blameless life and trustworthy. When now the time drew near when his wife should give birth to a child, he warned and instructed her with these words: "There are two things which I would ask of Heaven: that you may be delivered with the least possible pain, and that your child may be a boy. Girls are more trouble, and fortune has denied them strength. Therefore (and may Heaven save the mark!), if by chance your child should prove to be a girl (I hate to say it, and may I be pardoned for the impiety), let her be put to death." He spoke, and their cheeks were bathed in tears, both his who ordered and hers to whom the command was given. Nevertheless, Telethusa ceaselessly implored her husband

sollicitat precibus, ne spem sibi ponat in arto.
certa sua est Ligdo sententia. iamque ferendo
vix erat illa gravem maturo pondere ventrem,
cum medio noctis spatio sub imagine somni
Inachis ante torum, pompa comitata sacrorum,
aut stetit aut visa est. inerant lunaria fronti
cornua cum spicis nitido flaventibus auro
et regale decus; cum qua latrator Anubis,
sanctaque Bubastis, variusque coloribus Apis,
quique premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet;
sistraque erant, numquamque satis quaesitus Osiris,
plenaque somniferis serpens peregrina venenis.
tum velut excussam somno et manifesta videntem
sic adfata dea est: "pars o Telethusa mearum,
pone graves curas, mandataque falle mariti.
nec dubita, cum te partu Lucina levarit,
tollere quicquid erit. dea sum auxiliaris opemque
exorata fero; nec te coluisse quereris
ingratum numen." monuit, thalamoque recessit.
laeta toro surgit, purasque ad sidera supplex
Cressa manus tollens, rata sint sua visa, precatur.

Ut dolor increvit, seque ipsum pondus in auras
expulit, et nata est ignaro femina patre,
iussit ali mater puerum mentita. fidemque
res habuit, neque erat ficti nisi conscia nutrix.

(though all in vain) not so to straiten her expectation; but Ligdus remained steadfast in his determination. And now the time was at hand when the child should be born, when at midnight, in a vision of her dreams, she saw or seemed to see the daughter[1] of Inachus standing before her bed, accompanied by a solemn train of sacred beings. She had crescent horns upon her forehead, and a wheaten garland yellow with bright gold about her head, a sight of regal beauty. Near her were seen the dog Anubis, sacred Bubastis, dappled Apis, and the god[2] who enjoins silence with his finger on his lips; there also were the sacred rattles, and Osiris, for whom none ever search enough, and the Egyptian serpent swelling with sleep-producing venom. She seemed to be thoroughly awake and to see all things about her clearly as the goddess spoke to her: "O Telethusa, one of my own worshippers, put away your grievous cares, and think not to obey your husband's orders. And do not hesitate, when Lucina has delivered you, to save your child, whatever it shall be. I am the goddess who bring help and succour to those who call upon me; nor shall you have cause to complain that you have worshipped a thankless deity." Having so admonished her, the goddess left the chamber. Then joyfully the Cretan woman arose from her bed, and, raising her innocent hands in suppliance to the stars, she prayed that her vision might come true.

When now her pains increased and the birth was accomplished, and the child proved to be a girl (though without the father's knowledge), the mother, with intent to deceive, bade them feed the boy. Circumstances favoured her deceit, for the nurse was

[1] *i.e.* Io, worshipped as the goddess Isis. See I. 747.
[2] Harpocrates.

vota pater solvit, nomenque inponit avitum:
Iphis avus fuerat. gavisa est nomine mater,
quod commune foret, nec quemquam falleret illo.
inde incepta pia mendacia fraude latebant.
cultus erat pueri; facies, quam sive puellae,
sive dares puero, fuerat formosus uterque.
Tertius interea decimo successerat annus:
cum pater, Iphi, tibi flavam despondet Ianthen,
inter Phaestiadas quae laudatissima formae
dote fuit virgo, Dictaeo nata Teleste.
par aetas, par forma fuit, primasque magistris
accepere artes, elementa aetatis, ab isdem.
hinc amor ambarum tetigit rude pectus, et aequum
vulnus utrique dedit, sed erat fiducia dispar:
coniugium pactaeque exspectat tempora taedae,
quamque virum putat esse, virum fore credit Ianthe;
Iphis amat, qua posse frui desperat, et auget
hoc ipsum flammas, ardetque in virgine virgo
vixque tenens lacrimas "quis me manet exitus," inquit
"cognita quam nulli, quam prodigiosa novaeque
cura tenet Veneris? si di mihi parcere vellent,
parcere debuerant; si non, et perdere vellent,
naturale malum saltem et de more dedissent.
nec vaccam vaccae, nec equas amor urit equarum:
urit oves aries, sequitur sua femina cervum.
sic et aves coeunt, interque animalia cuncta

the only one who knew of the trick. The father paid his vows and named the child after its grandfather: the grandfather had been Iphis. The mother rejoiced in the name; for it was of common gender and she could use it without deceit. And so the trick, begun with pious fraud, remained undetected. The child was dressed like a boy, and its face would have been counted lovely whether you assigned it to a girl or boy.

Meanwhile thirteen years passed by; and then your father found you a bride, O Iphis, in golden-haired Ianthe, a girl the most praised among the Phaestian women for the rich dower of her beauty, the daughter of Cretan Telestes. The two were of equal age and equal loveliness, and from the same teachers had they received their first instruction in childish rudiments. Hence love came to both their hearts all unsuspected and filled them both with equal longing. But they did not both love with equal hope: Ianthe looked forward confidently to marriage and the fulfilment of her troth, and believed that she whom she thought to be a man would some day be her husband. Whereas Iphis loved without hope of her love's fulfilment, and for this very reason loved all the more—a girl madly in love with another girl. Scarcely holding back her tears, "Oh, what will be the end of me," she said, "whom a love possesses that no one ever heard of, a strange and monstrous love? If the gods wished to save me they should have saved me; if not, and they wished to ruin me, they should at least have given me some natural woe, within the bounds of experience. Cows do not love cows, nor mares, mares; but the ram desires the sheep, and his own doe follows the stag. So also birds mate, and in the whole animal world

femina feminco conrepta cupidine nulla est.
vellem nulla forem! ne non tamen omnia Crete
monstra ferat, taurum dilexit filia Solis,
femina nempe marem. meus est furiosior illo,
si verum profitemur, amor. tamen illa secuta est
spem Veneris; tamen illa dolis et imagine vaccae
passa bovem est, et erat, qui deciperetur, adulter.
huc licet ex toto sollertia confluat orbe,
ipse licet revolet ceratis Daedalus alis,
quid faciet? num me puerum de virgine doctis
artibus efficiet? num te mutabit, Ianthe?

"Quin animum firmas, teque ipsa recolligis, Iphi,
consiliique inopes et stultos exutis ignes?
quid sis nata, vide, nisi te quoque decipis ipsa,
et pete quod fas est, et ama quod femina debes!
spes est, quae capiat, spes est, quae pascat amorem.
hanc tibi res adimit. non te custodia caro
arcet ab amplexu, nec cauti cura mariti,
non patris asperitas, non se negat ipsa roganti,
nec tamen est potienda tibi, nec, ut omnia fiant,
esse potes felix, ut dique hominesque laborent.
nunc quoque votorum nulla est pars vana meorum,
dique mihi faciles, quicquid valuere, dederunt;
quodque ego, vult genitor, vult ipsa, socerque futurus.
at non vult natura, potentior omnibus istis,
quae mihi sola nocet. venit ecce optabile tempus,
luxque iugalis adest, et iam mea fiet Ianthe
nec mihi continget: mediis sitiemus in undis.

there is no female smitten with love for female. I would I were no female! Nevertheless, that Crete might produce all monstrous things, the daughter[1] of the Sun loved a bull—a female to be sure, and male; my passion is more mad than that, if the truth be told. Yet she had some hope of her love's fulfilment; yet she enjoyed her bull by a trick and the disguise of the heifer, and it was the lover who was deceived. Though all the ingenuity in the world should be collected here, though Daedalus himself should fly back on waxen wings, what could he do? With all his learned arts could he make me into a boy from a girl? or could he change you, Ianthe?

"Nay, then, be strong of soul, take courage, Iphis, and banish from your heart this hopeless, foolish love. See what you were born, unless you yourself deceive yourself as well as others; seek what is lawful, and love as a woman ought to love! It is hope of fulfilment that begets love, and hope that keeps it alive. And of this hope the nature of things deprives you. No guardian keeps you from her dear embrace, no watchfulness of a jealous husband, no cruel father; nor does she herself deny your suit. And yet you cannot have her, nor can you be happy, though all things should favour you, though gods and men should work for you. And even now none of my prayers have been denied: the gods, compliant, have given me whatever was theirs to give; and what I wish my father wishes, she herself and her father all desire. But nature will not have it so, nature, more mighty than they all, who alone is working my distress. And lo, the longed-for time is come, my wedding-day is at hand, and soon Ianthe will be mine—and yet not mine. In the midst of water we

[1] Pasiphaë.

pronuba quid Iuno, quid ad haec, Hymenaee, venitis
sacra, quibus qui ducat abest, ubi nubimus ambae?"
pressit ab his vocem. nec lenius altera virgo
aestuat, utque celer venias, Hymenaee, precatur.
quod petit haec, Telethusa timens modo tempora differt,
nunc ficto languore moram trahit, omina saepe
visaque causatur. sed iam consumpserat omnem
materiam ficti, dilataque tempora taedae
institerant, unusque dies restabat. at illa
crinalem capiti vittam nataeque sibique
detrahit, et passis aram complexa capillis:
"Isi, Paraetonium Mareoticaque arva Pharonque
quae colis, et septem digestum in cornua Nilum:
fer, precor," inquit "opem, nostroque medere timori!
te, dea, te quondam tuaque haec insignia vidi
cunctaque cognovi, sonitum comitesque facesque . . .
sistrorum, memorique animo tua iussa notavi.
quod videt haec lucem, quod non ego punior, ecce
consilium munusque tuum est. miserere duarum,
auxilioque iuva!" lacrimae sunt verba secutae.
visa dea est movisse suas, (et moverat,) aras,
et templi tremuere fores, imitataque lunam
cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
non secura quidem, fausto tamen omine laeta
mater abit templo. sequitur comes Iphis euntem,
quam solita est, maiore gradu, nec candor in ore
permanet, et vires augentur, et acrior ipse est
vultus, et incomptis brevior mensura capillis,

shall thirst. Why do you come, Juno, goddess of brides, and Hymen, to these wedding rites, where no man takes the woman for his bride, but where both are brides?" She broke off speech with these words. The other maiden burned with equal love, and prayed, Hymen, that you would make haste to come. And Telethusa, fearing what Ianthe sought, put off the time, now causing delay because of a pretended sickness, often giving for reason some ill-omened vision she had seen. But now she had exhausted every possible excuse, and the postponed wedding-day was close at hand, and but one more day remained. Then the mother took the encircling fillets from her own and her daughter's heads, and with flowing locks she prayed, clinging to the altar: "O Isis, who dwellest in Paraetonium and the Mareotic fields and Pharos and the sevenfold waters of the Nile, help us, I pray, and heal our sore distress. Thee, goddess, thee and these thy symbols once I saw and recognized them all—the clashing sound, thy train, the torches, [the rattling] of the sistra—and with retentive mind I noted thy commands. That this, my daughter still looks on the light, that I have not been punished, behold, is all of thy counsel and thy gift. Pity us two, and help us with thy aid!" Tears followed on her words. The goddess seemed to move, nay, moved her altar, the doors of the temple shook, her moon-shaped horns shot forth gleams of light and the sistrum rattled noisily. Not yet quite free from care and yet rejoicing in the good omen, the mother left the temple; and Iphis walked beside her as she went, but with a longer stride than was her wont. Her face seemed of a darker hue, her strength seemed greater, her very features sharper, and her locks, all unadorned, were

plusque vigoris adest, habuit quam femina. nam
quae
femina nuper eras, puer es! date munera templis,
nec timida gaudete fide! dant munera templis,
addunt et titulum: titulus breve carmen habebat:
DONA · PUER · SOLVIT · QUAE · FEMINA · VOVERAT · IPHIS.
postera lux radiis latum patefecerat orbem,
cum Venus et Iuno sociosque Hymenaeus ad ignes
conveniunt, potiturque sua puer Iphis Ianthe.

shorter than before. She seemed more vigorous than was her girlish wont. In fact, you who but lately were a girl are now a boy! Go, make your offerings at the shrines; rejoice with gladness unafraid! They make their offerings at the shrines and add a votive tablet; the tablet had this brief inscription: THESE GIFTS AS MAN DID IPHIS PAY WHICH ONCE AS MAID HE VOWED. The morrow's sun had revealed the broad world with its rays, when Venus, Juno, and Hymen met at the marriage fires, and the boy Iphis gained his Ianthe.

BOOK X

LIBER X

Inde per inmensum croceo velatus amictu
aethera digreditur Ciconumque Hymenaeus ad oras
tendit et Orphea nequiquam voce vocatur.
adfuit ille quidem, sed nec sollemnia verba
nec laetos vultus nec felix attulit omen.
fax quoque, quam tenuit, lacrimoso stridula fumo
usque fuit nullosque invenit motibus ignes.
exitus auspicio gravior: nam nupta per herbas
dum nova naiadum turba comitata vagatur,
occidit in talum serpentis dente recepto.
quam satis ad superas postquam Rhodopeius auras
deflevit vates, ne non temptaret et umbras,
ad Styga Taenaria est ausus descendere porta
perque leves populos simulacraque functa sepulcro
Persephonen adiit inamoenaque regna tenentem
umbrarum dominum pulsisque ad carmina nervis
sic ait: "o positi sub terra numina mundi,
in quem reccidimus, quicquid mortale creamur,
si licet et falsi positis ambagibus oris
vera loqui sinitis, non huc, ut opaca viderem
Tartara, descendi, nec uti villosa colubris
terna Medusaei vincirem guttura monstri:

BOOK X

Thence through the boundless air Hymen, clad in a saffron mantle, departed and took his way to the country of the Ciconians, and was summoned by the voice of Orpheus, though all in vain. He was present, it is true; but he brought neither the hallowed words, nor joyous faces, nor lucky omen. The torch also which he held kept sputtering and filled the eyes with smoke, nor would it catch fire for any brandishing. The outcome of the wedding was worse than the beginning; for while the bride was strolling through the grass with a group of naiads in attendance, she fell dead, smitten in the ankle by a serpent's tooth. When the bard of Rhodope had mourned her to the full in the upper world, that he might try the shades as well he dared to go down to the Stygian world through the gate of Taenarus. And through the unsubstantial throngs and the ghosts who had received burial, he came to Persephone and him who rules those unlovely realms, lord of the shades. Then, singing to the music of his lyre, he said: "O ye divinities who rule the world which lies beneath the earth, to which we all fall back who are born mortal, if it is lawful and you permit me to lay aside all false and doubtful speech and tell the simple truth: I have not come down hither to see dark Tartarus, nor yet to bind the three necks of Medusa's monstrous offspring, rough with serpents. The cause

causa viae est coniunx, in quam calcata venenum
vipera diffudit crescentesque abstulit annos.
posse pati volui nec me temptasse negabo :
vicit Amor. supera deus hic bene notus in ora est ;
an sit et hic, dubito : sed et hic tamen auguror esse,
famaque si veteris non est mentita rapinae,
vos quoque iunxit Amor. per ego haec loca plena
timoris,
per Chaos hoc ingens vastique silentia regni,
Eurydices, oro, properata retexite fata.
omnia debemur vobis, paulumque morati
serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam.
tendimus huc omnes, haec est domus ultima, vosque
humani generis longissima regna tenetis.
haec quoque, cum iustos matura peregerit annos,
iuris erit vestri : pro munere poscimus usum ;
quodsi fata negant veniam pro coniuge, certum est
nolle redire mihi : leto gaudete duorum."

Talia dicentem nervosque ad verba moventem
exsangues flebant animae ; nec Tantalus undam
captavit refugam, stupuitque Ixionis orbis,
nec carpsere iecur volucres, urnisque vacarunt
Belides, inque tuo sedisti, Sisyphe, saxo.
tunc primum lacrimis victarum carmine fama est
Eumenidum maduisse genas, nec regia coniunx
sustinet oranti nec, qui regit ima, negare,
Eurydicenque vocant : umbras erat illa recentes
inter et incessit passu de vulnere tardo.
hanc simul et legem Rhodopeius accipit Orpheus,

of my journey is my wife, into whose body a trodden serpent shot his poison and so snatched away her budding years. I have desired strength to endure, and I will not deny that I have tried to bear it. But Love has overcome me, a god well-known in the upper world, but whether here or not I do not know; and yet I surmise that he is known here as well, and if the story of that old-time ravishment is not false, you, too, were joined by Love. By these fearsome places, by this huge void and these vast and silent realms, I beg of you, unravel the fates of my Eurydice, too quickly run. We are in all things due to you, and though we tarry on earth a little while, slow or swift we speed to one abode. Hither we all make our way; this is our final home; yours is the longest sway over the human race. She also shall be yours to rule when of ripe age she shall have lived out her allotted years. I ask the enjoyment of her as a boon; but if the fates deny this privilege for my wife, I am resolved not to return. Rejoice in the death of two."

As he spoke thus, accompanying his words with the music of his lyre, the bloodless spirits wept; Tantalus did not catch at the fleeing wave; Ixion's wheel stopped in wonder; the vultures did not pluck at the liver;[1] the Belides rested from their urns, and thou, O Sisyphus, didst sit upon thy stone. Then first, tradition says, conquered by the song, the cheeks of the Eumenides were wet with tears; nor could the queen nor he who rules the lower world refuse the suppliant. They called Eurydice. She was among the new shades and came with steps halting from her wound. Orpheus, the Thracian, then received his wife and with her this condition, that he

[1] *i.e.* of Tityus.

ne flectat retro sua lumina, donec Avernas
exierit valles; aut inrita dona futura.
carpitur adclivis per muta silentia trames,
arduus, obscurus, caligine densus opaca,
nec procul afuerunt telluris margine summae:
hic, ne deficeret, metuens avidusque videndi
flexit amans oculos, et protinus illa relapsa est.
bracchiaque intendens prendique et prendere certans
nil nisi cedentes infelix arripit auras,
iamque iterum moriens non est de coniuge quicquam
questa suo (quid enim nisi se quereretur amatam?)
supremumque "vale," quod iam vix auribus ille
acciperet, dixit revolutaque rursus eodem est.

Non aliter stupuit gemina nece coniugis Orpheus,
quam tria qui timidus, medio portante catenas,
colla canis vidit, quem non pavor ante reliquit,
quam natura prior saxo per corpus oborto,
quique in se crimen traxit voluitque videri
Olenos esse nocens, tuque, o confisa figurae
infelix Lethaea tuae, iunctissima quondam
pectora, nunc lapides, quos umida sustinet Ide.
orantem frustraque iterum transire volentem
portitor arcuerat: septem tamen ille diebus
squalidus in ripa Cereris sine munere sedit;
cura dolorque animi lacrimaeque alimenta fuere.

should not turn his eyes backward until he had gone forth from the valley of Avernus, or else the gift would be in vain. They took the up-sloping path through places of utter silence, a steep path, indistinct and clouded in pitchy darkness. And now they were nearing the margin of the upper earth, when he, afraid that she might fail him, eager for sight of her, turned back his longing eyes; and instantly she slipped into the depths. He stretched out his arms, eager to catch her or to feel her clasp; but, unhappy one, he clasped nothing but the yielding air. And now, dying a second time, she made no complaint against her husband; for of what could she complain save that she was beloved? She spake one last "farewell" which scarcely reached her husband's ears, and fell back again to the place whence she had come.

By his wife's double death Orpheus was stunned, like that frightened creature[1] who saw the three-headed dog with chains on his middle neck, whose numbing terror left him only when his former nature left, and the petrifying power crept through his body; or like that Olenos,[2] who took sin upon himself and was willing to seem guilty; and like you, luckless Lethaea,[3] too boastful of your beauty, once two hearts joined in close embrace, but now two stones which well-watered Ida holds. Orpheus prayed and wished in vain to cross the Styx a second time, but the keeper drove him back. Seven days he sat there on the bank in filthy rags and with no taste of food. Care, anguish of soul, and tears were his nourishment. Complaining that the gods of

1 A man, unknown, who is said to have turned to stone at sight of Cerberus led in chains by Hercules.

2 See Index. 3 See Index.

esse deos Erebi crudeles questus, in altam
se recipit Rhodopen pulsumque aquilonibus Haemum.
Tertius aequoreis inclusum Piscibus annum
finierat Titan, omnemque refugerat Orpheus
femineam Venerem, seu quod male cesserat illi,
sive fidem dederat; multas tamen ardor habebat
iungere se vati, multae doluere repulsae
ille etiam Thracum populis fuit auctor amorem
in teneros transferre mares citraque iuventam
aetatis breve ver et primos carpere flores.
Collis erat collemque super planissima campi
area, quam viridem faciebant graminis herbae:
umbra loco deerat; qua postquam parte resedit
dis genitus vates et fila sonantia movit,
umbra loco venit: non Chaonis afuit arbor,
non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus aesculus altis,
nec tiliae molles, nec fagus et innuba laurus,
et coryli fragiles et fraxinus utilis hastis
enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex
et platanus genialis acerque coloribus impar
amnicolaeque simul salices et aquatica lotos
perpetuoque virens buxum tenuesque myricae
et bicolor myrtus et bacis caerula tinus.
vos quoque, flexipedes hederae, venistis et una
pampineae vites et amictae vitibus ulmi
ornique et piceae pomoque onerata rubenti
arbutus et lentae, victoris praemia, palmae
et succincta comas hirsutaque vertice pinus,
grata deum matri, siquidem Cybeleius Attis
exuit hac hominem truncoque induruit illo.
Adfuit huic turbae metas imitata cupressus,

Erebus were cruel, he betook himself to high Rhodope and wind-swept Haemus.

Three times had the sun finished the year and come to watery Pisces; and Orpheus had shunned all love of womankind, whether because it had gone so ill with him, or because he had so given his troth. Still, many women felt a passion for the bard; many grieved for their love repulsed. He set the example for the peoples of Thrace of giving his love to tender boys, and enjoying the springtime and first flower of their youth.

A hill there was, and on the hill a wide-extending plain, green with luxuriant grass; but the place was devoid of shade. When here the heaven-descended bard sat down and smote his sounding lyre, shade came to the place. There came the Chaonian oak, the grove of the Heliades,[1] the oak with its deep foliage, the soft linden, the beech, the virgin laurel-tree, the brittle hazel, the ash, suitable for spear-shafts, the smooth silver-fir, the ilex-tree bending with acorns, the pleasant plane, the many-coloured maple, river-haunting willows, the lotus, lover of the pools, the evergreen boxwood, the slender tamarisk, the double-hued myrtle, the viburnum with its dark-blue berries. You also, pliant-footed ivy, came, and along with you tendrilled grapes, and the elm-trees, draped with vines; the mountain-ash, the forest-pines, the arbute-tree, loaded with ruddy fruit, the pliant palm, the prize of victory, the bare-trunked pine with broad, leafy top, pleasing to the mother of the gods, since Attis, dear to Cybele, exchanged for this his human form and stiffened in its trunk.

Amidst this throng came the cone-shaped cypress,

[1] The poplar-trees.

nunc arbor, puer ante deo dilectus ab illo,
qui citharam nervis et nervis temperat arcum.
namque sacer nymphis Carthaca tenentibus arva
ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas
ipse suo capiti praebebat cornibus umbras.
cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
vincta movebatur parilique aetate: nitebant
auribus e geminis circum cava tempora bacae;
isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
deposito celebrare domos mulcendaque colla
quamlibet ignotis manibus praebere solebat.
sed tamen ante alios, Ceae pulcherrime gentis,
gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi: tu pabula cervum
ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam,
tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores,
nunc eques in tergo residens huc lactus et illuc
mollia purpureis frenabas ora capistris.

Aestus erat mediusque dies, solisque vapore
concava litorei fervebant bracchia Cancri:
fessus in herbosa posuit sua corpora terra
cervus et arborea frigus ducebat ab umbra.
hunc puer inprudens iaculo Cyparissus acuto
fixit et, ut saevo morientem vulnere vidit,
velle mori statuit. quae non solacia Phoebus
dixit! ut hunc, leviter pro materiaque doleret,
admonuit! gemit ille tamen munusque supremum
hoc petit a superis, ut tempore lugeat omni.
iamque per immensos egesto sanguine fletus
in viridem verti coeperunt membra colorem,

now a tree, but once a boy, beloved by that god who strings the lyre and strings the bow. For there was a mighty stag, sacred to the nymphs who haunt the Carthaean plains, whose wide-spreading antlers gave ample shade to his own head. His antlers gleamed with gold, and down on his shoulders hung a gem-mounted collar set on his rounded neck. Upon his forehead a silver boss bound with small thongs was worn, and worn there from his birth. Pendent from both his ears, about his hollow temples, were gleaming pearls. He, quite devoid of fear and with none of his natural shyness, frequented men's homes and let even strangers stroke his neck. But more than to all the rest, O Cyparissus, loveliest of the Cean race, was he dear to you. 'Twas you who led the stag to fresh pasturage and to the waters of the clear spring. Now would you weave bright garlands for his horns; now, sitting like a horseman on his back, now here, now there, would gleefully guide his soft mouth with purple reins.

'Twas high noon on a summer's day, when the spreading claws of the shore-loving Crab were burning with the sun's hot rays. Weary, the stag had lain down upon the grassy earth and was drinking in the coolness of the forest shade. Him, all unwittingly, the boy, Cyparissus, pierced with a sharp javelin, and when he saw him dying of the cruel wound, he resolved on death himself. What did not Phoebus say to comfort him! How he warned him to grieve in moderation and consistently with the occasion! The lad only groaned and begged this as the boon he most desired from heaven, that he might mourn for ever. And now, as his life forces were exhausted by endless weeping, his limbs began to change to a green colour, and his locks, which but

et, modo qui niveа pendebant fronte capilli,
horrida caesaries fieri sumptoque rigore
sidereum gracili spectare cacumine caelum.
ingemuit tristisque deus "lugebere nobis
lugebisque alios aderisque dolentibus" inquit.

Tale nemus vates attraxerat inque ferarum
concilio medius turba volucrumque sedebat.
ut satis inpulsas temptavit pollice chordas
et sensit varios, quamvis diversa sonarent,
concordare modos, hoc vocem carmine movit:
"ab Iove, Musa parens, (cedunt Iovis omnia regno,)
carmina nostra move! Iovis est mihi saepe potestas
dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas
sparsaque Phlegraeis victricia fulmina campis.
nunc opus est leviore lyra, puerosque canamus
dilectos superis inconcessisque puellas
ignibus attonitas meruisse libidine poenam.

"Rex superum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
arsit, et inventum est aliquid, quod Iuppiter esse,
quam quod erat, mallet. nulla tamen alite verti
dignatur, nisi quae posset sua fulmina ferre.
nec mora, percusso mendacibus aere pennis
abripit Iliaden; qui nunc quoque pocula miscet
invitaque Iovi nectar Iunone ministrat.

"Te quoque, Amyclide, posuisset in aethere Phoebus,
tristia si spatium ponendi fata dedissent.
qua licet, aeternus tamen es, quotiensque repellit
ver hiemem, Piscique Aries succedit aquoso,

now overhung his snowy brow, were turned to a bristling crest, and he became a stiff tree with slender top looking to the starry heavens. The god groaned and, full of sadness, said: "You shall be mourned by me, shall mourn for others, and your place shall always be where others grieve."

Such was the grove the bard had drawn, and he sat, the central figure in an assembly of wild beasts and birds. And when he had tried the chords by touching them with his thumb, and his ears told him that the notes were in harmony although they were of different pitch, he raised his voice in this song: "From Jove, O Muse, my mother—for all things yield to the sway of Jove—inspire my song! Oft have I sung the power of Jove before; I have sung the giants in a heavier strain, and the victorious bolts hurled on the Phlegraean plains. But now I need the gentler touch, for I would sing of boys beloved by gods, and maidens inflamed by unnatural love and paying the penalty of their lust.

"The king of the gods once burned with love for Phrygian Ganymede, and something was found which Jove would rather be than what he was. Still he did not deign to take the form of any bird save only that which could bear his thunderbolts. Without delay he cleft the air on his lying wings and stole away the Trojan boy, who even now, though against the will of Juno, mingles the nectar and attends the cups of Jove.

"You also, youth of Amyclae,[1] Phoebus would have set in the sky, if grim fate had given him time to set you there. Still in what fashion you may you are immortal: as often as spring drives winter out and the Ram succeeds the watery Fish, so often

[1] Hyacinthus.

tu totiens oreris viridique in caespite flores.
te meus ante omnes genitor dilexit, et orbe
in medio positi caruerunt praeside Delphi,
dum deus Eurotan immunitamque frequentat
Sparten, nec citharae nec sunt in honore sagittae :
immemor ipse sui non retia ferre recusat,
non tenuisse canes, non per iuga montis iniqui
ire comes, longaque alit adsuetudine flammas.
iamque fere medius Titan venientis et actae
noctis erat spatioque pari distabat utrimque,
corpora veste levant et suco pinguis olivi
splendescunt latique ineunt certamina disci.
quem prius aerias libratum Phoebus in auras
misit et oppositas discussit pondere nubes ;
reccidit in solitam longo post tempore terram
pondus et exhibuit iunctam cum viribus artem.
protinus inprudens actusque cupidine lusus
tollere Taenarides orbem properabat, at illum
dura repercussum subiecit in aera tellus
in vultus, Hyacinthe, tuos. expalluit aeque
quam puer ipse deus conlapsosque excipit artus,
et modo te refovet, modo tristia vulnera siccat,
nunc animam admotis fugientem sustinet herbis.
nil prosunt artes : erat inmedicabile vulnus.
ut, siquis violas rigidumve papaver in horto
liliaque infringat fulvis horrentia linguis,
marcida demittant subito caput illa vietum
nec se sustineant spectentque cacumine terram :

do you come up and blossom on the green turf. Above all others did my father love you, and Delphi, set at the very centre of the earth, lacked its presiding deity while the god was haunting Eurotas' stream and Sparta,[1] the unwalled. No more has he thought for zither or for bow. Entirely heedless of his usual pursuits, he refuses not to bear the nets, nor hold the dogs in leash, nor go as comrade along the rough mountain ridges. And so with long association he feeds his passion's flame. And now Titan was about midway 'twixt the coming and the banished night, standing at equal distance from both extremes; they strip themselves and, gleaming with rich olive oil, they try a contest with the broad discus. This, well poised, Phoebus sent flying through the air and cleft the opposite clouds with the heavy iron. Back to the wonted earth after long time it fell, revealing the hurler's skill and strength combined. Straightway the Taenarian[2] youth, heedless of danger and moved by eagerness for the game, ran out to take up the discus. But it bounded back into the air from the hard earth beneath full in your face, O Hyacinthus. The god grows deadly pale even as the boy, and catches up the huddled form; now he seeks to warm you again, now tries to staunch your dreadful wound, now strives to stay your parting soul with healing herbs. But his arts are of no avail; the wound is past all cure. Just as when in a garden, if someone should break off violets or stiff poppies or lilies, bristling with yellow stamens, fainting they suddenly droop their withered heads and can no longer stand erect, but gaze, with tops bowed low, upon the earth: so the

[1] The home of Hyacinthus.
[2] Poetic for Laconian, or Spartan.

sic vultus moriens iacet et defecta vigore
ipsa sibi est oneri cervix umeroque recumbit.
'labaris, Oebalide, prima fraudate iuventa.'
Phoebus ait 'videoque tuum, mea crimina, vulnus.
tu dolor es facinusque meum: mea dextera leto
inscribenda tuo est. ego sum tibi funeris auctor.
quae mea culpa tamen, nisi si lusisse vocari
culpa potest, nisi culpa potest et amasse vocari?
atque utinam merito vitam tecumve liceret
reddere! quod quoniam fatali lege tenemur,
semper eris mecum memorique haerebis in ore.
te lyra pulsa manu, te carmina nostra sonabunt,
flosque novus scripto gemitus imitabere nostros.
tempus et illud erit, quo se fortissimus heros
addat in hunc florem folioque legatur eodem.'
talia dum vero memorantur Apollinis ore,
ecce cruor, qui fusus humo signaverat herbas,
desinit esse cruor. Tyrioque nitentior ostro
flos oritur formamque capit, quam lilia, si non
purpureus color his, argenteus esset in illis.
non satis hoc Phoebo est (is enim fuit auctor honoris):
ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et AI AI
flos habet inscriptum, funestaque littera ducta est.
nec genuisse pudet Sparten Hyacinthon: honorque
durat in hoc aevi, celebrandaque more priorum
annua praelata redeunt Hyacinthia pompa.

dying face lies prone, the neck, its strength all gone, cannot sustain its own weight and falls back upon the shoulders. 'Thou art fallen, defrauded of thy youth's prime, Oebalides,'[1] says Phoebus, 'and in thy wound do I see my guilt; thou art my cause of grief and self-reproach; my hand must be proclaimed the cause of thy destruction. I am the author of thy death. And yet, what is my fault, unless my playing with thee can be called a fault, unless my loving thee can be called a fault? And oh, that I might give up my life for thee, so well-deserving, or give it up with thee! But since we are held from this by the laws of fate, thou shalt be always with me, and shalt stay on my mindful lips. Thee shall my lyre, struck by my hand, thee shall my songs proclaim. And as a new flower, by thy markings shalt thou imitate my groans. Also the time will come when a most valiant hero[2] shall be linked with this flower, and by the same markings shall he be known.' While Apollo thus spoke with truth-telling lips, behold, the blood, which had poured out on the ground and stained the grass, ceased to be blood, and in its place there sprang a flower brighter than Tyrian dye. It took the form of the lily, save that the one was of purple hue, while the other was silvery white. Phoebus, not satisfied with this—for 'twas he who wrought the honouring miracle—himself inscribed his grieving words upon the leaves, and the flower bore the marks, AI AI, letters of lamentation, drawn thereon. Sparta, too, was proud that Hyacinthus was her son, and even to this day his honour still endures; and still, as the anniversary returns, as did their sires, they celebrate the Hyacinthia in solemn festival.

[1] Descendant of Oebalus, Spartan.
[2] Ajax.

"At si forte roges fecundam Amathunta metallis,
an genuisse velit Propoetidas, abnuat aeque
atque illos, gemino quondam quibus aspera cornu
frons erat, unde etiam nomen traxere Cerastae.
ante fores horum stabat Iovis Hospitis ara:
ignarus sceleris[1] quam siquis sanguine tinctam
advena vidisset, mactatos crederet illic
lactantes vitulos Amathusiacasque bidentes:
hospes erat caesus! sacris offensa nefandis
ipsa suas urbes Ophiusiaque arva parabat
deserere alma Venus. 'sed quid loca grata, quid urbes
peccavere meae? quod' dixit 'crimen in illis?
exilio poenam potius gens impia pendat
vel nece vel siquid medium est mortisque fugaeque,
idque quid esse potest, nisi versae poena figurae?'
dum dubitat, quo mutet eos, ad cornua vultum
flexit et admonita est haec illis posse relinqui
grandiaque in torvos transformat membra iuvencos.

"Sunt tamen obscenae Venerem Propoetides ausae
esse negare deam; pro quo sua numinis ira
corpora cum fama primae vulgasse feruntur,
utque pudor cessit, sanguisque induruit oris,
in rigidum parvo silicem discrimine versae.

"Quas quia Pygmalion aevum per crimen agentis
viderat, offensus vitiis, quae plurima menti
femineae natura dedit, sine coniuge caelebs
vivebat thalamique diu consorte carebat.

[1] *The text is corrupt. Of the many MS. readings and conjectures this of N. Madvig seems best. Ehwald reads* † in lugubris celeri †.

"But if you should chance to ask Amathus, rich in veins of ore, if she is proud of her Propoetides, she would repudiate both them and those whose forcheads once were deformed by two horns, whence also they took their name, Cerastae. Before their gates there used to stand an altar sacred to Jove, the god of hospitality; if any stranger, ignorant of the crime, had seen this altar all smeared with blood, he would suppose that suckling calves or two-year-old sheep of Amathus had been sacrificed thereon. 'Twas the blood of slaughtered guests! Outraged by these impious sacrifices, fostering Venus was preparing to desert her cities and her Ophiusian plains; 'but,' she said, 'wherein have these pleasant regions, wherein have my cities sinned? What crime is there in them? Rather let this impious race pay the penalty by exile or by death, or by some punishment midway betwixt death and exile. And what other can that be than the penalty of a changed form?' While she hesitates to what she shall change them, her eyes fall upon their horns, and she reminds herself that these can still be left to them. And so she changes their big bodies into savage bulls.

"But the foul Propoetides dared to deny the divinity of Venus. In consequence of this, through the wrath of the goddess they are said to have been the first to prostitute their bodies and their fame; and as their shame vanished and the blood of their faces hardened,[1] they were turned with but small change to hard stones.

"Pygmalion had seen these women spending their lives in shame, and, disgusted with the faults which in such full measure nature had given the female

[1] *i.e.* they lost the power to blush.

interea niveum mira feliciter arte
sculpsit ebur formamque dedit, qua femina nasci
nulla potest, operisque sui concepit amorem.
virginis est verae facies, quam vivere credas,
et, si non obstet reverentia, velle moveri:
ars adeo latet arte sua. miratur et haurit
pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes.
saepe manus operi temptantes admovet, an sit
corpus an illud ebur, nec adhuc ebur esse fatetur.
oscula dat reddique putat loquiturque tenetque
et credit tactis digitos insidere membris
et metuit, pressos veniat ne livor in artus,
et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis
munera fert illi conchas teretesque lapillos
et parvas volucres et flores mille colorum
liliaque pictasque pilas et ab arbore lapsas
Heliadum lacrimas; ornat quoque vestibus artus,
dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo,
aure leves bacae, redimicula pectore pendent:
cuncta decent; nec nuda minus formosa videtur.
conlocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis
dapellatque tori sociam adclinataque colla
mollibus in plumis, tamquam sensura, reponit.
"Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro
venerat, et pandis inductae cornibus aurum
conciderant ictae nivea cervice iuvencae,
turaque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras

mind, he lived unmarried and long was without a partner of his couch. Meanwhile, with wondrous art he successfully carves a figure out of snowy ivory, giving it a beauty more perfect than that of any woman ever born. And with his own work he falls in love. The face is that of a real maiden, whom you would think living and desirous of being moved, if modesty did not prevent. So does his art conceal his art. Pygmalion looks in admiration and is inflamed with love for this semblance of a form. Often he lifts his hands to the work to try whether it be flesh or ivory; nor does he yet confess it to be ivory. He kisses it and thinks his kisses are returned. He speaks to it, grasps it and seems to feel his fingers sink into the limbs when he touches them; and then he fears lest he leave marks of bruises on them. Now he addresses it with fond words of love, now brings it gifts pleasing to girls, shells and smooth pebbles, little birds and many-hued flowers, and lilies and coloured balls, with tears[1] of the Heliades that drop down from the trees. He drapes its limbs also with robes, puts gemmed rings upon its fingers and a long necklace around its neck; pearls hang from the ears and chains adorn the breast. All these are beautiful; but no less beautiful is the statue unadorned. He lays it on a bed spread with coverlets of Tyrian hue, calls it the consort of his couch, and rests its reclining head upon soft, downy pillows, as if it could enjoy them.

"And now the festal day of Venus had come, which all Cyprus thronged to celebrate; heifers with spreading horns covered with gold had fallen 'neath the death-stroke on their snowy necks, and the altars smoked with incense. Pygmalion, having

[1] *i.e.* amber.

constitit et timide 'si di dare cuncta potestis,
sit coniunx, opto,' non ausus 'eburnea virgo'
dicere, Pygmalion 'similis mea' dixit 'eburnae.'
sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
vota quid illa velint et, amici numinis omen,
flamma ter accensa est apicemque per aera duxit.
ut rediit, simulacra suae petit ille puellae
incumbensque toro dedit oscula: visa tepere est;
admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora temptat:
temptatum mollescit ebur positoque rigore
subsidit digitis cedditque, ut Hymettia sole
cera remollescit tractataque pollice multas
flectitur in facies ipsoque fit utilis usu.
dum stupet et dubie gaudet fallique veretur,
rursus amans rursusque manu sua vota retractat.
corpus erat! saliunt temptatae pollice venae.
tum vero Paphius plenissima concipit heros
verba, quibus Veneri grates agat, oraque tandem
ore suo non falsa premit, dataque oscula virgo
sensit et erubuit timidumque ad lumina lumen
attollens pariter cum caelo vidit amantem.
coniugio, quod fecit, adest dea, iamque coactis
cornibus in plenum noviens lunaribus orbem
illa Paphon genuit, de qua tenet insula nomen.

"Editus hac ille est, qui si sine prole fuisset,
inter felices Cinyras potuisset haberi.
dira canam; procul hinc natae, procul este parentes,
aut, mea si vestras mulcebunt carmina mentes,
desit in hac mihi parte fides, nec credite factum,

brought his gift to the altar, stood and falteringly prayed: 'If ye, O gods, can give all things, I pray to have as wife——' he did not dare add 'my ivory maid,' but said, 'one like my ivory maid.' But golden Venus (for she herself was present at her feast) knew what that prayer meant; and, as an omen of her favouring deity, thrice did the flame burn brightly and leap high in air. When he returned he sought the image of his maid, and bending over the couch he kissed her. She seemed warm to his touch. Again he kissed her, and with his hands also he touched her breast. The ivory grew soft to his touch and, its hardness vanishing, gave and yielded beneath his fingers, as Hymettian wax grows soft under the sun and, moulded by the thumb, is easily shaped to many forms and becomes usable through use itself. The lover stands amazed, rejoices still in doubt, fears he is mistaken, and tries his hopes again and yet again with his hand. Yes, it was real flesh! The veins were pulsing beneath his testing finger. Then did the Paphian hero pour out copious thanks to Venus, and again pressed with his lips real lips at last. The maiden felt the kisses, blushed and, lifting her timid eyes up to the light, she saw the sky and her lover at the same time. The goddess graced with her presence the marriage she had made; and ere the ninth moon had brought her crescent to the full, a daughter was born to them, Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.

"Cinyras was her son and, had he been without offspring, might have been counted fortunate. A horrible tale I have to tell. Far hence be daughters, far hence, fathers; or, if your minds find pleasure in my songs, do not give credence to this story, and believe that it never happened; or, if you do believe

vel, si credetis, facti quoque credite poenam.
si tamen admissum sinit hoc natura videri,
gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi,
gratulor huic terrae, quod abest regionibus illis,
quae tantum genuere nefas: sit dives amomo
cinnamaque costumque suum sudataque ligno
tura ferat floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
dum ferat et murram: tanti nova non fuit arbor.
ipse negat nocuisse tibi sua tela Cupido,
Myrrha, facesque suas a crimine vindicat isto;
stipite te Stygio tumidisque adflavit echidnis
e tribus una soror: scelus est odisse parentem,
hic amor est odio maius scelus.—undique lecti
te cupiunt proceres, totoque Oriente iuventa
ad thalami certamen adest: ex omnibus unum
elige, Myrrha, virum, dum ne sit in omnibus unus.
illa quidem sentit foedoque repugnat amori
et secum 'quo mente feror? quid molior?' inquit
'di, precor, et pietas sacrataque iura parentum,
hoc prohibete nefas scelerique resistite nostro,
si tamen hoc scelus est. sed enim damnare negatur
hanc Venerem pietas: coeunt animalia nullo
cetera delectu, nec habetur turpe iuvencae
ferre patrem tergo, fit equo sua filia coniunx,
quasque creavit init pecudes caper, ipsaque, cuius
semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales.
felices, quibus ista licent! humana malignas
cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit,
invida iura negant. gentes tamen esse feruntur,

it, believe also in the punishment of the deed. If, however, nature allows a crime like this to show itself, I congratulate the Ismarian people, and this our country; I congratulate this land on being far away from those regions where such iniquity is possible. Let the land of Panchaia be rich in balsam, let it bear its cinnamon, its costum, its frankincense exuding from the trees, its flowers of many sorts, so long as it bears its myrrh-tree, too: a new tree was not worth so great a price. Cupid himself avers that his weapons did not harm you, Myrrha, and clears his torches from that crime of yours. One of the three sisters with firebrand from the Styx and with swollen vipers blasted you. 'Tis a crime to hate one's father, but such love as this is a greater crime than hate. From every side the pick of princes desire you; from the whole Orient young men are here vying for your couch; out of them all choose one for your husband, Myrrha, only let not one[1] be among them all. She, indeed, is fully aware of her vile passion and fights against it and says within herself: 'To what is my purpose tending? What am I planning? O gods, I pray you, and piety and the sacred rights of parents, keep this sin from me and fight off my crime, if indeed it is a crime. But I am not sure, for piety refuses to condemn such love as this. Other animals mate as they will, nor is it thought base for a heifer to endure her sire, nor for his own offspring to be a horse's mate; the goat goes in among the flocks which he has fathered, and the very birds conceive from those from whom they were conceived. Happy they who have such privilege! Human civilization has made spiteful laws, and what nature allows, the jealous laws forbid. And

[1] *i.e.* her father.

in quibus et nato genetrix et nata parenti
iungitur, ut pietas geminato crescat amore.
me miseram, quod non nasci mihi contigit illic,
fortunaque loci laedor!—quid in ista revolvor?
spes interdictae, discedite! dignus amari
ille, sed ut pater, est.—ergo, si filia magni
non essem Cinyrae, Cinyrae concumbere possem:
nunc, quia iam meus est, non est meus, ipsaque damno
est mihi proximitas, aliena potentior essem?
ire libet procul hinc patriaeque relinquere fines,
dum scelus effugiam: retinet malus ardor amantem,
ut praesens spectem Cinyram tangamque loquarque
oscula que admoveam, si nil conceditur ultra.
ultra autem spectare aliquid potes, impia virgo?
et quot confundas et iura et nomina, sentis!
tune eris et matris paelex et adultera patris?
tune soror nati genetrixque vocabere fratris?
nec metues atro crinitas angue sorores,
quas facibus saevis oculos atque ora petentes
noxia corda vident? at tu, dum corpore non es
passa nefas, animo ne concipe neve potentis
concubitu vetito naturae pollue foedus!
velle puta: res ipsa vetat: pius ille memorque
moris—et o vellem similis furor esset in illo!'

"Dixerat, at Cinyras, quem copia digna procorum,
quid faciat, dubitare facit, scitatur ab ipsa,
nominibus dictis, cuius velit esse mariti;
illa silet primo patriisque in vultibus haerens
aestuat et tepido suffundit lumina rore.

yet they say that there are tribes among whom mother with son, daughter with father mates, so that natural love is increased by the double bond. Oh, wretched me, that it was not my lot to be born there, and that I am thwarted by the mere accident of place! Why do I dwell on such things? Avaunt, lawless desires! Worthy to be loved is he, but as a father.—Well, if I were not the daughter of great Cinyras, to Cinyras could I be joined. But as it is, because he is mine, he is not mine; and, while my very propinquity is my loss, would I as a stranger be better off? It is well to go far away, to leave the borders of my native land, if only I may flee from crime; but unhappy passion keeps the lover here, that I may see Cinyras face to face, may touch him, speak with him and kiss him, if nothing else is granted. But can you hope for aught else, you unnatural girl? Think how many ties, how many names you are confusing! Will you be the rival of your mother, the mistress of your father? Will you be called the sister of your son, the mother of your brother? And have you no fear of the sisters with black snakes in their hair, whom guilty souls see brandishing cruel torches before their eyes and faces? But you, while you have not yet sinned in body, do not conceive sin in your heart, and defile not great nature's law with unlawful union. Grant that you wish it: facts themselves forbid. He is a righteous man and heedful of moral law—and oh, how I wish a like passion were in him!'

"She spoke; but Cinyras, whom a throng of worthy suitors caused to doubt what he should do, inquired of her herself, naming them over, whom she wished for husband. She is silent at first and, with gaze fixed on her father's face, wavers in doubt, while the

virginei Cinyras haec credens esse timoris,
flere vetat siccatque genas atque oscula iungit;
Myrrha datis nimium gaudet consultaque, qualem
optet habere virum, 'similem tibi' dixit; at ille
non intellectam vocem conlaudat et 'esto
tam pia semper' ait. pietatis nomine dicto
demisit vultus sceleris sibi conscia virgo.

"Noctis erat medium, curasque et corpora somnus
solverat; at virgo Cinyreia pervigil igni
carpitur indomito furiosaque vota retractat
et modo desperat, modo vult temptare, pudetque
et cupit, et, quid agat, non invenit, utque securi
saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
quo cadat, in dubio est omnique a parte timetur,
sic animus vario labefactus vulnere nutat
huc levis atque illuc momentaque summit utroque,
nec modus et requies, nisi mors, reperitur amoris.
mors placet. erigitur laqueoque innectere fauces
destinat et zona summo de poste revincta
'care, vale, Cinyra, causamque intellege mortis!'
dixit et aptabat pallenti vincula collo.

"Murmura verborum fidas nutricis ad aures
pervenisse ferunt limen servantis alumnae.
surgit anus reseratque fores mortisque paratae
instrumenta videns spatio conclamat eodem
seque ferit scinditque sinus ereptaque collo
vincula dilaniat; tum denique flere vacavit,
tum dare complexus laqueique requirere causam.
muta silet virgo terramque immota tuetur

warm tears fill her eyes. Cinyras, attributing this to maidenly alarm, bids her not to weep, dries her cheeks and kisses her on the lips. Myrrha is too rejoiced at this and, being asked what kind of husband she desires, says: 'One like you.' But he approves her word, not understanding it, and says: 'May you always be so filial.' At the word 'filial' the girl, conscious of her guilt, casts down her eyes.

"It was midnight, and sleep had set free men's bodies from their cares; but the daughter of Cinyras, sleepless through the night, is consumed by ungoverned passion, renews her mad prayers, is filled now with despair, now with lust to try, feels now shame and now desire, and finds no plan of action; and, just as a great tree, smitten by the axe, when all but the last blow has been struck, wavers which way to fall and threatens every side, so her mind, weakened by many blows, leans unsteadily now this way and now that, and falteringly turns in both directions; and no end nor rest for her passion can she find save death. She decides on death. She rises from her couch, resolved to hang herself, and, tying her girdle to a ceiling-beam, she says: 'Farewell, dear Cinyras, and know why I die,' and is in the act of fitting the rope about her death-pale neck.

"They say that the confused sound of her words came to the ears of the faithful nurse who watched outside her darling's door. The old woman rises and opens the door; and when she sees the preparations for death, all in the same moment she screams, beats her breasts and rends her garments, and seizes and snatches off the rope from the girl's neck. Then at last she has time to weep, time to embrace her and ask the reason for the noose. The girl is stubbornly silent, gazes fixedly on the ground,

et deprensa dolet tardae conamina mortis.
instat anus canosque suos et inania nudans
ubera per cunas alimentaque prima precatur,
ut sibi committat, quicquid dolet. illa rogantem
aversata gemit; certa est exquirere nutrix
nec solam spondere fidem. 'dic' inquit 'opemque
me sine ferre tibi: non est mea pigra senectus.
seu furor est, habeo, quae carmine sanet et herbis;
sive aliquis nocuit, magico lustrabere ritu;
ira deum sive est, sacris placabilis ira.
quid rear ulterius? certe fortuna domusque
sospes et in cursu est: vivunt genetrixque paterque.'
Myrrha patre audito suspiria duxit ab imo
pectore; nec nutrix etiamnum concipit ullum
mente nefas aliquemque tamen praesentit amorem
propositique tenax, quodcumque est, orat, ut ipsi
indicet, et gremio lacrimantem tollit anili
atque ita conplectens infirmis membra lacertis
'sensimus,' inquit 'amas! et in hoc mea (pone timorem)
sedulitas erit apta tibi, nec sentiet umquam
hoc pater.' exiluit gremio furibunda torumque
ore premens 'discede, precor, miseroque pudori
parce!' ait; instanti 'discede, aut desine' dixit
'quaerere, quid doleam! scelus est, quod scire laboras.'
horret anus tremulasque manus annisque metuque
tendit et ante pedes supplex procumbit alumnae
et modo blanditur, modo, si non conscia fiat,
terret et indicium laquei coeptaeque minatur

and grieves that her attempt at death, all too slow, has been detected. The old woman insists, bares her white hair and thin breasts, and begs by the girl's cradle and her first nourishment that she trust to her nurse her cause of grief. The girl turns away from her pleadings with a groan. The nurse is determined to find out, and promises more than confidence. 'Tell me,' she says, 'and let me help you; my old age is not without resources. If it be madness, I know one who has healing-charms and herbs; or if someone has worked an evil spell on you, you shall be purified with magic rites; or if the gods are wroth with you, wrath may be appeased by sacrifice. What further can I think? Surely your household fortunes are prosperous as usual; your mother and your father are alive and well.' At the name of father Myrrha sighed deeply from the bottom of her heart. Even now the nurse had no conception of any evil in the girl's soul, and yet she had a presentiment that it was some love affair, and with persistent purpose she begged her to tell her whatever it was. She took the weeping girl on her aged bosom, and so holding her in her feeble arms she said: 'I know, you are in love! and in this affair I shall be entirely devoted to your service, have no fear; nor shall your father ever know.' With a bound the mad girl leaped from her bosom and, burying her face in her couch, she said: 'Go away, I pray you, and spare my unhappy shame': still pressed, 'Go away,' she said again, 'or cease asking why I grieve. It is a crime, what you want so much to know.' The old woman is horrified and, stretching out her hands trembling with age and fear, she falls pleadingly at her nursling's feet, now coaxing and now frightening her if she does not tell; she both threatens to report the affair of the noose and attempt at death, and promises her help

mortis et officium commisso spondet amori.
extulit illa caput lacrimisque implevit obortis
pectora nutricis conataque saepe fateri
saepe tenet vocem pudibundaque vestibus ora
texit et 'o' dixit 'felicem coniuge matrem!'
hactenus, et gemuit. gelidus nutricis in artus
ossaque (sensit enim) penetrat tremor, albaque toto
vertice canities rigidis stetit hirta capillis,
multaque, ut exueret diros, si posset, amores,
addidit, at virgo scit se non falsa moneri;
certa mori tamen est, si non potiatur amore.
'vive,' ait haec, 'potiere tuo'—et, non ausa 'parente'
dicere, conticuit promissaque numine firmat.

"Festa piae Cereris celebrabant annua matres
illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste
primitias frugum dant spicea serta suarum
perque novem noctes venerem tactusque virilis
in vetitis numerant: turba Cenchreis in illa
regis adest coniunx arcanaque sacra frequentat.
ergo legitima vacuus dum coniuge lectus,
nacta gravem vino Cinyram male sedula nutrix,
nomine mentito veros exponit amores
et facie m laudat; quaesitis virginis annis
'par' ait 'est Myrrhae.' quam postquam adducere
iussa est
utque domum rediit, 'gaude, mea' dixit 'alumna:
vicimus!' infelix non toto pectore sentit
laetitiam virgo, praesagaque pectora maerent,
sed tamen et gaudet: tanta est discordia mentis.

"Tempus erat, quo cuncta silent, interque triones
flexerat obliquo plaustrum temone Bootes:

if she will confess her love. The girl lifts her head and fills her nurse's bosom with her rising tears; often she tries to confess, and often checks her words and hides her shamed face in her robes. Then she says: 'O mother, blest in your husband!'—only so much, and groans. Cold horror stole through the nurse's frame (for she understood), and her white hair stood up stiffly over all her head, and she said many things to banish, if she might, the mad passion. The girl knew that she was truly warned; still she was resolved on death if she could not have her desire. 'Live then,' said the other, 'have your'—she did not dare say 'father'; she said no more, calling on Heaven to confirm her promises.

"It was the time when married women were celebrating that annual festival of Ceres at which with bodies robed in white raiment they bring garlands of wheaten ears as the first offerings of their fruits, and for nine nights they count love and the touch of man among things forbidden. In that throng was Cenchreis, wife of the king, in constant attendance on the secret rites. And so since the king's bed was deprived of his lawful wife, the over-officious nurse, finding Cinyras drunk with wine, told him of one who loved him truly, giving a false name, and praised her beauty. When he asked the maiden's age, she said: 'The same as Myrrha's.' Bidden to fetch her, when she had reached home she cried: 'Rejoice, my child, we win!' Not with all her heart did the unhappy girl feel joy, and her mind was filled with sad forebodings; but still she did also rejoice; so inconsistent were her feelings.

"It was the time when all things are at rest, and between the Bears Boötes had turned his wain with

ad facinus venit illa suum; fugit aurea caelo
luna, tegunt nigrae latitantia sidera nubes;
nox caret igne suo; primus tegis, Icare, vultus,
Erigoneque pio sacrata parentis amore.
ter pedis offensi signo est revocata, ter omen
funereus bubo letali carmine fecit:
it tamen, et tenebrae minuunt noxque atra pudorem;
nutricisque manum laeva tenet, altera motu
caecum iter explorat. thalami iam limina tangit,
iamque fores aperit, iam ducitur intus: at illi
poplite succiduo genua intremuere, fugitque
et color et sanguis, animusque relinquit euntem.
quoque suo propior sceleri est, magis horret, et ausi
paenitet, et vellet non cognita posse reverti.
cunctantem longaeva manu deducit et alto
admotam lecto cum traderet 'accipe,' dixit,
'ista tua est, Cinyra' devotaque corpora iunxit.
accipit obsceno genitor sua viscera lecto
virgineosque metus levat hortaturque timentem.
forsitan aetatis quoque nomine 'filia' dixit,
dixit et illa 'pater,' sceleri ne nomina desint.

"Plena patris thalamis excedit et impia diro
semina fert utero conceptaque crimina portat.
postera nox facinus geminat, nec finis in illa est,
cum tandem Cinyras, avidus cognoscere amantem

down-pointing pole.[1] She came to her guilty deed. The golden moon fled from the sky; black clouds hid the skulking stars; night was without her usual fires. You were the first, Icarus, to cover your face, and you, Erigone, deified for your pious love of your father. Thrice was Myrrha stopped by the omen of the stumbling foot; thrice did the funereal screech-owl warn her by his uncanny cry: still on she went, her shame lessened by the black shadows of the night. With her left hand she holds fast to her nurse, and with the other she gropes her way through the dark. Now she reaches the threshold of the chamber, now she opens the door, now is led within. But her knees tremble and sink beneath her; colour and blood flee from her face, and her senses desert her as she goes. The nearer she is to her crime, the more she shudders at it, repents her of her boldness, would gladly turn back unrecognized. As she holds back, the aged crone leads her by the hand to the side of the high bed and, delivering her over, says: 'Take her, Cinyras, she is yours'; and leaves the doomed pair together. The father receives his own flesh in his incestuous bed, strives to calm her girlish fears, and speaks encouragingly to the shrinking girl. It chanced, by a name appropriate to her age, he called her 'daughter,' and she called him 'father,' that names might not be lacking to their guilt.

"Forth from the chamber she went, full of her father, with crime conceived within her womb. The next night repeated their guilt, nor was that the end. At length Cinyras, eager to recognize his mistress

[1] At midnight these constellations attain their highest point in the heavens, and thereafter begin their downward course.

post tot concubitus, inlato lumine vidit
et scelus et natam verbisque dolore retentis
pendenti nitidum vagina deripit ensem ;
Myrrha fugit : tenebrisque et caecae munere noctis
intercepta neci est latosque vagata per agros
palmiferos Arabas Panchaeaque rura relinquit
perque novem erravit redeuntis cornua lunae,
cum tandem terra requievit fessa Sabaea ;
vixque uteri portabat onus. tum nescia voti
atque inter mortisque metus et taedia vitae
est tales conplexa preces : ‘ o siqua patetis
numina confessis, merui nec triste recuso
supplicium, sed ne violem vivosque superstes
mortuaque exstinctos, ambobus pellite regnis
mutataeque mihi vitamque necemque negate ! ’
numen confessis aliquod patet : ultima certe
vota suos habuere deos. nam crura loquentis
terra supervenit, ruptosque obliqua per ungues
porrigitur radix, longi firmamina trunci,
ossaque robur agunt, mediaque manente medulla
sanguis it in sucos, in magnos bracchia ramos,
in parvos digiti, duratur cortice pellis.
iamque gravem crescens uterum perstrinxerat arbor
pectoraque obruerat collumque operire parabat :
non tulit illa moram venientique obvia ligno
subsedit mersitque suos in cortice vultus.
quae quamquam amisit veteres cum corpore sensus,
flet tamen, et tepidae manant ex arbore guttae.
est honor et lacrimis, stillataque robore murra
nomen erile tenet nulloque tacebitur aevo.

after so many meetings, brought in a light and beheld his crime and his daughter. Speechless with woe, he snatched his bright sword from the sheath which hung near by. Myrrha fled and escaped death by grace of the shades of the dark night. Groping her way through the broad fields, she left palm-bearing Arabia and the Panchaean country; then, after nine months of wandering, in utter weariness she rested at last in the Sabaean land. And now she could scarce bear the burden of her womb. Not knowing what to pray for, and in a strait betwixt fear of death and weariness of life, she summed up her wishes in this prayer: 'O gods, if any there be who will listen to my prayer, I do not refuse the dire punishment I have deserved; but lest, surviving, I offend the living, and, dying, I offend the dead, drive me from both realms; change me and refuse me both life and death!' Some god did listen to her prayer; her last petition had its answering gods. For even as she spoke the earth closed over her legs; roots burst forth from her toes and stretched out on either side the supports of the high trunk; her bones gained strength, and, while the central pith remained the same, her blood changed to sap, her arms to long branches, her fingers to twigs, her skin to hard bark. And now the growing tree had closely bound her heavy womb, had buried her breast and was just covering her neck; but she could not endure the delay and, meeting the rising wood, she sank down and plunged her face in the bark. Though she has lost her old-time feelings with her body, still she weeps, and the warm drops trickle down from the tree. Even the tears have fame, and the myrrh which distils from the tree-trunk keeps the name of its mistress and will be remembered through all the ages.

"At male conceptus sub robore creverat infans
quaerebatque viam, qua se genetrice relicta
exsereret; media gravidus tumet arbore venter.
tendit onus matrem; neque habent sua verba dolores,
nec Lucina potest parientis voce vocari.
nitenti tamen est similis curvataque crebros
dat gemitus arbor lacrimisque cadentibus umet.
constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentis
admovitque manus et verba puerpera dixit:
arbor agit rimas et fissa cortice vivum
reddit onus, vagitque puer; quem mollibus herbis
naides inpositum lacrimis unxere parentis.
laudaret faciem Livor quoque; qualia namque
corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum,
talis erat, sed, ne faciat discrimina cultus,
aut huic adde leves, aut illi deme pharetras.

"Labitur occulte fallitque volatilis aetas,
et nihil est annis velocius: ille sorore
natus avoque suo, qui conditus arbore nuper,
nuper erat genitus, modo formosissimus infans,
iam iuvenis, iam vir, iam se formosior ipso est,
iam placet et Veneri matrisque ulciscitur ignes.
namque pharetratus dum dat puer oscula matri,
inscius exstanti destrinxit harundine pectus;
laesa manu natum dea reppulit: altius actum
vulnus erat specie primoque fefellerat ipsam.
capta viri forma non iam Cythereia curat
litora, non alto repetit Paphon aequore cinctam
piscosamque Cnidon gravidamve Amathunta metallis;

"But the misbegotten child had grown within the wood, and was now seeking a way by which it might leave its mother and come forth. The pregnant tree swells in mid-trunk, the weight within straining on its mother. The birth-pangs cannot voice themselves, nor can Lucina be called upon in the words of one in travail. Still, like a woman in agony, the tree bends itself, groans oft, and is wet with falling tears. Pitying Lucina stood near the groaning branches, laid her hands on them, and uttered charms to aid the birth. Then the tree cracked open, the bark was rent asunder, and it gave forth its living burden, a wailing baby-boy. The naiads laid him on soft leaves and anointed him with his mother's tears. Even Envy would praise his beauty, for he looked like one of the naked loves portrayed on canvas. But, that dress may make no distinction, you should either give the one a light quiver or take it from the other.

"Time glides by imperceptibly and cheats us in its flight, and nothing is swifter than the years. That son of his sister and his grandfather, who was but lately concealed within his parent tree, but lately born, then a most lovely baby-boy, is now a youth, now man, now more beautiful than his former self; now he excites even Venus' love, and avenges his mother's passion. For while the goddess' son, with quiver on shoulder, was kissing his mother, he chanced unwittingly to graze her breast with a projecting arrow. The wounded goddess pushed her son away with her hand; but the scratch had gone deeper than she thought, and she herself was at first deceived. Now, smitten with the beauty of a mortal, she cares no more for the borders of Cythera, nor does she seek Paphos, girt by the deep sea, nor fish-haunted Cnidos,

abstinet et caelo : caelo praefertur Adonis.
hunc tenet, huic comes est adsuetaque semper in umbra
indulgere sibi formamque augere colendo,
per iuga, per silvas dumosaque saxa vagatur
fine genu vestem ritu succincta Dianae
hortaturque canes tutaeque animalia praedae,
aut pronos lepores aut celsum in cornua cervum
aut agitat dammas ; a fortibus abstinet apris
raptoresque lupos armatosque unguibus ursos
vitat et armenti saturatos caede leones.
te quoque, ut hos timeas, siquid prodesse monendo
posset, Adoni, monet, ' fortis que ' fugacibus esto '
inquit ; ' in audaces non est audacia tuta.
parce meo, iuvenis, temerarius esse periclo,
neve feras, quibus arma dedit natura, lacesse,
stet mihi ne magno tua gloria. non movet aetas
nec facies nec quae Venerem movere, leones
saetigeresque sues oculosque animosque ferarum.
fulmen habent acres in aduncis dentibus apri,
impetus est fulvis et vasta leonibus ira,
invisumque mihi genus est.' quae causa, roganti
' dicam,' ait ' et veteris monstrum mirabere culpae.
sed labor insolitus iam me lassavit, et, ecce,
opportuna sua blanditur populus umbra,
datque torum caespes : libet hac requiescere tecum '
(et requievit) ' humo ' pressitque et gramen et ipsum
inque sinu iuvenis posita cervice reclinis
sic ait ac mediis interserit oscula verbis :

nor Amathus, rich in precious ores. She stays away even from the skies; Adonis is preferred to heaven. She holds him fast, is his companion and, though her wont has always been to take her ease in the shade, and to enhance her beauty by fostering it, now, over mountain ridges, through the woods, over rocky places set with thorns, she ranges with her garments girt up to her knees after the manner of Diana. She also cheers on the hounds and pursues those creatures which are safe to hunt, such as the headlong hares, or the stag with high-branching horns, or the timid doe; but from strong wild boars she keeps away, and from ravenous wolves, and she avoids bears, armed with claws, and lions reeking with the slaughter of cattle. She warns you, too, Adonis, to fear these beasts, if only it were of any avail to warn. 'Be brave against timorous creatures,' she says; 'but against bold creatures boldness is not safe. Do not be rash, dear boy, at my risk; and do not provoke those beasts which nature has well armed, lest your glory be at great cost to me. Neither youth nor beauty, nor the things which have moved Venus, move lions and bristling boars and the eyes and minds of wild beasts. Boars have the force of a lightning stroke in their curving tusks, and the impetuous wrath of tawny lions is irresistible. I fear and hate them all.' When he asks her why, she says: 'I will tell, and you shall marvel at the monstrous outcome of an ancient crime. But now I am aweary with my unaccustomed toil; and see, a poplar, happily at hand, invites us with its shade, and here is grassy turf for couch. I would fain rest here on the grass with you.' So saying, she reclined upon the ground and, pillowing her head against his breast and mingling kisses with her words, she told the following tale:

"'Forsitan audieris aliquam certamine cursus
veloces superasse viros: non fabula rumor
ille fuit; superabat enim. nec dicere posses,
laude pedum formaene bono praestantior esset.
scitanti deus huic de coniuge "coniuge" dixit
"nil opus est, Atalanta, tibi: fuge coniugis usum.
nec tamen effugies teque ipsa viva carebis."
territa sorte dei per opacas innuba silvas
vivit et instantem turbam violenta procorum
condicione fugat, "nec sum potienda, nisi" inquit
"victa prius cursu. pedibus contendite mecum:
praemia veloci coniunx thalamique dabuntur,
mors pretium tardis: ea lex certaminis esto."
illa quidem inmitis, sed (tanta potentia formae est)
venit ad hanc legem temeraria turba procorum.
sederat Hippomenes cursus spectator iniqui
et "petitur cuiquam per tanta pericula coniunx?"
dixerat ac nimios iuvenum damnarat amores;
ut faciem et posito corpus velamine vidit,
quale meum, vel quale tuum, si femina fias,
obstipuit tollensque manus "ignoscite," dixit
"quos modo culpavi! nondum mihi praemia nota,
quae peteretis, erant." laudando concipit ignes
et, ne quis iuvenum currat velocius, optat
invidiaque timet. "sed cur certaminis huius
intemptata mihi fortuna relinquitur?" inquit
"audentes deus ipse iuvat!" dum talia secum
exigit Hippomenes, passu volat alite virgo.

"'You may, perchance, have heard of a maid who surpassed swift-footed men in the contest of the race. And that was no idle tale, for she did surpass them. Nor could you say whether her fleetness or her beauty was more worthy of your praise. Now when this maid consulted the oracle about a husband, the god replied: "A husband will be your bane, O Atalanta; flee from the intercourse of husband; and yet you will not escape, and, though living, you will lose yourself." Terrified by the oracle of the god, she lived unwedded in the shady woods, and with harsh terms she repulsed the insistent throng of suitors. "I am not to be won," she said, "till I be conquered first in speed. Contest the race with me. Wife and couch shall be given as prize unto the swift, but death shall be the reward of those who lag behind. Be that the condition of the race." She, in truth, was pitiless, but such was the witchery of her beauty, even on this condition a rash throng of suitors came to try their fate. Now Hippomenes had taken his seat as a spectator of this cruel race, and had exclaimed: "Who would seek a wife at so great peril to himself?" and he had condemned the young men for their headstrong love. But when he saw her face and her disrobed form, such beauty as is mine, or as would be yours if you were a woman, he was amazed and, stretching out his hands, he cried: "Forgive me, ye whom but now I blamed. I did not yet realize the worth of the prize you strove for." As he praises, his own heart takes fire and he hopes that none of the youths may outstrip her in the race, and is filled with jealous fears. "But why is my fortune in this contest left untried?" he cries. "God himself helps those who dare." While thus Hippomenes was weighing the matter in his mind, the girl sped by

quae quamquam Scythica non setius ire sagitta
Aonio visa est iuveni, tamen ille decorem
miratur magis: et cursus facit ille decorem.
aura refert ablata citis talaria plantis,
tergaque iactantur crines per eburnea, quaeque
poplitibus suberant picto genualia limbo;
inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
traxerat, haud aliter, quam cum super atria velum
candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras.
dum notat haec hospes, decursa novissima meta est,
et tegitur festa victrix Atalanta corona.
dant gemitum victi penduntque ex foedere poenas.
"'Non tamen eventu iuvenis deterritus horum
constitit in medio vultuque in virgine fixo
"quid facilem titulum superando quaeris inertes?
mecum confer" ait. "seu me fortuna potentem
fecerit, a tanto non indignabere vinci:
namque mihi genitor Megareus Onchestius, illi
est Neptunus avus, pronepos ego regis aquarum,
nec virtus citra genus est; seu vincar, habebis
Hippomene victo magnum et memorabile nomen."
talia dicentem molli Schoeneia vultu
aspicit et dubitat, superari an vincere malit,
atque ita "quis deus hunc formosis" inquit "iniquus
perdere vult caraeque iubet discrimine vitae
coniugium petere hoc? non sum, me iudice, tanti.
nec forma tangor, (poteram tamen hac quoque tangi)
sed quod adhuc puer est; non me movet ipse, sed
aetas.

on winged feet. Though she seemed to the Aonian youth to go not less swiftly than a Scythian arrow, yet he admired her beauty still more. And the running gave a beauty of its own. The breeze bore back the streaming pinions on her flying feet, her hair was tossed over her white shoulders; the bright-bordered ribbons at her knees were fluttering, and over her fair girlish body a pink flush came, just as when a purple awning, drawn over a marble hall, stains it with borrowed hues. While the stranger marked all this, the last goal was passed, and Atalanta was crowned victor with a festal wreath. But the conquered youths with groans paid the penalty according to the bond.

"'Not deterred by the experience of these, however, Hippomenes stood forth and, fixing his eyes upon the girl, exclaimed: "Why do you seek an easily won renown by conquering sluggish youth? Come, strive with me! If fortune shall give me the victory, 'twill be no shame for you to be overcome by so great a foe. For Megareus of Onchestus is my father and his grandfather is Neptune; hence I am the great-grandson of the king of the waters. Nor is my manly worth less than my race. Or, if I shall be defeated, you will have a great and memorable name for the conquest of Hippomenes." As he said this, the daughter of Schoeneus gazed on him with softening eyes, being in a strait betwixt her desire to conquer and to be conquered. And thus she spoke: "What god, envious of beauteous youths, wishes to destroy this one, and prompts him to seek wedlock with me at the risk of his own dear life? I am not worth so great a price, if I am the judge. Nor is it his beauty that touches me—and yet I could be touched by this as well—but the fact that he is still

quid, quod inest virtus et mens interrita leti?
quid, quod ab aequorea numeratur origine quartus?
quid, quod amat tantique putat conubia nostra,
ut pereat, si me fors illi dura negarit?
dum licet, hospes, abi thalamosque relinque cruentos.
coniugium crudele meum est, tibi nubere nulla
nolet, et optari potes a sapiente puella.—
cur tamen est mihi cura tui tot iam ante peremptis?
viderit! intereat, quoniam tot caede procorum
admonitus non est agiturque in taedia vitae.—
occidet hic igitur, voluit quia vivere mecum,
indignamque necem pretium patietur amoris?
non erit invidiae victoria nostra ferendae.
sed non culpa mea est! utinam desistere velles,
aut, quoniam es demens, utinam velocior esses!
a! quam virgineus puerili vultus in ore est!
a! miser Hippomene, nollem tibi visa fuissem!
vivere dignus eras. quodsi felicior essem,
nec mihi coniugium fata inportuna negarent,
unus eras, cum quo sociare cubilia vellem."
dixerat, utque rudis primoque cupidine tacta,
quid facit ignorans, amat et non sentit amorem.

"'Iam solitos poscunt cursus populusque paterque,
cum me sollicita proles Neptunia voce
invocat Hippomenes "Cytherea," que "conprecor, ausis
adsit" ait "nostris et quos dedit, adiuvet ignes."

but a boy. It is not he himself who moves me, but his youth. What of his manly courage and his soul fearless of death? What that he claims by birth to be the fourth from the monarch of the seas? What of his love for me, and that he counts marriage with me of so great worth that he would perish if cruel fate denies me to him? O stranger, go hence while still you may; flee from this bloody wedlock. Marriage with me is a fatal thing. No other maiden will refuse to wed you, and it may well be that a wiser girl will seek your love.—Yet why this care for you, since so many have already perished? Let him look to himself! let him perish, too, since by the death of so many suitors he was not warned, and cares so little for his life.—And shall he die, because he wished to live with me, and suffer undeserved death as the penalty of love? My victory will be attended by unbearable hatred against me. But the fault is none of mine. O sir, I would that you might desist, or, since you are so madly set upon it, would that you might prove the swifter! Ah, how girlish is his youthful face! Ah, poor Hippomenes, I would that you had never looked on me! You were so worthy of life. But if I were of happier fortune, and if the harsh fates did not deny me marriage, you were the only he with whom I should want to share my couch." So speaks the maid; and, all untutored, feeling for the first time the impulse of love, ignorant of what she does, she loves and knows it not.

"' Meanwhile the people and her father demanded the accustomed race. Then did the Neptunian youth, Hippomenes, with suppliant voice call on me: "O may Cytherea," he said, "be near, I pray, and assist the thing I dare and smile upon the love which she has given." A kindly breeze bore this soft prayer to

detulit aura preces ad me non invida blandas :
motaque sum, fateor, nec opis mora longa dabatur.
est ager, indigenae Tamasenum nomine dicunt,
telluris Cypriae pars optima, quam mihi prisci
sacravere senes templisque accedere dotem
hanc iussere meis ; medio nitet arbor in arvo,
fulva comas, fulvo ramis crepitantibus auro :
hinc tria forte mea veniens decerpta ferebam
aurea poma manu nullique videnda nisi ipsi
Hippomenen adii docuique, quis usus in illis.
signa tubae dederant, cum carcere pronus uterque
emicat et summam celeri pede libat harenam :
posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu
et segetis canae stantes percurrere aristas.
adiciunt animos iuveni clamorque favorque
verbaque dicentum " nunc, nunc incumbere tempus !
Hippomene, propera ! nunc viribus utere totis !
pelle moram : vinces ! " dubium, Megareius heros
gaudeat an virgo magis his Schoeneia dictis.
o quotiens, cum iam posset transire, morata est
spectatosque diu vultus invita reliquit !
aridus e lasso veniebat anhelitus ore,
metaque erat longe : tum denique de tribus unum
fetibus arboreis proles Neptunia misit.
obstipuit virgo nitidique cupidine pomi
declinat cursus aurumque volubile tollit ;
praeterit Hippomenes : resonant spectacula plausu.

me and I confess it moved my heart. And there was but scanty time to give him aid. There is a field, the natives call it the field of Tamasus, the richest portion of the Cyprian land, which in ancient times men set apart to me and bade my temples be enriched with this. Within this field there stands a tree gleaming with golden leaves and its branches crackle with the same bright gold. Fresh come from there, I chanced to have in my hand three golden apples which I had plucked. Revealing myself to no one save to him, I approached Hippomenes and taught him how to use the apples. The trumpets had sounded for the race, when they both, crouching low, flashed forth from their stalls and skimmed the surface of the sandy course with flying feet. You would think that they could graze the sea with unwet feet and pass lightly over the ripened heads of the standing grain. The youth was cheered on by shouts of applause and the words of those who cried to him: "Now, now is the time to bend to the work, Hippomenes! Go on! Now use your utmost strength! No tarrying! You're sure to win!" It is a matter of doubt whether the heroic son of Megareus or the daughter of Schoeneus took more joy of these words. Oh, how often, when she could have passed him, did she delay and after gazing long upon his face reluctantly leave him behind! And now dry, panting breath came from his weary throat and the goal was still far away. Then at length did Neptune's scion throw one of the three golden apples. The maid beheld it with wonder and, eager to possess the shining fruit, she turned out of her course and picked up the rolling golden thing. Hippomenes passed her by while the spectators roared their applause. She by a burst of speed made

illa moram celeri cessataque tempora cursu
corrigit atque iterum iuvenem post terga relinquit :
et rursus pomi iactu remorata secundi
consequitur transitque virum. pars ultima cursus
restabat ; " nunc " inquit " ades, dea muneris auctor !"
inque latus campi, quo tardius illa rediret,
iecit ab obliquo nitidum iuvenaliter aurum.
an peteret, virgo visa est dubitare : coegi
tollere et adieci sublato pondera malo
impediique oneris pariter gravitate moraque,
neve meus sermo cursu sit tardior ipso,
praeterita est virgo : duxit sua praemia victor.

" ' Dignane, cui grates ageret, cui turis honorem
ferret, Adoni, fui ? nec grates immemor egit,
nec mihi tura dedit. subitam convertor in iram,
contemptuque dolens, ne sim spernenda futuris,
exemplo caveo meque ipsa exhortor in ambos :
templa, deum Matri quae quondam clarus Echion
fecerat ex voto, nemorosis abdita silvis,
transibant, et iter longum requiescere suasit ;
illic concubitus intempestiva cupido
occupat Hippomenen a numine concita nostro.
luminis exigui fuerat prope templa recessus,
speluncae similis, nativo pumice tectus,
religione sacer prisca, quo multa sacerdos

up for her delay and the time that she had lost, and again left the youth behind her. Again she delayed at the tossing of the second apple, followed and passed the man. The last part of the course remained. "Now be near me, goddess, author of my gift!" he said, and obliquely into a side of the field, returning whence she would lose much time, with all his youthful strength he threw the shining gold. The girl seemed to hesitate whether or no she should go after it. I forced her to take it up, and added weight to the fruit she carried, and so impeded her equally with the weight of her burden and with her loss of time. And, lest my story be longer than the race itself, the maiden was outstripped; the victor led away his prize.

"'And was I not worthy, Adonis, of being thanked and of having the honour of incense paid to me? But, forgetful of my services, he neither thanked nor offered incense to me. Then was I changed to sudden wrath and, smarting under the slight, and resolved not to be slighted in the future, I decided to make an example of them, and urged myself on against them both. They were passing by a temple deep hidden in the woods, which in ancient times illustrious Echion had built to the mother[1] of the gods in payment of a vow; and the long journey persuaded them to rest. There incontinent desire seized on Hippomenes, who was kindled by my divinity. Hard by the temple was a dimly lighted, cave-like place, built of soft native rock, hallowed by ancient religious veneration, where the priest had set many wooden images of the olden gods. This place he entered; this holy presence he defiled by lust. The sacred images turned away their eyes. The tower-

[1] Cybele.

lignea contulerat veterum simulacra deorum;
hunc init et vetito temerat sacraria probro.
sacra retorserunt oculos, turritaque Mater
an Stygia sontes dubitavit mergeret unda:
poena levis visa est; ergo modo levia fulvae
colla iubae velant, digiti curvantur in ungues,
ex umeris armi fiunt, in pectora totum
pondus abit, summae cauda verruntur harenae;
iram vultus habet, pro verbis murmura reddunt,
pro thalamis celebrant silvas aliisque timendi
dente premunt domito Cybeleia frena leones.
hos tu, care mihi, cumque his genus omne ferarum,
quod non terga fugae, sed pugnae pectora praebet,
effuge, ne virtus tua sit damnosa duobus!'

"Illa quidem monuit iunctisque per aera cygnis
carpit iter, sed stat monitis contraria virtus.
forte suem latebris vestigia certa secuti
excivere canes, silvisque exire parantem
fixerat obliquo iuvenis Cinyreius ictu:
protinus excussit pando venabula rostro
sanguine tincta suo trepidumque et tuta petentem
trux aper insequitur totosque sub inguine dentes
abdidit et fulva moribundum stravit harena.
vecta levi curru medias Cytherea per auras
Cypron olorinis nondum pervenerat alis:
agnovit longe gemitum morientis et albas
flexit aves illuc, utque aethere vidit ab alto
exanimem inque suo iactantem sanguine corpus,
desiluit pariterque sinum pariterque capillos
rupit et indignis percussit pectora palmis
questaque cum fatis 'at non tamen omnia vestri

crowned Mother was on the verge of plunging the guilty pair beneath the waves of Styx; but the punishment seemed light. And so tawny manes covered their necks but now smooth, their fingers curved into claws, their arms changed to legs, their weight went chiefly to their chests, with tails they swept the surface of the sandy ground. Harsh were their features, rough growls they gave for speech, and for marriage chamber they haunted the wild woods. And now as lions, to others terrible, with tamed mouths they champed the bits of Cybele. These beasts, and with them all other savage things which turn not their backs in flight, but offer their breasts to battle, do you, for my sake, dear boy, avoid, lest your manly courage be the ruin of us both.'

"Thus the goddess warned and through the air, drawn by her swans, she took her way; but the boy's manly courage would not brook advice. It chanced his hounds, following a well-marked trail, roused up a wild boar from his hiding-place; and, as he was rushing from the wood, the young grandson of Cinyras pierced him with a glancing blow. Straightway the fierce boar with his curved snout rooted out the spear wet with his blood, and pursued the youth, now full of fear and running for his life; deep in the groin he sank his long tusks, and stretched the dying boy upon the yellow sand. Borne through the middle air by flying swans on her light car, Cytherea had not yet come to Cyprus, when she heard afar the groans of the dying youth and turned her white swans to go to him. And when from the high air she saw him lying lifeless and weltering in his blood, she leaped down, tore both her garments and her hair and beat her breasts with cruel hands. Reproaching fate, she said: 'But

iuris erunt' dixit. 'luctus monimenta manebunt
semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago
annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri;
at cruror in florem mutabitur. an tibi quondam
femineos artus in olentes vertere mentas,
Persephone, licuit: nobis Cinyreius heros
invidiae mutatus erit?' sic fata cruorem
nectare odorato sparsit, qui tactus ab illo
intumuit sic, ut fulvo perlucida caeno
surgere bulla solet, nec plena longior hora
facta mora est, cum flos de sanguine concolor ortus,
qualem, quae lento celant sub cortice granum,
punica ferre solent; brevis est tamen usus in illo;
namque male haerentem et nimia levitate caducum
excutiunt idem, qui praestant nomina, venti."

all shall not be in your power. My grief, Adonis, shall have an enduring monument, and each passing year in memory of your death shall give an imitation of my grief. But your blood shall be changed to a flower. Or was it once allowed to thee, Persephone, to change a maiden's[1] form to fragrant mint, and shall the change of my hero, offspring of Cinyras, be grudged to me?' So saying, with sweet-scented nectar she sprinkled the blood; and this, touched by the nectar, swelled as when clear bubbles rise up from yellow mud. With no longer than an hour's delay a flower sprang up of blood-red hue such as pomegranates bear which hide their seeds beneath the tenacious rind. But short-lived is their flower; for the winds from which it takes its name[2] shake off the flower so delicately clinging and doomed too easily to fall."

[1] The nymph Menthe.
[2] Anemone, "the wind-flower."

BOOK XI

LIBER XI

Carmine dum tali silvas animosque ferarum
Threicius vates et saxa sequentia ducit,
ecce nurus Ciconum tectae lymphata ferinis
pectora velleribus tumuli de vertice cernunt
Orphea percussis sociantem carmina nervis.
e quibus una leves iactato crine per auras,
"en," ait "en, hic est nostri contemptor!" et hastam
vatis Apollinei vocalia misit in ora,
quae foliis praesuta notam sine vulnere fecit;
alterius telum lapis est, qui missus in ipso
aere concentu victus vocisque lyraeque est
ac veluti supplex pro tam furialibus ausis
ante pedes iacuit. sed enim temeraria crescunt
bella modusque abiit insanaque regnat Erinys;
cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita, sed ingens
clamor et infracto Berecyntia tibia cornu
tympanaque et plausus et Bacchei ululatus
obstrepuere sono citharae, tum denique saxa
non exauditi rubuerunt sanguine vatis.
ac primum attonitas etiamnum voce canentis
innumeras volucres anguesque agmenque ferarum
maenades Orphei titulum rapuere theatri;
inde cruentatis vertuntur in Orphea dextris

BOOK XI

While with such songs the bard of Thrace drew the trees, held beasts enthralled and constrained stones to follow him, behold, the crazed women of the Cicones, with skins flung over their breasts, saw Orpheus from a hill-top, fitting songs to the music of his lyre. Then one of these, her tresses streaming in the gentle breeze, cried out: "See, see, here is the man who scorns us!" and hurled her spear straight at the tuneful mouth of Apollo's bard; but this, wreathed in leaves, marked without harming him. Another threw a stone, which, even as it flew through the air, was overcome by the sweet sound of voice and lyre, and fell at his feet as if 'twould ask forgiveness for its mad attempt. But still the assault waxed reckless: their passion knew no bounds; mad fury reigned. And all their weapons would have been harmless under the spell of song; but the huge uproar of the Berecyntian flutes, mixed with discordant horns, the drums, and the breast-beatings and howlings of the Bacchanals, drowned the lyre's sound; and then at last the stones were reddened with the blood of the bard whose voice they could not hear. First away went the multitudinous birds still spellbound by the singer's voice, with the snakes and the train of beasts, the glory of Orpheus' audience, harried by the Maenads; then these turned bloody hands against Orpheus and flocked around like birds when they see the bird

et coeunt ut aves, si quando luce vagantem
noctis avem cernunt, structoque utrimque theatro
ceu matutina cervus periturus harena
praeda canum est, vatemque petunt et fronde virentes
coniciunt thyrsos non haec in munera factos.
hae glaebas, illae direptos arbore ramos,
pars torquent silices; neu desint tela furori,
forte boves presso subigebant vomere terram,
nec procul hinc multo fructum sudore parantes
dura lacertosi fodiebant arva coloni,
agmine qui viso fugiunt operisque relinquunt
arma sui, vacuosque iacent dispersa per agros
sarculaque rastrique graves longique ligones;
quae postquam rapuere ferae cornuque minaces
divulsere boves, ad vatis fata recurrunt
tendentemque manus et in illo tempore primum
inrita dicentem nec quicquam voce moventem
sacrilegae perimunt, perque os, pro Iuppiter! illud
auditum saxis intellectumque ferarum
sensibus in ventos anima exhalata recessit.

Te maestae volucres, Orpheu, te turba ferarum,
te rigidi silices, te carmina saepe secutae
fleverunt silvae, positis te frondibus arbor
tonsa comas luxit; lacrimis quoque flumina dicunt
increvisse suis, obstrusaque carbasa pullo
naides et dryades passosque habuere capillos.
membra iacent diversa locis, caput, Hebre, lyramque
excipis: et (mirum!) medio dum labitur amne,

of night wandering in the daylight; and as when in the amphitheatre in the early morning of the spectacle the doomed stag in the arena is the prey of dogs. They rushed upon the bard and hurled at him their wands wreathed with green leaves, not made for such use as this. Some threw clods, some branches torn from trees, and some threw stones. And, that real weapons might not be wanting to their madness, it chanced that oxen, toiling beneath the yoke, were plowing up the soil; and not far from these, stout peasants were digging the hard earth and sweating at their work. When these beheld the advancing horde, they fled away and left behind the implements of their toil. Scattered through the deserted fields lay hoes, long mattocks and heavy grubbing-tools. These the savage women caught up and, first tearing in pieces the oxen who threatened them with their horns, they rushed back to slay the bard; and, as he stretched out his suppliant hands, uttering words then, but never before, unheeded, and moving them not a whit by his voice, the impious women struck him down. And (oh, the pity of it!) through those lips, to which rocks listened, and to which the hearts of savage beasts responded, the soul, breathed out, went faring forth in air.

The mourning birds wept for thee, Orpheus, the throng of beasts, the flinty rocks, and the trees which had so often gathered to thy songs; yes, the trees shed their leaves as if so tearing their hair in grief for thee. They say that the rivers also were swollen with their own tears, and that naiads and dryads alike mourned with dishevelled hair and with dark-bordered garments. The poet's limbs lay scattered all around; but his head and lyre, O Hebrus, thou didst receive, and (a marvel!) while they floated in

flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
murmurat exanimis, respondent flebile ripae.
iamque mare invectae flumen populare relinquunt
et Methymnaeae potiuntur litore Lesbi :
hic ferus expositum peregrinis anguis harenis
os petit et sparsos stillanti rore capillos.
tandem Phoebus adest morsusque inferre parantem
arcet et in lapidem rictus serpentis apertos
congelat et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.

Umbra subit terras, et quae loca viderat ante,
cuncta recognoscit quaerensque per arva piorum
invenit Eurydicen cupidisque amplectitur ulnis ;
hic modo coniunctis spatiantur passibus ambo,
nunc praecedentem sequitur, nunc praevius anteit
Eurydicenque suam, iam tuto, respicit Orpheus.

Non inpune tamen scelus hoc sinit esse Lyaeus
amissoque dolens sacrorum vate suorum
protinus in silvis matres Edonidas omnes,
quae videre nefas, torta radice ligavit ;
quippe pedum digitos, in quantum est quaeque secuta,
traxit et in solidam detrusit acumina terram,
utque suum laqueis, quos callidus abdidit auceps,
crus ubi commisit volucris sensitque teneri,
plangitur ac trepidans adstringit vincula motu :
sic, ut quaeque solo defixa cohaeserat harum,
exsternata fugam frustra temptabat, at illam
lenta tenet radix exsultantemque coercet,
dumque ubi sint digiti, dum pes ubi, quaerit, et ungues,
aspicit in terctes lignum succedere suras

mid-stream the lyre gave forth some mournful notes, mournfully the lifeless tongue murmured, mournfully the banks replied. And now, borne onward to the sea, they left their native stream and gained the shore of Lesbos near the city of Methymna. Here, as the head lay exposed upon a foreign strand, a savage serpent attacked it and its streaming locks still dripping with the spray. But Phoebus at last appeared, drove off the snake just in the act to bite, and hardened and froze to stone, just as they were, the serpent's widespread, yawning jaws.

The poet's shade fled beneath the earth, and recognized all the places he had seen before; and, seeking through the blessed fields, found Eurydice and caught her in his eager arms. Here now side by side they walk; now Orpheus follows her as she precedes, now goes before her, now may in safety look back upon his Eurydice.

However, Lyaeus did not suffer such crime as this to go unavenged. Grieved at the loss of the bard of his sacred rites, he straightway bound fast all those Thracian women, who saw the impious deed, with twisted roots. For he prolonged their toes and, in so far as each root followed down, he thrust their tips into the solid earth. And as a bird, when it has caught its foot in the snare which the cunning fowler has set for it, and feels that it is caught, flaps and flutters, but draws its bonds tighter by its struggling; so, as each of these women, fixed firmly in the soil, had stuck fast, with wild affright, but all in vain, she attempted to flee. The tough roots held her, and though she struggled, kept firm their grasp. And when she asked where were her fingers, where her feet, her nails, she saw the bark come creeping up her shapely legs; striving to smite her thighs with

et conata femur maerenti plangere dextra
robora percussit, pectus quoque robora fiunt,
robora sunt umeri; longos quoque bracchia versa
esse putes ramos, et non fallare putando.

Nec satis hoc Baccho est, ipsos quoque deserit agros
cumque choro meliore sui vineta Timoli
Pactolonque petit, quamvis non aureus illo
tempore nec caris erat invidiosus harenis.
hunc adsueta cohors, satyri bacchaeque, frequentant,
at Silenus abest: titubantem annisque meroque
ruricolae cepere Phryges vinctumque coronis
ad regem duxere Midan, cui Thracius Orpheus
orgia tradiderat cum Cecropio Eumolpo.
qui simul agnovit socium comitemque sacrorum,
hospitis adventu festum genialiter egit
per bis quinque dies et iunctas ordine noctes,
et iam stellarum sublime coegerat agmen
Lucifer undecimus, Lydos cum laetus in agros
rex venit et iuveni Silenum reddit alumno.

Huic deus optandi gratum, sed inutile fecit
muneris arbitrium gaudens altore recepto.
ille male usurus donis ait "effice, quicquid
corpore contigero, fulvum vertatur in aurum."
adnuit optatis nocituraque munera solvit
Liber et indoluit, quod non meliora petisset.
laetus abit gaudetque malo Bereeyntius heros
pollicitique fidem tangendo singula temptat
vixque sibi credens, non alta fronde virentem
ilice detraxit virgam: virga aurea facta est;

hands of grief, she smote on oak. Her breasts also became of oak; oaken her shoulders. Her arms you would think had been changed to long branches—nor would your thought be wrong.

Nor is this enough for Bacchus. He leaves their very fields and with a worthier band seeks the vineyards of his own Timolus and his Pactolus; although this was not at that time a golden stream, nor envied for its precious sands. His usual company, satyrs and bacchanals, thronged round him; but Silenus was not there. Him, stumbling with the weight of years and wine, the Phrygian rustics took captive, bound him with wreaths, and led him to Midas, their king. To this Midas, together with the Athenian Eumolpus, Thracian Orpheus had taught the rites of Bacchus. When now the king recognized the comrade and assistant of his revels, right merrily to celebrate the coming of his guest he ordered a festival which they kept for ten continuous days and nights. And now the eleventh dawn had driven away the ranks of stars on high, when the king with joyful heart came to the Lydian fields and gave Silenus back to his dear foster-child.

Then did the god, rejoicing in his foster-father's safe return, grant to the king the free choice of a boon, a pleasing, but useless gift. Midas, fated to make an ill use of his gift, exclaimed: "Grant that whatsoever I may touch with my body may be turned to yellow gold." Bacchus granted his prayer and gave him the baleful gift, grieving the while that he had not asked better. The Berecyntian hero gaily went his way, rejoicing in his fatal gift, and tried its promised powers by touching this and that. Scarcely daring to believe, from a low oak-branch he broke off a green twig: the twig was

tollit humo saxum : saxum quoque palluit auro ;
contigit et glaebam : contactu glaeba potenti
massa fit ; arentis Cereris decerpsit aristas :
aurea messis erat ; demptum tenet arbore pomum :
Hesperidas donasse putes ; si postibus altis
admovit digitos, postes radiare videntur ;
ille etiam liquidis palmas ubi laverat undis,
unda fluens palmis Danaen eludere posset ;
vix spes ipse suas animo capit aurea fingens
omnia. gaudenti mensas posuere ministri
exstructas dapibus nec tostae frugis egentes :
tum vero, sive ille sua Cerealia dextra
munera contigerat, Cerealia dona rigebant,
sive dapes avido convellere dente parabat,
lammina fulva dapes admoto dente premebat ;
miscuerat puris auctorem muneris undis :
fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

Attonitus novitate mali divesque miserque
effugere optat opes et quae modo voverat, odit.
copia nulla famem relevat ; sitis arida guttur
urit, et inviso meritus torquetur ab auro
ad caelumque manus et splendida bracchia tollens
"da veniam, Lenaee pater ! peccavimus " inquit,
" sed miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno ! "
mite deum numen : Bacchus peccasse fatentem
restituit pactique fide data munera solvit
" neve male optato maneas circumlitus auro,

changed to gold. He picked up a stone from the ground: the stone, also, showed a light golden hue. He touched a clod: beneath that magic touch the clod became a mass of gold. He plucked some ripe wheat-heads: it was a golden harvest. He picked an apple from a tree and held it in his hand: you would suppose the Hesperides had given it. If he laid his fingers on the lofty pillars, the pillars gleamed before his eyes. When he bathed his hands in water, the water flowing over his hands could cheat a Danaë. His mind itself could scarcely grasp its own hopes, dreaming of all things turned to gold. As he rejoiced, his slaves set a table before him loaded with meats; nor was bread wanting. Then indeed, if he touched the gift of Ceres with his hand, the gift of Ceres went stiff and hard; or if he tried to bite a piece of meat with hungry teeth, where his teeth touched the food they touched but yellow plates of gold. He mingled pure water with the wine of Bacchus, giver of his gift; but through his jaws you would see the molten gold go trickling.

Amazed by this strange mishap, rich and yet wretched, he seeks to flee his wealth and hates what he but now has prayed for. No store of food can relieve his hunger; his throat is parched with burning thirst, and through his own fault he is tortured by hateful gold. Lifting his hands and shining arms to heaven, he cries: "Oh, pardon me, Lenaeus, father! I have sinned. Yet have mercy, I pray thee, and save me from this curse that looks so fair." The gods are kind: Bacchus restored him to his former condition when he confessed his fault, and he relieved him of the boon which he had given in fulfilment of his pledge. "And, that you may not remain encased in gold which you have so

vade" ait "ad magnis vicinum Sardibus amnem
perque iugum Lydum labentibus obvius undis
carpe viam, donec venias ad fluminis ortus,
spumigeroque tuum fonti, qua plurimus exit,
subde caput corpusque simul, simul elue crimen."
rex iussae succedit aquae: vis aurea tinxit
flumen et humano de corpore cessit in amnem;
nunc quoque iam veteris percepto semine venae
arva rigent auro madidis pallentia glaebis.

Ille perosus opes silvas et rura colebat
Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris,
pingue sed ingenium mansit, nocituraque, ut ante,
rursus erant domino stultae praecordia mentis.
nam freta prospiciens late riget arduus alto
Tmolus in ascensu clivoque extensus utroque
Sardibus hinc, illinc parvis finitur Hypaepis.
Pan ibi dum teneris iactat sua carmina nymphis
et leve cerata modulatur harundine carmen
ausus Apollineos prae se contemnere cantus,
iudice sub Tmolo certamen venit ad impar.

Monte suo senior iudex consedit et aures
liberat arboribus: quercu coma caerula tantum
cingitur, et pendent circum cava tempora glandes.
isque deum pecoris spectans "in iudice" dixit
"nulla mora est." calamis agrestibus insonat ille
barbaricoque Midan (aderat nam forte canenti)
carmine delenit; post hunc sacer ora retorsit
Tmolus ad os Phoebi: vultum sua silva secuta est.

foolishly desired," he said, "go to the stream which flows by mighty Sardis town, and take your way along the Lydian hills up the tumbling stream until you come to the river's source. There plunge your head and body beneath the foaming fountain where it comes leaping forth, and by that act wash your sin away." The king went to the stream as he was bid. The power of the golden touch imbued the water and passed from the man's body into the stream. And even to this day, receiving the seed of the original vein, the fields grow hard and yellow, their soil soaked with water of the golden touch.

But Midas, hating wealth, haunted the woods and fields, worshipping Pan, who has his dwelling in the mountain caves. But stupid his wits still remained, and his foolish mind was destined again as once before to harm its master. For Tmolus, looking far out upon the sea, stands stiff and high, with steep sides extending with one slope to Sardis, and on the other reaches down to little Hypaepae. There, while Pan was singing his songs to the soft nymphs and playing airy interludes upon his reeds close joined with wax, he dared speak slightingly of Apollo's music in comparison with his own, and came into an ill-matched contest with Tmolus as the judge.

The old judge took his seat upon his own mountain-top, and shook his ears free from the trees. His dark locks were encircled by an oak-wreath only, and acorns hung around his hollow temples. He, looking at the shepherd-god, exclaimed: "There is no delay on the judge's part." Then Pan made music on his rustic pipes, and with his rude notes quite charmed King Midas, for he chanced to hear the strains. After Pan was done, venerable Tmolus turned his face towards Phoebus; and his forest turned with his face.

ille caput flavum lauro Parnaside vinctus
verrit humum Tyrio saturata murice palla
instrictamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis
sustinet a laeva, tenuit manus altera plectrum;
artificis status ipse fuit. tum stamina docto
pollice sollicitat, quorum dulcedine captus
Pana iubet Tmolus citharae submittere cannas.
Iudicium sanctique placet sententia montis
omnibus, arguitur tamen atque iniusta vocatur
unius sermone Midae; nec Delius aures
humanam stolidas patitur retinere figuram,
sed trahit in spatium villisque albentibus implet
instabilesque imas facit et dat posse moveri:
cetera sunt hominis, partem damnatur in unam
induiturque aures lente gradientis aselli.
ille quidem celare cupit turpisque pudore
tempora purpureis temptat velare tiaris;
sed solitus longos ferro resecare capillos
viderat hoc famulus, qui cum nec prodere visum
dedecus auderet, cupiens efferre sub auras,
nec posset reticere tamen, secedit humumque
effodit et, domini quales adspexerit aures,
voce refert parva terraeque inmurmurat haustae
indiciumque suae vocis tellure regesta
obruit et scrobibus tacitus discedit opertis.
creber harundinibus tremulis ibi surgere lucus
coepit et, ut primum pleno maturuit anno,
prodidit agricolam: leni nam motus ab austro
obruta verba refert dominique coarguit aures.
Ultus abit Tmolo liquidumque per aera vectus
angustum citra pontum Nepheleidos Helles

Phoebus' golden head was wreathed with laurel of Parnasus, and his mantle, dipped in Tyrian dye, swept the ground. His lyre, inlaid with gems and Indian ivory, he held in his left hand, while his right hand held the plectrum. His very pose was that of an artist. Then with trained thumb he plucked the strings and, charmed by those sweet strains, Tmolus ordered Pan to lower his reeds before the lyre.

All approved the judgment of the sacred mountain-god. And yet it was challenged and called unjust by Midas' voice alone. The Delian god did not suffer ears so dull to keep their human form, but lengthened them out and filled them with shaggy, grey hair; he also made them unstable at the base and gave them power of motion. Human in all else, in this one feature was he punished, and wore the ears of a slow-moving ass. Disfigured and ashamed, he strove to hide his temples beneath a purple turban, but the slave who was wont to trim his long hair beheld his shame. And he, since he dared not reveal the disgraceful sight, yet eager to tell it out and utterly unable to keep it to himself, went off and dug a hole in the ground and into the hole, with low, muttered words, he whispered of his master's ears which he had seen. Then by throwing back the earth he buried the evidence of his voice and, having thus filled up the hole again, he silently stole away. But a thick growth of whispering reeds began to spring up there, and these, when at the year's end they came to their full size, betrayed the sower, for, stirred by the gentle breeze, they repeated his buried words and exposed the story of his master's ears.

His vengeance now complete, Latona's son retires from Tmolus and, borne through the liquid air, without crossing the narrow sea of Helle, daughter of

Laomedonteis Latoius adstitit arvis.
dextera Sigei, Rhoetei laeva profundi
ara Panomphaeo vetus est sacrata Tonanti:
inde novae primum moliri moenia Troiae
Laomedonta videt susceptaque magna labore
crescere difficili nec opes exposcere parvas
cumque tridentigero tumidi genitore profundi
mortalem induitur formam Phrygiaeque tyranno
aedificat muros pactus pro moenibus aurum.
stabat opus: pretium rex infitiatur et addit,
perfidiae cumulum, falsis periuria verbis.
"non inpune feres" rector maris inquit, et omnes
inclinavit aquas ad avarae litora Troiae
inque freti formam terras conplevit opesque
abstulit agricolis et fluctibus obruit agros.
poena neque haec satis est: regis quoque filia monstro
poscitur aequoreo, quam dura ad saxa revinctam
vindicat Alcides promissaque munera dictos
poscit equos tantique operis mercede negata
bis periura capit superatae moenia Troiae.
nec, pars militiae, Telamon sine honore recessit
Hesioneque data potitur. nam coniuge Peleus
clarus erat diva nec avi magis ille superbus
nomine quam soceri, siquidem Iovis esse nepoti
contigit haut uni, coniunx dea contigit uni.

Nephele, he came to earth in the country of Laomedon. Midway between the Sigean and Rhoetean promontories was an ancient altar sacred to the Panomphaean Thunderer. There Apollo saw Laomedon beginning to build the walls of his new city, Troy; and, perceiving that the mighty task was proceeding with great difficulty, and demanded no slight resources, he, together with the trident-bearing father of the swollen sea, put on mortal form and built the walls for the Phrygian king, having first agreed upon a sum of gold for the walls. There stood the work. But the king repudiated his debt and, as a crowning act of perfidy, swore that he had never promised the reward. "But you shall not go unpunished," the sea-god said, and he set all his waters flowing against the shores of miserly Troy. He flooded the country till it looked like a sea, swept away the farmers' crops and whelmed their fields beneath his waters. Nor was this punishment enough; the king's daughter also must be sacrificed to a monster of the deep. But while she was bound there to the hard rocks, Alcides set her free, and then demanded his promised wage, the horses that were agreed upon. But the great task's price was again refused, and so the hero took the twice-perjured walls of conquered Troy. Nor did Telamon, the partner of his campaign, go without reward, and Hesione was given him. For Peleus [1] was honoured with a goddess for his bride, and was not more proud of his grandfather's name than of his father-in-law; since it had fallen to not one alone to be grandson of Jove, but to him alone had it fallen to have a goddess for his wife.

[1] Peleus also had assisted Hercules in this exploit.

Namque senex Thetidi Proteus "dea" dixerat "undae,
concipe: mater eris iuvenis, qui fortibus annis
acta patris vincet maiorque vocabitur illo."
ergo, ne quicquam mundus Iove maius haberet,
quamvis haut tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes,
Iuppiter aequoreae Thetidis conubia fugit,
in suaque Aeaciden succedere vota nepotem
iussit et amplexus in virginis ire marinae.

Est sinus Haemoniae curvos falcatus in arcus,
bracchia procurrunt: ubi, si foret altior unda,
portus erat; summis inductum est aequor harenis;
litus habet solidum, quod nec vestigia servet
nec remoretur iter nec opertum pendeat alga;
myrtea silva subest bicoloribus obsita bacis.
est specus in medio, natura factus an arte,
ambiguum, magis arte tamen: quo saepe venire
frenato delphine sedens, Theti, nuda solebas.
illic te Peleus, ut somno vincta iacebas,
occupat, et quoniam precibus temptata repugnas,
vim parat, innectens ambobus colla lacertis;
quod nisi venisses variatis saepe figuris
ad solitas artes, auso foret ille potitus;
sed modo tu volucris: volucrem tamen ille tenebat;
nunc gravis arbor eras: haerebat in arbore Peleus;
tertia forma fuit maculosae tigridis: illa
territus Aeacides a corpore bracchia solvit.
usque deos pelagi vino super aequora fuso

For old Proteus had said to Thetis: "O goddess of the waves, conceive: thou shalt be the mother of a youth who, when to manhood grown, shall outdo his father's deeds and shall be called greater than he." Because of this, lest the earth should produce anything greater than himself, though he had felt the hot fires of love deep in his heart, Jove shunned the arms of Thetis, goddess of the sea, and bade his grandson, the son of Aeacus, assume the place of lover in his stead, and seek a union with this virgin of the deep.

There is a bay on the Thessalian coast, rounded like a curved sickle, with arms running out; 'twould be a safe port for ships if the water were deeper. The sea spreads smooth over the sandy bottom; the shore is firm, such as leaves no trace of feet, delays no journey, is free from seaweed. A myrtle wood grows close at hand, thick-hung with two-coloured berries. There is a grotto in this grove, whether made by nature or art one may not surely say, but rather by art. To this grot oftentimes, riding thy bridled dolphin, O Thetis, naked wast thou wont to come. There then did Peleus seize thee as thou layest wrapped in slumber; and since, though entreated by his prayers, thou didst refuse, he prepared to force thy will, entwining thy neck with both his arms. And hadst thou not, by changing oft thy form, had recourse to thine accustomed arts, he would have worked his daring will on thee. But now didst thou take the form of a bird: still he held fast to the bird. Now wast thou a sturdy tree; around the tree did Peleus tightly cling. Thy third disguise was a spotted tigress' form: in fear of that Peleus loosed his hold on thee. Then did he pray unto the gods of the sea with wine poured out

et pecoris fibris et fumo turis adorat,
donec Carpathius medio de gurgite vates
"Aeacide," dixit "thalamis potiere petitis,
tu modo, cum rigido sopita quiescet in antro,
ignaram laqueis vincloque innecte tenaci.
nec te decipiat centum mentita figuras,
sed preme, quicquid erit, dum, quod fuit ante,
reformet."
dixerat haec Proteus et condidit aequore vultum
admisitque suos in verba novissima fluctus.
Pronus erat Titan inclinatoque tenebat
Hesperium temone fretum, cum pulchra relecto
Nereis ingreditur consueta cubilia saxo;
vix bene virgineos Peleus invaserat artus:
illa novat formas, donec sua membra teneri
sentit et in partes diversas bracchia tendi.
tum demum ingemuit, "neque" ait "sine numine
vincis"
exhibita estque Thetis: confessam amplectitur heros
et potitur votis ingentique implet Achille.
Felix et nato, felix et coniuge Peleus,
et cui, si demas iugulati crimina Phoci,
omnia contigerant: fraterno sanguine sontem
expulsumque domo patria Trachinia tellus
accipit. hic regnum sine vi, sine caede regebat
Lucifero genitore satus patriumque nitorem
ore ferens Ceyx, illo qui tempore maestus
dissimilisque sui fratrem lugebat ademptum.
quo postquam Aeacides fessus curaque viaque

upon the water, with entrails of sheep, and with the smoke of incense; until the Carpathian seer from his deep pools rose and said to him: "O son of Aeacus, thou shalt yet gain the bride thou dost desire. Only do thou, when she lies within the rocky cave, deep sunk in sleep, bind her in her unconsciousness with snares and close-clinging thongs. And though she take a hundred lying forms, let her not escape thee, but hold her close, whatever she may be, until she take again the form she had at first." So spoke Proteus and hid his face beneath the waves, as he let his waters flow back again over his final words.

Now Titan was sinking low and kept the western sea beneath his down-sloping chariot, when the fair Nereid, seeking again the grot, lay down upon her accustomed couch. There scarce had Peleus well laid hold on her virgin limbs, when she began to assume new forms, until she perceived that she was held firmly bound and that her arms were pinioned wide. Then at length she groaned and said: "'Tis not without some god's assistance that you conquer," and gave herself up as Thetis. Her, thus owning her defeat, the hero caught in his embrace, attained his desire, and begat on her the great Achilles.

Peleus was blessed in his son, blessed in his wife, and to him only good befell, if you except the crime of the murdered Phocus. Driven from his father's house with his brother's blood upon his hands, he found asylum in the land of Trachis. Here ruled in peaceful, bloodless sway Ceyx, son of Lucifer, with all his father's bright gladness in his face. But at that time he was sad and unlike himself, for he was mourning the taking off of his brother. To him the son of Aeacus came, worn with his cares and

venit et intravit paucis comitantibus urbem,
quosque greges pecorum, quae secum armenta
trahebat,
haut procul a muris sub opaca valle reliquit;
copia cum facta est adeundi prima tyranni,
velamenta manu praetendens supplice, qui sit
quoque satus, memorat, tantum sua crimina celat
mentiturque fugae causam; petit, urbe vel agro
se iuvet. hunc contra placido Trachinius ore
talibus adloquitur: "mediae quoque commoda plebi
nostra patent, Peleu, nec inhospita regna tenemus;
adicis huic animo momenta potentia, clarum
nomen avumque Iovem; ne tempora perde precando!
quod petis, omne feres tuaque haec pro parte vocato,
qualiacumque vides! utinam meliora videres!"
et flebat: moveat tantos quae causa dolores,
Peleusque comitesque rogant; quibus ille profatur:
"forsitan hanc volucrem, rapto quae vivit et omnes
terret aves, semper pennas habuisse putetis:
vir fuit (et—tanta est animi constantia—tantum
acer erat belloque ferox ad vimque paratus)
nomine Daedalion. illo genitore creatis,
qui vocat Auroram caeloque novissimus exit,
culta mihi pax est, pacis mihi cura tenendae
coniugiique fuit, fratri fera bella placebant:
illius virtus reges gentesque subegit,
quae nunc Thisbaeas agitat mutata columbas.
nata erat huic Chione, quae dotatissima forma

journeyings, and entered his city with but a few retainers following. He left the flocks of sheep and the cattle which he had brought with him in a shady vale not far from the city's walls; then, when first he was allowed to approach the monarch, stretching out with suppliant hand an olive-branch wound with woollen fillets, he told him who he was and from what father sprung. He concealed only his crime, and lied concerning the reason for his flight. He begged for a chance to support himself in city or in field. To him the Trachinian monarch with kind words replied: "The opportunities of our realm lie open, Peleus, even to humble folk, and we do not rule an inhospitable kingdom. To this our kindly disposition you add the strong incentive of an illustrious name and descent from Jove. Then waste no time in prayer. You shall have all you seek. Call all this your own whatsoever you see; and I would that you saw better!" He spoke and wept. When Peleus and his companions asked him the cause of his great grief, he answered them: "Perchance you think that yonder bird, which lives on rapine and is the terror of all birds, was always a feathered creature. He was once a man (and, so fixed is character, his only qualities were harshness, eagerness for war, readiness for violence), by name Daedalion. We two were born of that god who wakes the dawn and passes last from the sky. I was by nature peaceful and my care was always for preserving peace and for my wife. But cruel war was my brother's pleasure. His fierce courage subdued kings and nations, and now in changed form it pursues the doves of Thisbe.[1] He had a daughter, Chione, a girl

[1] A little town on the coast of Boeotia, famous for its wild doves.

mille procos habuit, bis septem nubilis annis.
forte revertentes Phoebus Maiaque creatus,
ille suis Delphis, hic vertice Cylleneo,
videre hanc pariter, pariter traxere calorem.
spem veneris differt in tempora noctis Apollo;
non fert ille moras virgaque movente soporem
virginis os tangit: tactu iacet illa potenti
vimque dei patitur; nox caelum sparserat astris:
Phoebus anum simulat praereptaque gaudia sumit.
ut sua maturus conplevit tempora venter,
alipedis de stirpe dei versuta propago
nascitur Autolycus furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
candida de nigris et de candentibus atra
qui facere adsuerat, patriae non degener artis;
nascitur e Phoebo (namque est enixa gemellos)
carmine vocali clarus citharaque Philammon.
quid peperisse duos et dis placuisse duobus
et forti genitore et progenitore nitenti
esse satam prodest? an obest quoque gloria? multis
obfuit, huic certe! quae se praeferre Dianae
sustinuit faciemque deae culpavit, at illi
ira ferox mota est 'factis' que 'placebimus' inquit.
nec mora, curvavit cornu nervoque sagittam
inpulit et meritam traiecit harundine linguam.
lingua tacet, nec vox temptataque verba sequuntur,
conantemque loqui cum sanguine vita reliquit;
quam miser amplexans ego tum patriumque dolorem
corde tuli fratrique pio solacia dixi,
quae pater haut aliter quam cautes murmura ponti

most richly dowered with beauty, who had a thousand suitors when she had reached the marriageable age of fourteen years. It chanced that Phoebus and the son of Maia, returning the one from Delphi, the other from high Cyllene, beheld her both at once and both at once were filled with love of her. Apollo put off his hope of love till night-time, but the other brooked no delay, and touched the maiden's face with his sleep-compelling wand. She lay beneath the god's magic touch and endured his violence. Now night had spangled the heavens with the stars when Phoebus, assuming an old woman's form, gained his forestalled joy. When the fullness of time was come, a son was born to the wing-footed god, Autolycus, of crafty nature, well versed in cunning wiles. For he could make white of black and black of white, a worthy heir of his father's art. To Phoebus also, for the birth was twin, was born Philammon, famous for song and zither. But what profits it that she bore two sons, that she found favour with two gods, that she herself was sprung from a brave sire and shining grandsire? Is not glory a bane as well? It has been a bane to many, surely to her! For she boldly set herself above Diana and criticized the goddess' beauty. But to her the goddess, moved by hot rage, exclaimed: 'Then by our deeds we'll please you.' Upon the word she bent her bow, sent an arrow swift flying from the string, and pierced that guilty tongue with the shaft. The tongue was stilled, nor voice nor attempted words came more. Even as she tried to speak her life fled forth with her blood. Wretched, I embraced her, feeling her father's grief in my heart, and to my dear brother I spoke words of comfort. The father heard them as the crags hear the murmurs of the sea, and kept

accipit et natam delamentatur ademptam;
ut vero ardentem vidit, quater impetus illi
in medios fuit ire rogos, quater inde repulsus
concita membra fugae mandat similisque iuvenco
spicula crabronum pressa cervice gerenti,
qua via nulla, ruit. iam tum mihi currere visus
plus homine est, alasque pedes sumpsisse putares.
effugit ergo omnes veloxque cupidine leti
vertice Parnasi potitur; miseratus Apollo,
cum se Daedalion saxo misisset ab alto,
fecit avem et subitis pendentem sustulit alis
oraque adunca dedit, curvos dedit unguibus hamos,
virtutem antiquam, maiores corpore vires,
et nunc accipiter, nulli satis aequus, in omnes
saevit aves aliisque dolens fit causa dolendi."

Quae dum Lucifero genitus miracula narrat
de consorte suo, cursu festinus anhelo
advolat armenti custos Phoceus Onetor
et "Peleu, Peleu! magnae tibi nuntius adsum
cladis" ait. quodcumque ferat, iubet edere Peleus,
pendet et ipse metu trepidi Trachinius oris;
ille refert "fessos ad litora curva iuvencos
adpuleram, medio cum Sol altissimus orbe
tantum respiceret, quantum superesse videret,
parsque boum fulvis genua inclinarat harenis
latarumque iacens campos spectabat aquarum,
pars gradibus tardis illuc errabat et illuc:
nant alii celsoque instant super aequora collo.
templa mari subsunt nec marmore clara neque auro,
sed trabibus densis lucoque umbrosa vetusto:
Nereides Nereusque tenent (hos navita ponti

ever bewailing his lost child. But when he saw her burning, four times he made to rush into the blazing pile. Four times thrust back, he took to mad flight and, like a bullock whose neck is pierced by hornets' stings, over trackless ways he rushed. Even then he seemed to me to run faster than human powers allow, and you would have thought his feet had taken wings. So then he fled us all and quickly, bent on destruction, he gained Parnasus' top. Apollo, pitying him, when Daedalion had hurled himself from that high cliff, made him a bird, held him suspended there on sudden wings, and gave him a hooked beak, gave him curved claws, but he left him his old-time courage and strength greater than his body. And now as a hawk, friendly to none, he vents his cruel rage on all birds and, suffering himself, makes others suffer, too."

While the son of Lucifer was telling this marvellous story of his brother, Phocian Onetor, Peleus' herdsman, came running in with breathless haste, crying: "Peleus, Peleus! I come to tell you news of dreadful slaughter." Peleus bade him tell his news, while the Trachinian king himself waited in trembling anxiety. The herdsman went on: "I had driven the weary herd down to the curving shore when the high sun was midway in his course, beholding as much behind him as still lay before. A part of the cattle had kneeled down upon the yellow sands, and lying there were looking out upon the broad, level sea; part was wandering slowly here and there, while others still swam out and stood neck-deep in water. A temple stood near the sea, not resplendent with marble and gold, but made of heavy timbers, and shaded by an ancient grove. The place was sacred to Nereus and the Nereids (these a sailor told me

edidit esse deos, dum retia litore siccat);
iuncta palus huic est densis obsessa salictis,
quam restagnantis fecit maris unda paludem:
inde fragore gravi strepitus loca proxima terret:
belua vasta, lupus! mucisque palustribus exit
oblitus, et spumis et sparsus sanguine rictus
fulmineos, rubra suffusus lumina flamma.
qui quamquam saevit pariter rabieque fameque,
acrior est rabie: neque enim ieiunia curat
caede boum diramque famem finire, sed omne
vulnerat armentum sternitque hostiliter omne.
pars quoque de nobis funesto saucia morsu,
dum defensamus, leto est data; sanguine litus
undaque prima rubet demugitaeque paludes.
sed mora damnosa est, nec res dubitare remittit:
dum superest aliquid, cuncti coeamus et arma,
arma capessamus coniunctaque tela feramus!"
dixerat agrestis: nec Pelea damna movebant,
sed memor admissi Nereida conligit orbam
damna sua inferias exstincto mittere Phoco.
induere arma viros violentaque sumere tela
rex iubet Oetaeus; cum quis simul ipse parabat
ire, sed Alcyone coniunx excita tumultu
prosilit et nondum totos ornata capillos
disicit hos ipsos colloque infusa mariti,
mittat ut auxilium sine se, verbisque precatur

were the gods of that sea, as he dried his nets on the shore). Hard by this temple was a marsh thick-set with willows, which the backwater of the sea made into a marsh. From this a loud, crashing noise filled the whole neighbourhood with fear: a huge beast, a wolf! he came rushing out, smeared with marsh-mud, his great, murderous jaws all bloody and flecked with foam, and his eyes blazing with red fire. He was mad with rage and hunger, but more with rage. For he stayed not to sate his fasting and dire hunger on the slain cattle, but mangled the whole herd, slaughtering all in wanton malice. Some of us, also, while we strove to drive him off, were sore wounded by his deadly fangs and given over to death. The shore, the shallow water, and the swamps, resounding with the bellowings of the herd, were red with blood. But delay is fatal, nor is there time to hesitate. While still there's something left, let us all rush on together, and arms, let us take arms, and make a combined attack upon the wolf!" So spoke the rustic. Peleus was not stirred by the story of his loss; but, conscious of his crime, he well knew that the bereaved Nereid[1] was sending this calamity upon him as a sacrificial offering to her slain Phocus. The Oetaean king bade his men put on their armour and take their deadly spears in hand, and at the same time was making ready to go with them himself. But his wife, Alcyone, roused by the loud outcries, came rushing out of her chamber, her hair not yet all arranged, and, sending this flying loose, she threw herself upon her husband's neck, and begged him with prayers and tears that he would send aid but not go himself, and

[1] Psamathe, the mother of Phocus whom Peleus had accidentally killed.

et lacrimis, animasque duas ut servet in una.
Aeacides illi: "pulchros, regina, piosque
pone metus! plena est promissi gratia vestri.
non placet arma mihi contra nova monstra moveri;
numen adorandum pelagi est!" erat ardua turris,
arce focus summa, fessis nota grata carinis:
ascendunt illuc stratosque in litore tauros
cum gemitu adspiciunt vastatoremque cruento
ore ferum, longos infectum sanguine villos.
inde manus tendens in aperti litora ponti
caeruleam Peleus Psamathen, ut finiat iram,
orat, opemque ferat; nec vocibus illa rogantis
flectitur Aeacidae, Thetis hanc pro coniuge supplex
accepit veniam. sed enim revocatus ab acri
caede lupus perstat, dulcedine sanguinis asper,
donec inhaerentem lacerae cervice iuvencae
marmore mutavit: corpus praeterque colorem
omnia servavit, lapidis color indicat illum
iam non esse lupum, iam non debere timeri.
nec tamen hac profugum consistere Pelea terra
fata sinunt, Magnetas adit vagus exul et illic
sumit ab Haemonio purgamina caedis Acasto.

Interea fratrisque sui fratremque secutis
anxia prodigiis turbatus pectora Ceyx,
consulat ut sacras, hominum oblectamina, sortes,

so save two lives in one. Then said the son of Aeacus to her: "Your pious fears, O queen, become you; but have no fear. I am not ungrateful for your proffered help; but I have no desire that arms be taken in my behalf against the strange monster. I must pray to the goddess of the sea." There was a tall tower, a lighthouse on the top of the citadel, a welcome landmark for storm-tossed ships. They climbed up to its top, and thence with cries of pity looked out upon the cattle lying dead upon the shore, and saw the killer revelling with bloody jaws, and with his long shaggy hair stained red with blood. There, stretching out his hands to the shores of the open sea, Peleus prayed to the sea-nymph, Psamathe, that she put away her wrath and come to his help. She, indeed, remained unmoved by the prayers of Peleus; but Thetis, adding her prayers for her husband's sake, obtained the nymph's forgiveness. But the wolf, though ordered off from his fierce slaughter, kept on, mad with the sweet draughts of blood; until, just as he was fastening his fangs upon the torn neck of a heifer, the nymph changed him into marble. The body, save for its colour, remained the same in all respects; but the colour of the stone proclaimed that now he was no longer wolf, that now he no longer need be feared. But still the fates did not suffer the banished Peleus to continue in this land. The wandering exile went on to Magnesia, and there, at the hands of the Haemonian king, Acastus, he gained full absolution from his bloodguiltiness.

Meanwhile King Ceyx was much disturbed and anxious, not alone about the strange thing that happened to his brother, but also about others that had happened since his brother's fate. Accordingly, that

ad Clarium parat ire deum ; nam templa profanus
invia cum Phlegyis faciebat Delphica Phorbas.
consilii tamen ante sui, fidissima, certam
te facit, Alcyone ; cui protinus intima frigus
ossa receperunt, buxoque simillimus ora
pallor obit, lacrimisque genae maduere profusis.
ter conata loqui ter fletibus ora rigavit
singultuque pias interrumpente querellas
"quae mea culpa tuam," dixit "carissime, mentem
vertit ? ubi est quae cura mei prior esse solebat ?
iam potes Alcyone securus abesse relicta ?
iam via longa placet ? iam sum tibi carior absens ?
at, puto, per terras iter est, tantumque dolebo,
non etiam metuam, curaeque timore carebunt.
aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago :
et laceras nuper tabulas in litore vidi
et saepe in tumulis sine corpore nomina legi.
neve tuum fallax animum fiducia tangat,
quod socer Hippotades tibi sit, qui carcere fortes
contineat ventos, et, cum velit, aequora placet.
cum semel emissi tenuerunt aequora venti,
nil illis vetitum est : incommendataque tellus
omnis et omne fretum est, caeli quoque nubila vexant
excutiuntque feris rutilos concursibus ignes.
quo magis hos novi (nam novi et saepe paterna
parva domo vidi), magis hos reor esse timendos.

he might consult the sacred oracles, the refuge of mankind in trouble, he planned to journey to the Clarian god. For the infamous Phorbas with the followers of Phlegyas was making the journey to the Delphic oracle unsafe. But before he started he told his purpose to you, his most faithful wife, Alcyone. Straightway she was chilled to the very marrow of her bones, her face grew pale as boxwood and her cheeks were wet with her flowing tears. Three times she tried to speak, three times watered her face with weeping; at last, her loving complaints broken by her sobs, she said: "What fault of mine, O dearest husband, has brought your mind to this? Where is that care for me which used to stand first of all? Can you now abandon your Alcyone with no thought of her? Is it your pleasure now to go on a long journey? Am I now dearer to you when absent from you? But, I suppose, your journey is by land, and I shall only grieve, not fear for you, and my cares shall have no terror in them. The sea affrights me, and the stern visage of the deep; and but lately I saw some broken planks upon the beach, and often have I read men's names on empty tombs. And let not your mind have vain confidence in that the son of Hippotes is your father-in-law, who holds the stout winds behind prison bars, and when he will can calm the sea. For when once the winds have been let out and have gained the open deep, no power can check them, and every land and every sea is abandoned to their will. Nay, they harry the very clouds of heaven and rouse the red lightnings with their fierce collisions. The more I know them (for I do know them, and have often seen them when a child in my father's home) the more I think them to be feared. But if no prayers can change your

quod tua si flecti precibus sententia nullis,
care, potest, coniunx, nimiumque es certus eundi,
me quoque tolle simul! certe iactabimur una,
nec nisi quae patiar, metuam, pariterque feremus,
quicquid erit, pariter super aequora lata feremur."
Talibus Acolidis dictis lacrimisque movetur
sidereus coniunx: neque enim minor ignis in ipso est;
sed neque propositos pelagi dimittere cursus,
nec vult Alcyonen in partem adhibere pericli
multaque respondit timidum solantia pectus.
non tamen ideirco causam probat; addidit illis
hoc quoque lenimen, quo solo flexit amantem:
"longa quidem est nobis omnis mora, sed tibi iuro
per patrios ignes, si me modo fata remittant,
ante reversurum, quam luna bis impleat orbem."
his ubi promissis spes est admota recursus,
protinus eductam navalibus aequore tingui
aptarique suis pinum iubet armamentis;
qua rursus visa veluti praesaga futuri
horruit Alcyone lacrimasque emisit obortas
amplexusque dedit tristique miserrima tandem
ore "vale" dixit conlapsaque corpore toto est;
ast iuvenes quaerente moras Ceyce reducunt
ordinibus geminis ad fortia pectora remos
aequalique ictu scindunt freta: sustulit illa
umentes oculos stantemque in puppe recurva
concussaque manu dantem sibi signa maritum
prima videt redditque notas; ubi terra recessit
longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus,

purpose, dear husband, and if you are over-bent on going, take me with you, too! For surely we shall then be storm-tossed together, nor shall I fear save only what I feel, and together we shall endure whatever comes, together over the broad billows we shall fare."

With these words and tears of the daughter of Aeolus the star-born husband was deeply moved; for the fire of love burned no less brightly in his heart. And yet he was unwilling either to give up his proposed journey on the sea or to take Alcyone as sharer of his perils. His anxious love strove to comfort her with many soothing words, but for all that he did not win her approval. He added this comforting condition, also, by which alone he gained his loving wife's consent: "Every delay, I know, will seem long to us; but I swear to you by my father's fires, if only the fates will let me, I will return before the moon shall twice have filled her orb." When by these promises of return her hope had been awakened, straightway he ordered his ship to be launched and duly supplied with her equipment. But when Alcyone saw this, as if forewarned of what was to come, she fell to trembling again; her tears flowed afresh and, embracing her husband in the depth of woe, she said a sad farewell at last and then fainted away completely. But the young men, though Ceyx sought excuses for delay, in double rows drew back the oars to their strong breasts and rent the waters with their rhythmic strokes. Then Alcyone lifted her tear-wet eyes and saw her husband standing on the high-curved poop and waving his hand in first signal to her, and she waved tokens back again. When the land drew further off, and her eyes could no longer make out his features,

dum licet, insequitur fugientem lumine pinum;
haec quoque ut haut poterat spatio submota videri,
vela tamen spectat summo fluitantia malo;
ut nec vela videt, vacuum petit anxia lectum
seque toro ponit: renovat lectusque locusque
Alcyonae lacrimas et quae pars admonet absit.

Portibus exierant, et moverat aura rudentes:
obvertit lateri pendentes navita remos
cornuaque in summa locat arbore totaque malo
carbasa deducit venientesque accipit auras.
aut minus, aut certe medium non amplius aequor
puppe secabatur, longeque erat utraque tellus,
cum mare sub noctem tumidis albescere coepit
fluctibus et praeceps spirare valentius eurus.
"ardua iamdudum demittite cornua" rector
clamat "et antemnis totum subnectite velum."
hic iubet; inpediunt adversae iussa procellae,
nec sinit audiri vocem fragor aequoris ullam:
sponte tamen properant alii subducere remos,
pars munire latus, pars ventis vela negare;
egerit hic fluctus aequorque refundit in aequor,
hic rapit antemnas; quae dum sine lege geruntur,
aspera crescit hiems, omnique e parte feroces
bella gerunt venti fretaque indignantia miscent.
ipse pavet nec se, qui sit status, ipse fatetur
scire ratis rector, nec quid iubeatve vetetve:
tanta mali moles tantoque potentior arte est.
quippe sonant clamore viri, stridore rudentes,
undarum incursu gravis unda, tonitribus aether.

while yet she could she followed with her gaze the fast-receding ship. When even this was now so distant that it could not be seen, still she watched the sails floating along at the top of the mast. When she could not even see the sails, heavy-hearted she sought her lonely couch and threw herself upon it. The couch and the place renewed her tears, for they reminded her of the part that was gone from her.

They had left the harbour and the breeze had set the cordage rattling. At that the captain shipped his oars, ran the yard up to the top of the mast and spread all his sails to catch the freshening breeze. The ship was now skimming along about midway of the sea, and the land on either side was far away, when, as night came on, the water began to whiten with the roughening waves and the wind, driving ahead, to blow with increased violence. "Lower the yard at once," the captain cries, "and tight reef the sail." So he orders, but the blast blowing in his face drowns out his orders, nor does the uproar of the sea let his voice be heard. Still, of their own will, some hastily draw in the oars, some close the oar-holes, and some reef the sails. Here one is bailing out the water and pouring the sea into the sea, while another hastily secures the spars. While these things are being done, all in confusion, the storm is increasing in violence and from every quarter the raging winds make their attacks and stir up the angry waves. The captain himself is in terror and admits that he does not know how the vessel stands, nor what either to order or forbid; so great is the impending weight of destruction, so much more mighty than his skill. All is a confused uproar—shouts of men, rattling of cordage, roar of the rushing waves, and crash of thunder. The waves run mountain-high and seem

fluctibus erigitur caelumque aequare videtur
pontus et inductas aspergine tangere nubes;
et modo, cum fulvas ex imo vertit harenas,
concolor est illis, Stygia modo nigrior unda,
sternitur interdum spumisque sonantibus albet.
ipsa quoque his agitur vicibus Trachinia puppis
et nunc sublimis veluti de vertice montis
despicere in valles imumque Acheronta videtur,
nunc, ubi demissam curvum circumstetit aequor,
suspicere inferno summum de gurgite caelum.
saepe dat ingentem fluctu latus icta fragorem
nec levius pulsata sonat, quam ferreus olim
cum laceras aries balistave concutit arces,
utque solent sumptis incursu viribus ire
pectore in arma feri protentaque tela leones,
sic, ubi se ventis admiserat unda coortis,
ibat in arma ratis multoque erat altior illis;
iamque labant cunei, spoliataque tegmine cerae
rima patet praebetque viam letalibus undis.
ecce cadunt largi resolutis nubibus imbres,
inque fretum credas totum descendere caelum,
inque plagas caeli tumefactum ascendere pontum.
vela madent nimbis, et cum caelestibus undis
aequoreae miscentur aquae; caret ignibus aether,
caecaque nox premitur tenebris hiemisque suisque.
discutiunt tamen has praebentque micantia lumen
fulmina: fulmineis ardescunt ignibus undae.
dat quoque iam saltus intra cava texta carinae

to reach the very heavens, and with their spray to sprinkle the lowering clouds. Now the water is tawny with the sands swept up from the bottom of the sea, and now blacker than the very waters of the Styx. At other times the waves spread out, white with the hissing foam. The Trachinian ship herself also is driven on in the grasp of chance. Now, lifted high, as from a mountain-top she seems to look down into deep valleys and the pit of Acheron; now, as she sinks far down and the writhing waters close her in, she seems to be looking up to the top of heaven from the infernal pools. Often with mighty thuds the vessel's sides resound, beaten by crashing waves as heavily as when sometimes an iron ram or ballista smites a battered fortress. And as savage lions, gaining new strength as they come rushing to the attack, are wont to breast the hunters' arms and ready spears; so, when the waves had been lashed to fury by the opposing winds, they rushed against the bulwarks of the barque and towered high over them. And now the tightening wedges of the hull spring loose and yawning chinks appear, their covering of wax clean washed away, and give passage to the deadly tide. Behold, the rain falls in sheets from the bursting clouds; and you would think that the whole heavens were falling down into the sea and that the swollen sea was leaping up into the regions of the sky. The sails are soaked with rain, and with the waters from the sky the ocean's floods are mingled. No stars gleam in the sky and the black night is murky with its own and the tempest's gloom. Still flashing lightnings cleave the shadows and give light, and the waves gleam red beneath the lightning's glare. Now also the flood comes pouring within the vessel's hollow hull; and as a soldier, more eager

fluctus ; et ut miles, numero praestantior omni,
cum saepe adsiluit defensae moenibus urbis,
spe potitur tandem laudisque accensus amore
inter mille viros murum tamen occupat unus,
sic ubi pulsarunt noviens latera ardua fluctus,
vastius insurgens decimae ruit impetus undae
nec prius absistit fessam oppugnare carinam,
quam velut in captae descendat moenia navis.
pars igitur temptabat adhuc invadere pinum,
pars maris intus erat : trepidant haud setius omnes,
quam solet urbs aliis murum fodientibus extra
atque aliis murum trepidare tenentibus intus.
deficit ars, animique cadunt, totidemque videntur,
quot veniunt fluctus, ruere atque inrumpere mortes.
non tenet hic lacrimas, stupet hic, vocat ille beatos,
funera quos maneant, hic votis numen adorat
bracchiaque ad caelum, quod non videt, inrita tollens
poscit opem ; subeunt illi fraterque parensque,
huic cum pignoribus domus et quodcunque relictum
est ;
Alcyone Ceyca movet, Ceycis in ore
nulla nisi Alcyone est et, cum desideret unam,
gaudet abesse tamen ; patriae quoque vellet ad oras
respicere inque domum supremos vertere vultus,
verum, ubi sit, nescit : tanta vertigine pontus
fervet, et inducta p'ceis e nubibus umbra
omne latet caelum, duplicataque noctis imago est.
frangitur incursu nimbosi turbinis arbor,
frangitur et regimen, spoliisque animosa superstes
unda, velut victrix, sinuataque despicit undas ;
nec levius, quam siquis Athon Pindumve revulsos
sede sua totos in apertum everterit aequor,

than his fellows, when he has often essayed to scale a beleaguered city's walls, at last succeeds and, fired with the passion for praise, o'erleaps the wall and stands one man amidst a thousand; so, when the waves nine times have battered at the lofty sides, the tenth wave, leaping with a mightier heave, comes on, nor does it cease its attack upon the weary ship until over the ramparts of the conquered barque it leaps within. So now a part of the sea still tries to invade the ship and part is already within its hold. All are in terrified confusion, just as a city is confused when some from without seek to undermine its walls and some hold the walls within. Skill fails and courage falls; and as many separate deaths seem rushing on and bursting through as are the advancing waves. One cannot restrain his tears; another is struck dumb; still another cries they are fortunate whom burial rites await; one calls on the gods in prayer and lifts unavailing arms to the unseen heavens, begging for help; one thinks upon his brothers and his sire, one on his home and children, and each on that which he has left behind. But Ceyx thinks on Alcyone: upon the lips of Ceyx there is no one save Alcyone; and, though he longs for her alone, yet he rejoices that she is far away. How he would love to look towards his native shores again and turn his last gaze upon his home. But where he is he knows not; for the sea boils in such whirling pools and the shadows of the pitchy clouds hide all the sky and double the darkness of the night. The mast is broken by a whirling rush of wind; the rudder, too, is broken. One last wave, like a victor rejoicing in his spoils, heaves itself high and looks down upon the other waves; and, as if one should tear from their foundations Athos and Pindus and hurl them bodily into the open sea, so fell this

praecipitata cadit pariterque et pondere et ictu
mergit in ima ratem ; cum qua pars magna virorum
gurgite pressa gravi neque in aera reddita fato
functa suo est, alii partes et membra carinae
trunca tenent : tenet ipse manu, qua sceptra solebat,
fragmina navigii Ceyx socerumque patremque
invocat heu ! frustra, sed plurima nantis in ore
Alcyone coniunx : illam meminitque refertque,
illius ante oculos ut agant sua corpora fluctus
optat et exanimis manibus tumuletur amicis.
dum natat, absentem, quotiens sinit hiscere fluctus,
nominat Alcyonen ipsisque inmurmurat undis.
ecce super medios fluctus niger arcus aquarum
frangitur et rupta mersum caput obruit unda.—
Lucifer obscurus nec quem cognoscere posses
illa luce fuit, quoniamque excedere caelo
non licuit, densis texit sua nubibus ora.

Aeolis interea, tantorum ignara malorum,
dinumerat noctes et iam, quas induat ille,
festinat vestes, iam quas, ubi venerit ille,
ipsa gerat, reditusque sibi promittit inanes.
omnibus illa quidem superis pia tura ferebat,
ante tamen cunctos Iunonis templa colebat
proque viro, qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras
utque foret sospes coniunx suus utque rediret,
optabat, nullamque sibi praeferret ; at illi
hoc de tot votis poterat contingere solum.

At dea non ultra pro functo morte rogari

wave headlong, and with its overwhelming weight plunged the ship down to the very bottom; and with the ship the great part of the sailors perished, sucked down in the eddying flood, nevermore to see the light of day. But some still clung to broken pieces of the vessel. Ceyx himself, with the hand that was wont to hold the sceptre, clung to a fragment of the wreck, and called upon his father-in-law and on his father, alas! in vain. But most of all is the name of Alcyone on the swimmer's lips. He remembers her and names her o'er and o'er. He prays that the waves may bear his body into her sight and that in death he may be entombed by her dear hands. While he can keep afloat, as often as the waves allow him to open his month he calls the name of his Alcyone, far away, and murmurs it even as the waves close over his lips. See, a dark billow of waters breaks over the surrounding floods and buries his head deep beneath the seething waves. Dim and unrecognizable was Lucifer that dawn; and since he might not leave his station in the skies, he wrapped his face in thick clouds.

Meanwhile the daughter of Aeolus, in ignorance of this great disaster, counts off the nights; now hastens on to weave the robes which he is to put on, and now those which she herself will wear when he comes back, and pictures to herself the home-coming which can never be. She dutifully burns incense to all the gods; but most of all she worships at Juno's shrine, and approaches the altars on behalf of the man who is no more, that her husband may be kept safe from harm, that he may return once more, loving no other woman more than her. And only this prayer of all her prayers could be granted her.

But the goddess could no longer endure these

sustinet utque manus funestas arceat aris,
"Iri, meae" dixit "fidissima nuntia vocis,
vise soporiferam Somni velociter aulam
exstinctique iube Ceycis imagine mittat
somnia ad Alcyonen veros narrantia casus."
dixerat: induitur velamina mille colorum
Iris et arcuato caelum curvamine signans
tecta petit iussi sub nube latentia regis.

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
mons cavus, ignavi domus et penetralia Somni,
quo numquam radiis oriens mediusve cadensve
Phoebus adire potest: nebulae caligine mixtae
exhalantur humo dubiaeque crepuscula lucis.
non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
evocat Auroram, nec voce silentia rumpunt
sollicitive canes canibusve sagacior anser;
non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami
humanaeve sonum reddunt convicia linguae.
muta quies habitat; saxo tamen exit ab imo
rivus aquae Lethes, per quem cum murmure labens
invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent
innumeraeque herbae, quarum de lacte soporem
Nox legit et spargit per opacas umida terras.
ianua, ne verso stridores cardine reddat,
nulla domo tota, custos in limine nullus;
at medio torus est ebeno sublimis in antro,
plumeus, atricolor, pullo velamine tectus,
quo cubat ipse deus membris languore solutis.
hunc circa passim varias imitantia formas
Somnia vana iacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
silva gerit frondes, eiectas litus harenas.

entreaties for the dead. And that she might free her altar from the touch of the hands of mourning, she said: "Iris, most faithful messenger of mine, go quickly to the drowsy house of Sleep, and bid him send to Alcyone a vision in dead Ceyx' form to tell her the truth about his fate." She spoke; and Iris put on her cloak of a thousand hues and, trailing across the sky in a rainbow curve, she sought the cloud-concealed palace of the king of sleep.

Near the land of the Cimmerians there is a deep recess within a hollow mountain, the home and chamber of sluggish Sleep. Phoebus can never enter there with his rising, noontide, or setting rays. Clouds of vapour breathe forth from the earth, and dusky twilight shadows. There no wakeful, crested cock with his loud crowing summons the dawn; no careful watch-dog breaks the deep silence with his voice, or goose, still shrewder than the dog. There is no sound of wild beast or of cattle, of branches rustling in the breeze, no clamorous tongues of men. There mute silence dwells. But from the bottom of the cave there flows the stream of Lethe, whose waves, gently murmuring over the gravelly bed, invite to slumber. Before the cavern's entrance abundant poppies bloom, and countless herbs, from whose juices dewy night distils sleep and spreads its influence over the darkened lands. There is no door in all the house, lest some turning hinge should creak; no guardian on the threshold. But in the cavern's central space there is a high couch of ebony, downy-soft, black-hued, spread with a dusky coverlet. There lies the god himself, his limbs relaxed in languorous repose. Around him on all sides lie empty dream-shapes, mimicking many forms, many as ears of grain in harvest-time, as leaves upon the trees, as sands cast on the shore.

Quo simul intravit manibusque obstantia virgo
Somnia dimovit, vestis fulgore reluxit
sacra domus, tardaque deus gravitate iacentes
vix oculos tollens iterumque iterumque relabens
summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento
excussit tandem sibi se cubitoque levatus,
quid veniat, (cognovit enim) scitatur, at illa:
"Somne, quies rerum, placidissime, Somne, deorum,
pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corpora duris
fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori,
Somnia, quae veras aequant imitamine formas,
Herculea Trachine iube sub imagine regis
Alcyonen adeant simulacraque naufraga fingant.
imperat hoc Iuno." postquam mandata peregit,
Iris abit: neque enim ulterius tolerare soporis
vim poterat, labique ut somnum sensit in artus,
effugit et remeat per quos modo venerat arcus.
At pater e populo natorum mille suorum
excitat artificem simulatoremque figurae
Morphea: non illo quisquam sollertius alter
exprimit incessus vultumque sonumque loquendi;
adicit et vestes et consuetissima cuique
verba; sed hic solos homines imitatur, at alter
fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore serpens:
hunc Icelon superi, mortale Phobetora vulgus
nominat; est etiam diversae tertius artis
Phantasos: ille in humum saxumque undamque trabemque,
quaeque vacant anima, fallaciter omnia transit;
regibus hi ducibusque suos ostendere vultus
nocte solent, populos alii plebemque pererrant.
praeterit hos senior cunctisque e fratribus unum

When the maiden entered there and with her hands brushed aside the dream-shapes that blocked her way, the awesome house was lit up with the gleaming of her garments. Then the god, scarce lifting his eyelids heavy with the weight of sleep, sinking back repeatedly and knocking his breast with his nodding chin, at last shook himself free of himself and, resting on an elbow, asked her (for he recognized her) why she came. And she replied: "O Sleep, thou rest of all things, Sleep, mildest of the gods, balm of the soul, who puttest care to flight, soothest our bodies worn with hard ministries, and preparest them for toil again! Fashion a shape that shall seem true form, and bid it go in semblance of the king to Alcyone in Trachis, famed for Hercules. There let it show her the picture of the wreck. This Juno bids." When she had done her task Iris departed, for she could no longer endure the power of sleep, and when she felt the drowsiness stealing upon her frame she fled away and retraced her course along the arch over which she had lately passed.

But the father rouses Morpheus from the throng of his thousand sons, a cunning imitator of the human form. No other is more skilled than he in representing the gait, the features, and the speech of men; the clothing also and the accustomed words of each he represents. His office is with men alone: another takes the form of beast or bird or the long-bodied serpent. Him the gods call Icelos, but mortals name him Phobetor. A third is Phantasos, versed in different arts. He puts on deceptive shapes of earth, rocks, water, trees, all lifeless things. These shapes show themselves by night to kings and chieftains, the rest haunt the throng of common folk. These the old sleep-god passes by, and chooses out of all the

Morphea, qui peragat Thaumantidos edita, Somnus
eligit et rursus molli languore solutus
deposuitque caput stratoque recondidit alto.
Ille volat nullos strepitus facientibus alis
per tenebras intraque morae breve tempus in urbem
pervenit Haemoniam, positisque e corpore pennis
in faciem Ceycis abit sumptaque figura
luridus, exanimi similis, sine vestibus ullis,
coniugis ante torum miserae stetit : uda videtur
barba viri, madidisque gravis fluere unda capillis.
tum lecto incumbens fletu super ora profuso
haec ait : " agnoscis Ceyca, miserrima coniunx,
an mea mutata est facies nece ? respice : nosces
inveniesque tuo pro coniuge coniugis umbram !
nil opis, Alcyone, nobis tua vota tulerunt !
occidimus ! falso tibi me promittere noli !
nubilus Aegaeo deprendit in aequore navem
Auster et ingenti iactatam flamine solvit,
oraque nostra tuum frustra clamantia nomen
inplerunt fluctus.—non haec tibi nuntiat auctor
ambiguus, non ista vagis rumoribus audis :
ipse ego fata tibi praesens mea naufragus edo.
surge, age, da lacrimas lugubriaque indue nec me
indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte ! "
adicit his vocem Morpheus, quam coniugis illa
crederet esse sui (fletus quoque fundere veros
visus erat) gestumque manu Ceycis habebat.
ingemit Alcyone, lacrimas movet atque lacertos
per somnum corpusque petens amplectitur auras
exclamatque : " mane ! quo te rapis ? ibimus una."

brethren Morpheus alone to do the bidding of Iris, Thaumas' daughter. This done, once more in soft drowsiness he droops his head and settles it down upon his high couch.

But Morpheus flits away through the darkness on noiseless wings and quickly comes to the Haemonian city. There, putting off his wings, he takes the face and form of Ceyx, wan like the dead, and stands naked before the couch of the hapless wife. His beard is wet, and water drips heavily from his sodden hair. Then with streaming eyes he bends over her couch and says: "Do you recognize your Ceyx, O most wretched wife? or is my face changed in death? Look on me! You will know me then and find in place of husband your husband's shade. No help, Alcyone, have your prayers brought to me: I am dead. Cherish no longer your vain hope of me. For stormy Auster caught my ship on the Aegean sea and, tossing her in his fierce blasts, wrecked her there. My lips, calling vainly upon your name, drank in the waves. And this tale no uncertain messenger brings to you, nor do you hear it in the words of vague report; but I myself, wrecked as you see me, tell you of my fate. Get you up, then, and weep for me; put on your mourning garments and let me not go unlamented to the cheerless land of shades." These words spoke Morpheus, and that, too, in a voice she might well believe her husband's; he seemed also to weep real tears, and had the very gesture of her Ceyx' hands. Alcyone groaned, shed tears, and in sleep seeking his arms and to clasp his body, held only air in her embrace. She cried aloud: "Wait for me! Whither do you hasten? I will go with you." Aroused by her own voice and by the image of her

voce sua specieque viri turbata soporem
excutit et primo, si sit, circumspicit, illic,
qui modo visus erat; nam moti voce ministri
intulerant lumen. postquam non invenit usquam,
percutit ora manu laniatque a pectore vestes
pectoraque ipsa ferit nec crines solvere curat:
scindit et altrici, quae luctus causa, roganti
"nulla est Alcyone, nulla est" ait. "occidit una
cum Ceyce suo. solantia tollite verba!
naufragus interiit: vidi agnovique manusque
ad discedentem cupiens retinere tetendi.
umbra fuit, sed et umbra tamen manifesta virique
vera mei. non ille quidem, si quaeris, habebat
adsuetos vultus nec quo prius, ore nitebat:
pallentem nudumque et adhuc umente capillo
infelix vidi. stetit hoc miserabilis ipse
ecce loco"; (et quaerit, vestigia siqua supersint).
"hoc erat, hoc, animo quod divinante timebam,
et ne me fugeres, ventos sequerere, rogabam.
at certe vellem, quoniam periturus abibas,
me quoque duxisses: multum fuit utile tecum
ire mihi; neque enim de vitae tempore quicquam
non simul egissem, nec mors discreta fuisset.
nunc absens perii, iactor quoque fluctibus absens,
et sine me me pontus habet. crudelior ipso
sit mihi mens pelago, si vitam ducere nitar
longius et tanto pugnem superesse dolori!
sed neque pugnabo nec te, miserande, relinquam
et tibi nunc saltem veniam comes, inque sepulcro

husband, she started wide awake. And first she looked around to see if he was there whom but now she had seen. For her attendants, startled by her cries, had brought a lamp into her chamber. When she did not find him anywhere, she smote her cheeks, tore off her garment from her breast and beat her breasts themselves. She stayed not to loose her hair, but rent it, and to her nurse, who asked what was her cause of grief, she cried: "Alcyone is no more, no more; she has died together with her Ceyx. Away with consoling words! He's shipwrecked, dead! I saw him and I knew him, and I stretched out my hands to him as he vanished, eager to hold him back. It was but a shade, and yet it was my husband's true shade, clearly seen. He had not, to be sure, his wonted features, nor did his face light as it used to do. But wan and naked, with hair still dripping, oh, woe is me, I saw him. See there, on that very spot, he himself stood, piteous"—and she strove to see if any footprints still remained. "This, this it was which with foreboding mind I feared, and I begged you not to leave me and sail away. But surely I should have wished, since you were going to your death, that you had taken me as well. How well had it been for me to go with you; for in that case neither should I have spent any of my life apart from you, nor should we have been separated in our death. But now far from myself I have perished; far from myself also I am tossed about upon the waves, and without me the sea holds me. My heart would be more cruel to me than the sea itself if I should strive still to live on and struggle to survive my sorrow. But I shall neither struggle nor shall I leave you, my poor husband. Now at least I shall come to be your companion; and if not the

si non urna, tamen iunget nos littera : si non
ossibus ossa meis, at nomen nomine tangam."
plura dolor prohibet, verboque intervenit omni
plangor, et attonito gemitus a corde trahuntur.
Mane erat : egreditur tectis ad litus et illum
maesta locum repetit, de quo spectarat euntem,
dumque moratur ibi dumque " hic retinacula solvit,
hoc mihi discedens dedit oscula litore " dicit
dumque notata locis reminiscitur acta fretumque
prospicit, in liquida, spatio distante, tuetur
nescio quid quasi corpus aqua, primoque, quid illud
esset, erat dubium ; postquam paulum adpulit unda,
et, quamvis aberat, corpus tamen esse liquebat,
qui foret, ignorans, quia naufragus, omine mota est
et, tamquam ignoto lacrimam daret, " heu ! miser,"
inquit
" quisquis es, et siqua est coniunx tibi ! " fluctibus
actum
fit propius corpus : quod quo magis illa tuetur,
hoc minus et minus est mentis, vae ! iamque pro-
pinquae
admotum terrae, iam quod cognoscere posset,
cernit : erat coniunx ! " ille est ! " exclamat et una
ora, comas, vestem lacerat tendensque trementes
ad Ceyca manus " sic, o carissime coniunx,
sic ad me, miserande, redis ? " ait. adiacet undis
facta manu moles, quae primas aequoris undas
frangit et incursus quae praedelassat aquarum.

entombed urn, at least the lettered stone shall join us; if not your bones with mine, still shall I touch you, name with name." Grief checked further speech, wailing took place of words, and groans drawn from her stricken heart.

Morning had come. She went forth from her house to the seashore and sadly sought that spot again from which she had watched him sail. And while she lingered there and while she was saying: "Here he loosed his cable, on this beach he kissed me as he was departing"; while she was thus recalling the incidents and the place and gazing seaward, away out upon the streaming waters she saw something like a corpse. At first she was not sure what it was; but after the waves had washed it a little nearer, although it was still some distance off, yet it clearly was a corpse. She did not know whose it was; yet, because it was a shipwrecked man, she was moved by the omen and, as if she would weep for the unknown dead, she cried: "Alas for you, poor man, whoever you are, and alas for your wife, if wife you have!" Meanwhile the body had been driven nearer by the waves, and the more she regarded it the less and still less could she contain herself. Ah! and now it had come close to land, now she could see clearly what it was. It was her husband! "'Tis he!" she shrieked and, tearing her cheeks, her hair, her garments all at once, she stretched out her trembling hands to Ceyx, crying: "Thus, O dearest husband, is it thus, poor soul, you come back to me?" Near by the water was a mole built which broke the first onslaught of the waters, and took the force of the rushing waves. Thither she ran and leaped into the sea; 'twas a wonder that she could; she flew and, fluttering through the yielding

insilit huc, mirumque fuit potuisse : volabat
percutiensque levem modo natis aera pennis
stringebat summas ales miserabilis undas,
dumque volat, maesto similem plenumque querellae
ora dedere sonum tenui crepitantia rostro.
ut vero tetigit mutum et sine sanguine corpus,
dilectos artus amplexa recentibus alis
frigida nequiquam duro dedit oscula rostro.
senserit hoc Ceyx, an vultum motibus undae
tollere sit visus, populus dubitabat, at ille
senserat : et, tandem superis miserantibus, ambo
alite mutantur ; fatis obnoxius isdem
tunc quoque mansit amor nec coniugiale solutum
foedus in alitibus : coeunt fiuntque parentes,
perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem
incubat Alcyone pendentibus aequore nidis.
tunc iacet unda maris : ventos custodit et arcet
Aeolus egressu praestatque nepotibus aequor.

Hos aliquis senior iunctim freta lata volantes
spectat et ad finem servatos laudat amores :
proximus, aut idem, si fors tulit, " hic quoque," dixit
" quem mare carpentem substrictaque crura gerentem
aspicis," (ostendens spatiosum in guttura mergum)
" regia progenies, et si descendere ad ipsum
ordine perpetuo quaeris, sunt huius origo
Ilus et Assaracus raptusque Iovi Ganymedes
Laomedonque senex Priamusque novissima Troiae
tempora sortitus ; frater fuit Hectoris iste :
qui nisi sensisset prima nova fata iuventa,
forsitan inferius non Hectore nomen haberet,

air on sudden wings, she skimmed the surface of the water, a wretched bird. And as she flew, her croaking mouth, with long slender beak, uttered sounds like one in grief and full of complaint. But when she reached the silent, lifeless body, she embraced the dear limbs with her new-found wings and strove vainly to kiss the cold lips with her rough bill. Whether Ceyx felt this, or whether he but seemed to lift his face by the motion of the waves, men were in doubt. But he did feel it. And at last, through the pity of the gods, both changed to birds. Though thus they suffered the same fate, still even thus their love remained, nor were their conjugal bonds loosened because of their feathered shape. Still do they mate and rear their young; and for seven peaceful days in the winter season Alcyone broods upon her nest floating upon the surface of the waters. At such a time the waves of the sea are still; for Aeolus guards his winds and forbids them to go abroad and for his grandsons' sake gives peace upon the sea.

Seeing these birds flying in loving harmony over the broad waters, some old man spoke in praise of their affection kept unbroken to the end. Then one near by, or perhaps the same speaker, pointing to a long-necked diver, said: "That bird also, which you see skimming along over the water and trailing his slender legs, is of royal birth, and his ancestors, if you wish in unbroken line to come down to him himself, were Ilus and Assaracus, Ganymede, whom Jove stole away, old Laomedon and Priam, who came by fate on Troy's last days. He there was the brother of Hector; and had he not met his strange fate in early manhood, perhaps he would have a name no less renowned than Hector's. While the daughter

quamvis est illum proles enixa Dymantis,
Aesacon umbrosa furtim peperisse sub Ida
fertur Alexiroe, Granico nata bicorni.
oderat hic urbes nitidaque remotus ab aula
secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat
rura nec Iliacos coetus nisi rarus adibat.
non agreste tamen nec inexpugnabile amori
pectus habens silvas captatam saepe per omnes
aspicit Hesperien patria Cebrenida ripa
iniectos umeris siccantem sole capillos.
visa fugit nymphe, veluti perterrita fulvum
cerva lupum longeque lacu deprensa relicto
accipitrem fluvialis anas; quam Troius heros
insequitur celeremque metu celer urguet amore.
ecce latens herba coluber fugientis adunco
dente pedem strinxit virusque in corpore liquit;
cum vita suppressa fuga est: amplectitur amens
exanimem clamatque 'piget, piget esse secutum!
sed non hoc timui, neque erat mihi vincere tanti.
perdidimus miseram nos te duo: vulnus ab angue,
a me causa data est! ego sum sceleratior illo,
qui tibi morte mea mortis solacia mittam.'
dixit et e scopulo, quem rauca subederat unda,
decidit in pontum. Tethys miserata cadentem
molliter excepit nantemque per aequora pennis
texit, et optatae non est data copia mortis.
indignatur amans, invitum vivere cogi
obstarique animae misera de sede volenti

of Dymas[1] bore the one, the other, Aesacus, is said to have been borne in secret beneath the shades of Ida by Alexiroë, daughter of the horned Granicus. He hated towns and, far from glittering palace halls, dwelt on remote mountain-sides and in lowly country places, and rarely sought the company of the men of Ilium. Still his heart was not boorish nor averse to love, and often he pursued through all the woody glades Hesperia, daughter of Cebren, whom he beheld drying her hair tossed on her shoulders in the sun upon her father's bank. The nymph fled at sight of him as the frightened hind flees the tawny wolf, or as the wild duck, surprised far from her forsaken pool, flees from the hawk. But the Trojan hero followed her, swift on the wings of love as she was swift on the wings of fear. Behold, a serpent, hiding in the grass, pierced her foot with his curved fangs as she fled along, and left his poison in her veins. Her flight stopped with life. Beside himself, her lover embraced the lifeless form and cried: 'Oh, I repent me, I repent that I followed you! But I had no fear of this, nor was it worth so much to me to win you. We have destroyed you, poor maid, two of us: the wound was given you by the serpent, by me was given the cause! I am more guilty than he. But by my death will I send death's consolation to you.' So saying, from a lofty cliff, where the hoarse waves had eaten it out below, he hurled himself down into the sea. But Tethys, pitying his case, received him gently as he fell, covered him with feathers as he floated on the waters, and so denied him the privilege of the death he sought. The lover was wroth that he was forced to live against his will and that his spirit was thwarted as it desired to leave its wretched

[1] Hecuba.

exire, utque novas umeris adsumpserat alas,
subvolat atque iterum corpus super aequora mittit.
pluma levat casus: furit Aesacos inque profundum
pronus abit letique viam sine fine retemptat.
fecit amor maciem: longa internodia crurum,
longa manet cervix, caput est a corpore longe;
aequora amat nomenque tenet, quia mergitur illo."

seat. And when he had gained on his shoulders his new-sprung wings, he flew aloft and once more hurled his body down to the sea; but his light plumage broke his fall. In wild rage Aesacus dived deep down below the water and tried endlessly to find the way to death. His passion made him lean; his legs between the joints are long, his long neck is still long, his head is far from his body. He still loves the sea and has his name [1] because he dives beneath it."

[1] Mergus, a diver.

BOOK XII

LIBER XII

Nescivs adsumptis Priamus pater Aesacon alis
vivere lugebat: tumulo quoque, nomen habenti,
inferias dederat cum fratribus Hector inani;
defuit officio Paridis praesentia tristi,
postmodo qui rapta longum cum coniuge bellum
attulit in patriam: coniurataeque sequuntur
mille rates gentisque simul commune Pelasgae;
nec dilata foret vindicta, nisi aequora saevi
invia fecissent venti, Boeotaque tellus
Aulide piscosa puppes tenuisset ituras.
hic patrio de more Iovi cum sacra parassent,
ut vetus accensis incanduit ignibus ara,
serpere caeruleum Danai videre draconem
in platanum, coeptis quae stabat proxima sacris.
nidus erat volucrum bis quattuor arbore summa:
quas simul et matrem circum sua damna volantem
corripuit serpens avidoque recondidit ore,
obstipuere omnes, at veri providus augur
Thestorides "vincemus"; ait, "gaudete, Pelasgi!
Troia cadet, sed erit nostri mora longa laboris,"
atque novem volucres in belli digerit annos.

BOOK XII

Father Priam, not knowing that Aesacus was still alive in feathered form, mourned for his son. At an empty tomb also, inscribed with the lost one's name, Hector with his brothers had offered sacrifices in honour of the dead. Paris was not present at the sad rite, Paris, who a little later brought a long-continued war upon his country with his stolen wife. A thousand ships and the whole Pelasgian race, banded together, pursued him, nor would vengeance have been postponed had not stormy winds made the sea impassable, and had not the land of Boeotia kept the ships, though ready to set sail, at fish-haunted Aulis. When here, after their country's fashion, they had prepared to sacrifice to Jove, and just as the ancient altar was glowing with the lighted fires, the Greeks saw a dark-green serpent crawling up a plane-tree which stood near the place where they had begun their sacrifices. There was a nest with eight young birds in the top of the tree, and these, together with the mother, who was flying around her doomed nestlings, the serpent seized and swallowed in his greedy maw. They all looked on in amazement. But Thestorides, the augur, who saw clearly the meaning of the portent, said: "We shall conquer. Rejoice, ye Greeks, Troy shall fall, but our task will be of long duration"; and he interpreted the nine birds as nine years of war. Meanwhile the serpent,

ille, ut erat virides amplexus in arbore ramos,
fit lapis et servat serpentis imag'ne nixum.
Permanet Aoniis Nereus violentus in undis
bellaque non transfert, et sunt, qui parcere Troiae
Neptunum credant, quia moenia fecerat urbi;
at non Thestorides: nec enim nescitve tacetve
sanguine virgineo placandam virginis iram
esse deae. postquam pietatem publica causa
rexque patrem vicit, castumque datura cruorem
flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris,
victa dea est nubemque oculis obiecit et inter
officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum
supposita fertur mutasse Mycenida cerva.
ergo ubi, qua decuit, lenita est caede Diana,
et pariter Phoebes, pariter maris ira recessit,
accipiunt ventos a tergo mille carinae
multaque perpessae Phrygia potiuntur harena.
Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque
caelestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi;
unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
inspicitur, penetratque cavas vox omnis ad aures:
Fama tenet summaque domum sibi legit in arce,
innumerosque aditus ac mille foramina tectis
addidit et nullis inclusit limina portis;
nocte dieque patet: tota est ex aere sonanti,

just as he was, coiled round the green branches of the tree, was changed to stone, and the stone kept the form of the climbing serpent.

But Nereus continued to be boisterous on the Aonian waters, and refused to transport the war. And there were some who held that Neptune was sparing Troy because he had built its walls. But not so the son of Thestor. For he was neither ignorant of the truth nor did he withhold it, that the wrath of the virgin goddess [1] must be appeased with a virgin's blood. After consideration for the public weal had overcome affection, and the father had been vanquished by the king, and just as midst the weeping attendants Iphigenia was standing before the altar ready to shed her innocent blood, the goddess was moved to pity and spread a cloud before their eyes; and there, while the sacred rites went on, midst the confusion of the sacrifice and the cries of suppliants, she is said to have substituted a hind for the maiden of Mycenae. When therefore, as 'twas fitting, Diana had been appeased by the sacrifice of blood, when Phoebe's and the ocean's wrath had subsided together, the thousand ships found the winds blowing astern and, after suffering many adventures, they reached the shores of Phrygia.

There is a place in the middle of the world, 'twixt land and sea and sky, the meeting-point of the threefold universe. From this place, whatever is, however far away, is seen, and every word penetrates to these hollow ears. Rumour dwells here, having chosen her house upon a high mountain-top; and she gave the house countless entrances, a thousand apertures, but with no doors to close them. Night and day the house stands open. It is built all of echoing

[1] Diana.

tota fremit vocesque refert iteratque quod audit ;
nulla quies intus nullaque silentia parte,
nec tamen est clamor, sed parvae murmura vocis,
qualia de pelagi, siquis procul audiat, undis
esse solent, qualemve sonum, cum Iuppiter atras
increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
atria turba tenet : veniunt, leve vulgus, euntque
mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
milia rumorum confusaque verba volutant ;
e quibus hi vacuas inplent sermonibus aures,
hi narrata ferunt alio, mensuraque ficti
crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adicit auctor.
illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error
vanaque Laetitia est consternatique Timores
Seditioque recens dubioque auctore Susurri ;
ipsa, quid in caelo rerum pelagoque geratur
et tellure, videt totumque inquirit in orbem.
Fecerat haec notum, Graias cum milite forti
adventare rates, neque inexspectatus in armis
hostis adest : prohibent aditus litusque tuentur
Troes, et Hectorea primus fataliter hasta,
Protesilae, cadis, commissaque proelia magno
stant Danais, fortisque animae nec cognitus Hector.
nec Phryges exiguo, quid Achaica dextera posset,
sanguine senserunt, et iam Sigea rubebant
litora, iam leto proles Neptunia, Cygnus,
mille viros dederat, iam curru instabat Achilles
totaque Peliacae sternebat cuspidis ictu

brass. The whole place is full of noises, repeats all words and doubles what it hears. There is no quiet, no silence anywhere within. And yet there is no loud clamour, but only the subdued murmur of voices, like the murmur of the waves of the sea if you listen afar off, or like the last rumblings of thunder when Jove has made the dark clouds crash together. Crowds fill the hall, shifting throngs come and go, and everywhere wander thousands of rumours, falsehoods mingled with the truth, and confused reports flit about. Some of these fill their idle ears with talk, and others go and tell elsewhere what they have heard; while the story grows in size, and each new teller makes contribution to what he has heard. Here is Credulity, here is heedless Error, unfounded Joy and panic Fear; here sudden Sedition and unauthentic Whisperings. Rumour herself beholds all that is done in heaven, on sea and land, and searches throughout the world for news.

Now she had spread the tidings that the Greek fleet was approaching full of brave soldiery; and so not unlooked for did the invading army come. The Trojans were ready to prevent the enemy's landing and to protect their shores. You first fell, Protesilaüs, before Hector's deadly spear. Those early battles proved costly to the Greeks and they soon learned Hector's warlike mettle by the slaughter that he dealt. And the Phrygians learned too, at no slight cost of blood, how puissant was the Grecian hand. And now the Sigean shores grew red; now Neptune's son, Cygnus, had given a thousand men to death; now was Achilles pressing on in his chariot and laying low whole ranks with the stroke of his spear that grew on Pelion; and, as he sought through

agmina perque acies aut Cygnum aut Hectora quaerens
congreditur Cygno (decimum dilatus in annum
Hector erat): tum colla iugo canentia pressos
exhortatus equos currum direxit in hostem
concutiensque suis vibrantia tela lacertis
"quisquis es, o iuvenis," dixit "solamen habeto
mortis, ab Haemonio quod sis iugulatus Achille!"
hactenus Aeacides: vocem gravis hasta secuta est,
sed quamquam certa nullus fuit error in hasta,
nil tamen emissi profecit acumine ferri
utque hebeti pectus tantummodo contudit ictu.
"nate dea, nam te fama praenovimus," inquit
ille "quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?
(mirabatur enim.) "non haec, quam cernis, equinis
fulva iubis cassis neque onus, cava parma, sinistrae
auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis;
Mars quoque ob hoc capere arma solet! removebitur huius
tegminis officium: tamen indestrictus abibo;
est aliquid non esse satum Nereide, sed qui
Nereaque et natas et totum temperat aequor."
dixit et haesurum clipei curvamine telum
misit in Aeaciden, quod et aes et proxima rupit
terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum est.
excutit hoc heros rursusque trementia forti
tela manu torsit: rursus sine vulnere corpus
sincerumque fuit; nec tertia cuspis apertum
et se praebentem valuit destringere Cygnum.
haut secus exarsit, quam circo taurus aperto,

the battle's press either Cygnus or Hector, he met with Cygnus. (Hector's fate had been postponed until the tenth year.) Then Achilles, shouting to his horses whose snowy necks were straining at the yoke, drove his chariot full at the enemy and, brandishing his spear with his strong arm, cried: "Whoever you are, O youth, have it for solace of your death that you were slain by Achilles of Thessaly." So spoke Aeacides. His heavy spear followed on the word; but, although there was no swerving in the well-aimed spear, the flying weapon struck with its sharp point without effect, and only bruised his breast as by a blunt stroke. Then Cygnus said: "O son of Thetis, for rumour has already made you known to me, why do you marvel that I am unscathed?" for he was amazed. "Neither this helmet which you behold, yellow with its horse-hair crest, nor yet this hollow shield which burdens my left arm is intended for a protection; 'tis ornament that is sought from them. Mars, too, for this cause, wears his armour. Remove the protection of this covering: still shall I escape unharmed. It is something to be the son, not of Nereus' daughter, but of him who rules both Nereus and his daughters and the whole sea besides." He spoke and hurled against Acacides his spear, destined only to stick in the curving shield. Through brass and through nine layers of bull's hide it tore its way, but stopped upon the tenth. Shaking the weapon off, the hero again hurled a quivering spear with his strong hand. Again his foeman's body was unwounded and unharmed; nor did a third spear avail to scratch Cygnus, though he offered his body quite unprotected. Achilles raged at this just like a bull in the broad arena when with his deadly horns he rushes on the scarlet cloak, the object of his

cum sua terribili petit inritamina cornu,
poeniceas vestes, elusaque vulnera sentit;
num tamen exciderit ferrum considerat hastae:
haerebat ligno. "manus est mea debilis ergo,
quasque" ait "ante habuit vires, effudit in uno?
nam certe valuit, vel cum Lyrnesia primus
moenia dederi, vel cum Tenedonque suoque
Ectioneas implevi sanguine Thebas,
vel cum purpureus populari caede Caicus
fluxit, opusque meae bis sensit Telephus hastae.
hic quoque tot caesis, quorum per litus acervos
et feci et video, valuit mea dextra valetque."
dixit et, ante actis veluti male crederet, hastam
misit in adversum Lycia de plebe Menoeten
loricamque simul subiectaque pectora rupit.
quo plangente gravem moribundo vertice terram
extrahit illud idem calido de vulnere telum
atque ait: "haec manus est, haec, qua modo vicimus, hasta:
utar in hoc isdem; sit in hoc, precor, exitus idem!"
sic fatus Cygnum repetit, nec fraxinus errat
inque umero sonuit non evitata sinistro,
inde velut muro solidaque a cute repulsa est;
qua tamen ictus erat, signatum sanguine Cygnum
viderat et frustra fuerat gavisus Achilles:
vulnus erat nullum, sanguis fuit ille Menoetae!
tum vero praeceps curru fremebundus ab alto
desilit et nitido securum comminus hostem
ense petens parmam gladio galeamque cavari
cernit, at in duro laedi quoque corpore ferrum.

wrath, and finds it ever eluding his fierce attack. He examined the spear to see if the iron point had not been dislodged. It was still on the wooden shaft. "Is my hand then so weak," he said, "and has the strength, which it once had, ebbed away in this case alone? For surely I had strength enough when I as leader of the attack overthrew Lyrnesus' walls, or when I caused Tenedos and Thebes, the city of Eetion, to flow with their own blood, when the Caïcus ran red with the slaughter of its neighbouring tribes, and when Telephus twice felt the strength of my spear. On this field also, with so many slain, heaps of whose corpses upon the shore I have both made and see, my right hand has been mighty and still is mighty." He spoke and, as if he distrusted his former prowess, he hurled the spear full at Menoetes, one of the Lycian commons, and smote clean through his breastplate and his breast beneath. As his dying victim fell clanging down head first upon the solid earth, Achilles plucked out the spear from the hot wound and cried: "This is the hand, this the spear with which I have just conquered. I likewise shall use it on this foeman, and may the outcome be the same on him, I pray." So saying, he hurled again at Cygnus, and the ashen spear went straight and struck, unshunned, with a thud upon the left shoulder, whence it rebounded as from a wall or from a solid cliff. Yet where the spear struck, Achilles saw Cygnus marked with blood, and rejoiced, but vainly: there was no wound; it was Menoetes' blood! Then truly in headlong rage he leaped down from his lofty chariot and, seeking his invulnerable foe in close conflict with his gleaming sword, he saw both shield and helmet pierced through, but on the unyielding body his sword was even blunted. The

haut tulit ulterius clipeoque adversa retecti
ter quater ora viri, capulo cava tempora pulsat
cedentique sequens instat turbatque ruitque
attonitoque negat requiem : pavor occupat illum,
ante oculosque natant tenebrae retroque ferenti
aversos passus medio lapis obstitit arvo;
quem super inpulsum resupino corpore Cygnum
vi multa vertit terraeque adflixit Achilles.
tum clipeo genibusque premens praecordia duris
vincla trahit galeae, quae presso subdita mento
elidunt fauces et respiramen utrumque
eripiunt animae. victum spoliare parabat :
arma relicta videt ; corpus deus aequoris album
contulit in volucrem, cuius modo nomen habebat.

Hic labor, haec requiem multorum pugna dierum
attulit et positis pars utraque substitit armis.
dumque vigil Phrygios servat custodia muros,
et vigil Argolicas servat custodia fossas,
festa dies aderat, qua Cygni victor Achilles
Pallada mactatae placabat sanguine vaccae ;
cuius ut inposuit prosecta calentibus aris,
et dis acceptus penetravit in aethera nidor,
sacra tulere suam, pars est data cetera mensis.
discubuere toris proceres et corpora tosta
carne replent vinoque levant curasque sitimque.
non illos citharae, non illos carmina vocum
longave multifori delectat tibia buxi,
sed noctem sermone trahunt, virtusque loquendi

hero could brook no more, but with shield and sword-hilt again and again he beat upon the face and hollow temples of his uncovered foe. As one gives way the other presses on, buffets and rushes him, gives him no pause to recover from the shock. Fear gets hold on Cygnus; dark shadows float before his eyes, and as he steps backward a stone lying on the plain blocks his way. As he lies with bent body pressed back upon this, Achilles whirls him with mighty force and dashes him to the earth. Then, pressing with buckler and hard knees upon his breast, he unlaces his helmet-thongs. With these applied beneath his chin he chokes his throat and cuts off the passage of his breath. He prepares to strip his conquered foe: he sees the armour empty; for the sea-god has changed the body into the white bird whose name he lately bore.

This struggle, this battle, brought a truce of many days, and each side laid its weapons down and rested. And while a watchful guard was patrolling the Phrygian walls and a watchful guard patrolled the trenches of the Greeks, there came a festal day when Cygnus' conqueror, Achilles, was sacrificing to Pallas with blood of a slain heifer. When now the entrails had been placed upon the blazing altars and the odour which gods love had ascended to the skies, the holy beings received their share and the rest was set upon the tables. The chiefs reclined upon the couches and ate their fill of the roasted flesh while they relieved their cares and quenched their thirst with wine. Nor were they entertained by sound of cithern, nor by the voice of song, nor by the long flute of boxwood pierced with many holes; but they drew out the night in talk, and valour was the theme of their conversation. Of battles was their talk, the

materia est: pugnas referunt hostisque suasque,
inque vices adita atque exhausta pericula saepe
commemorare iuvat; quid enim loqueretur Achilles,
aut quid apud magnum potius loquerentur Achillem?
proxima praecipue domito victoria Cygno
in sermone fuit: visum mirabile cunctis,
quod iuveni corpus nullo penetrabile telo
invictumque a vulnere erat ferrumque terebat.
hoc ipse Aeacides, hoc mirabantur Achivi,
cum sic Nestor ait: "vestro fuit unicus aevo
contemptor ferri nulloque forabilis ictu
Cygnus. at ipse olim patientem vulnera mille
corpore non laeso Perrhaebum Caenea vidi,
Caenea Perrhaebum, qui factis inclitus Othryn
incoluit, quoque id mirum magis esset in illo,
femina natus erat." monstri novitate moventur
quisquis adest, narretque rogant: quos inter Achilles:
"dic age! nam cunctis eadem est audire voluntas,
o facunde senex, aevi prudentia nostri,
quis fuerit Caeneus, cur in contraria versus,
qua tibi militia, cuius certamine pugnae
cognitus, a quo sit victus, si victus ab ullo est."
tum senior: "quamvis obstet mihi tarda vetustas,
multaque me fugiant primis spectata sub annis,
plura tamen memini. nec quae magis haereat ulla
pectore res nostro est inter bellique domique
acta tot, ac si quem potuit spatiosa senectus
spectatorem operum multorum reddere, vixi
annos bis centum; nunc tertia vivitur aetas.
"Clara decore fuit proles Elateia Caenis,

enemy's and their own, and 'twas joy to tell over and over again in turn the perils they had encountered and endured. For of what else should Achilles speak, or of what else should others speak in great Achilles' presence? Especially did the talk turn on Achilles' last victory and Cygnus' overthrow. It seemed a marvel to them all that a youth should have a body which no spear could penetrate, invulnerable, which blunted the sword's edge. Aeacides himself and the Greeks were wondering at this, when Nestor said: "In this your generation there has been one only, Cygnus, who could scorn the sword, whom no stroke could pierce; but I myself long ago saw one who could bear a thousand strokes with body unharmed, Thessalian Caeneus: Caeneus of Thessaly, I say, who once dwelt on Mount Othrys, famed for his mighty deeds; and to enhance the marvel of him, he had been born a woman." All who heard were struck with wonder at this marvel and begged him to tell the tale. Among the rest Achilles said: "Tell on, old man, eloquent wisdom of our age, for all of us alike desire to hear, who was this Caeneus, why was he changed in sex, in what campaign did you know him and fighting against whom; by whom he was conquered if he was conquered by anyone." Then said the old man: "Though time has blurred my memory, though many things which I saw in my young years have quite gone from me, still can I remember much; nor is there anything, midst so many deeds of war and peace, that clings more firmly in my memory than this. And, if long-extended age could have made anyone an observer of many deeds, I have lived for two centuries and now am living in my third.

"Famous for beauty was Elatus' daughter, Caenis,

Thessalidum virgo pulcherrima, perque propinquas
perque tuas urbes (tibi enim popularis, Achille),
multorumque fuit spes invidiosa procorum.
temptasset Peleus thalamos quoque forsitan illos:
sed iam aut contigerant illi conubia matris
aut fuerant promissa tuae, nec Caenis in ullos
denupsit thalamos secretaque litora carpens
aequorei vim passa dei est (ita fama ferebat),
utque novae Veneris Neptunus gaudia cepit,
'sint tua vota licet' dixit 'secura repulsae:
elige, quid voveas!' (eadem hoc quoque fama ferebat)
'magnum' Caenis ait 'facit haec iniuria votum,
tale pati nil posse; mihi da, femina ne sim:
omnia praestiteris.' graviore novissima dixit
verba sono poteratque viri vox illa videri,
sicut erat; nam iam voto deus aequoris alti
adnuerat dederatque super, nec saucius ullis
vulneribus fieri ferrove occumbere posset.
munere laetus abit studiisque virilibus aevum
exigit Atracides Peneiaque arva pererrat.

"Duxerat Hippodamen audaci Ixione natus
nubigenasque feros positis ex ordine mensis
arboribus tecto discumbere iusserat antro.
Haemonii proceres aderant, aderamus et ipsi,
festaque confusa resonabat regia turba.
ecce canunt Hymenaeon, et ignibus atria fumant,
cinctaque adest virgo matrum nuruumque caterva,

most lovely of all the maids of Thessaly, both throughout the neighbouring cities and your own (for she was of your city, Achilles), and she was the longed-for hope of many suitors. Peleus, too, perchance, would have tried to win her; but he had either already wed your mother or she was promised to him. And Caenis would not consent to any marriage; but, so report had it, while walking along a lonely shore she was ravished by the god of the sea. When Neptune had tasted the joys of his new love, he said: 'Make now your prayers without fear of refusal. Choose what you most desire.' This, also, was a part of the same report. Then Caenis said: 'The wrong that you have done me calls for a mighty prayer, the prayer that I may never again be able to suffer so. Grant me that I be not woman: then you will have granted all.' She spoke the last words with a deeper tone which could well seem to be uttered by a man. And so it was; for already the god of the deep ocean had assented to her prayer, and had granted her besides that she should be proof against any wounds and should never fall before any sword. Atracides[1] went away rejoicing in his gift, spent his years in manly exercises, and ranged the fields of Thessaly.

"Bold Ixion's son[2] had wed Hippodame and had invited the cloud-born centaurs to recline at the tables, set in order in a well-shaded grotto. The Thessalian chiefs were there and I myself was there. The palace, in festal array, resounded with the noisy throng. Behold, they were singing the nuptial song, the great hall smoked with the fires, and in came the maiden escorted by a throng of matrons and young wives, herself of surpassing beauty. We congratu-

[1] *i.e.* the Thessalian, Caeneus, the transformed Caenis.
[2] Pirithoüs.

praesignis facie ; felicem diximus illa
coniuge Pirithoum, quod paene fefellimus omen.
nam tibi, saevorum saevissime Centaurorum,
Euryte, quam vino pectus, tam virgine visa
ardet, et ebrietas geminata libidine regnat.
protinus eversae turbant convivia mensae,
raptaturque comis per vim nova nupta prehensis.
Eurytus Hippodamen, alii, quam quisque probabant
aut poterant, rapiunt, captaeque erat urbis imago.
femineo clamore sonat domus : ocius omnes
surgimus, et primus ' quae te vecordia,' Theseus
' Euryte, pulsat,' ait, ' qui me vivente lacessas
Pirithoum violesque duos ignarus in uno ? '
[neve ea magnanimus frustra memoraverit ore,
submovet instantes raptamque furentibus aufert.]
ille nihil contra, (neque enim defendere verbis
talia facta potest) sed vindicis ora protervis
insequitur manibus generosaque pectora pulsat.
forte fuit iuxta signis exstantibus asper
antiquus crater ; quem surgens vastior ipse
sustulit Aegides adversaque misit in ora :
sanguinis ille globos pariter cerebrumque merumque
vulnere et ore vomens madida resupinus harena
calcitrat. ardescunt germani caede bimembres
certatimque omnes uno ore ' arma, arma ' loquuntur.
vina dabant animos, et prima pocula pugna
missa volant fragilesque cadi curvique lebetes,
res epulis quondam, tum bello et caedibus aptae.

lated Pirithoüs upon his bride, an act which all but undid the good omen of the wedding. For your heart, Eurytus, wildest of the wild centaurs, was inflamed as well by the sight of the maiden as with wine, and it was swayed by drunken passion redoubled by lust. Straightway the tables were overturned and the banquet in an uproar, and the bride was caught by her hair and dragged violently away. Eurytus caught up Hippodame, and others, each took one for himself according as he fancied or as he could, and the scene looked like the sacking of a town. The whole house resounded with the women's shrieks. Quickly we all sprang up and Theseus first cried out: 'What madness, Eurytus, drives you to this, that while I still live you dare provoke Pirithoüs and, not knowing what you do, attack two men in one?' The great-souled hero, that he might justify his threat, thrust aside the opposing centaurs and rescued the ravished maid from their mad hands. The other made no reply, for with words he could not defend such deeds; but with unruly hands he rushed upon the avenger and beat upon his face and noble breast. There chanced to stand near by an antique mixing-vat, rough with high-wrought figures; this, Theseus, rising to his fullest height, himself caught up and hurled full into the other's face. He, spouting forth gouts of blood along with brains and wine from wound and mouth alike, stumbled backward upon the reeking ground. His twi-formed brothers, inflamed with passion at his death, cried all with one accord, 'To arms! to arms!' vying with one another. Wine gave them courage, and in the first onslaught wine-cups and brittle flasks went flying through the air, and deep rounded basins, utensils once meant for use of feasting, but now for war and slaughter.

" Primus Ophionides Amycus penetralia donis
haut timuit spoliare suis et primus ab aede
lampadibus densum rapuit funale coruscis
elatumque alte, veluti qui candida tauri
rumpere sacrifica molitur colla securi,
inlisit fronti Lapithae Celadontis et ossa
non cognoscendo confusa relinquit in ore.
exsiluere oculi, disiectisque ossibus oris
acta retro naris medioque est fixa palato.
hunc pede convulso mensae Pellaeus acernae
stravit humi Pelates deiecto in pectora mento
cumque atro mixtos sputantem sanguine dentes
vulnere Tartareas geminato mittit ad umbras.
" Proximus ut steterat spectans altaria vultu
fumida terribili ' cur non ' ait ' utimur istis ? '
cumque suis Gryneus inmanem sustulit aram
ignibus et medium Lapitharum iecit in agmen
depressitque duos, Brotean et Orion : Orio
mater erat Mycale, quam deduxisse canendo
saepe reluctantis constabat cornua lunae.
' non impune feres, teli modo copia detur ! '
dixerat Exadius telique habet instar, in alta
quae fuerant pinu votivi cornua cervi.
figitur hinc duplici Gryneus in lumina ramo
eruiturque oculos, quorum pars cornibus haeret,
pars fluit in barbam concretaque sanguine pendet.
" Ecce rapit mediis flagrantem Rhoetus ab aris
pruniceum torrem dextraque a parte Charaxi
tempora perstringit fulvo protecta capillo.
correpti rapida, veluti seges arida, flamma

"First Amycus, Ophion's son, scrupled not to rob the inner sanctuary of its gifts, and first snatched from the shrine a chandelier thick hung with glittering lamps. This, lifted on high, as when one strives to break a bull's white neck with sacrificial axe, he dashed full at the head of Celadon, one of the Lapithae, crushing his face past recognition. His eyes leaped from their sockets, the bones of his face were shattered, and his nose driven back and fastened in his throat. But Pelates of Pella, wrenching off the leg of a table of maple-wood, hurled Amycus to the ground, his chin driven into his breast; and, as he spat forth dark blood and teeth commingled, his enemy with a second blow dispatched him to the shades of Tartarus.

"Then Gryneus, gazing with wild eyes upon the smoking altar near which he stood, cried out, 'Why not use this?' and, catching up the huge altar, fire and all, he hurled it amidst a throng of Lapithae and crushed down two, Broteas and Orios. Now Orios' mother was Mycale, who, men said, had by her incantations oft-times drawn down the horns of the moon, despite her struggles. 'You shall not escape unscathed, if I may but lay hand upon a weapon.' So cried Exadius, and found for weapon the antlers of a stag hung on a tall pine-tree as a votive offering. Gryneus' eyes were pierced by the double branching horns and his eyeballs gouged out. One of these stuck to the horn and the other rolled down upon his beard and hung there in a mass of clotted blood.

"Then Rhoetus caught up a blazing brand of plum-wood from the altar and, whirling it on the right, smashed through Charaxus' temples covered with yellow hair. The hair, caught by the greedy flames, burned fiercely, like a dry field of grain, and the blood

arserunt crines, et vulnere sanguis inustus
terribilem stridore sonum dedit, ut dare ferrum
igne rubens plerumque solet, quod forcipe curva
cum faber eduxit, lacubus demittit: at illud
stridet et in tepida submersum sibilat unda.
saucius hirsutis avidum de crinibus ignem
excutit inque umeros limen tellure revulsum
tollit, onus plaustri, quod ne permittat in hostem,
ipsa facit gravitas: socium quoque saxea moles
oppressit spatio stantem propiore Cometen.
gaudia nec retinet Rhoetus: 'sic, conprecor,' inquit
'cetera sit fortis castrorum turba tuorum!'
semiermoque novat repetitum stipite vulnus
terque quaterque gravi iuncturas verticis ictu
rupit, et in liquido sederunt ossa cerebro.
"Victor ad Euagrum Corythumque Dryantaque
transit; •
e quibus ut prima tectus lanugine malas
procubuit Corythus, 'puero quae gloria fuso
parta tibi est?' Euagrus ait, nec dicere Rhoetus
plura sinit rutilasque ferox in aperta loquentis
condidit ora viri perque os in pectora flammas
te quoque, saeve Drya, circum caput igne rotato
insequitur, sed non in te quoque constitit idem
exitus: adsiduae successu caedis ovantem,
qua iuncta est umero cervix, sude figis obusta.
ingemuit duroque sudem vix osse revulsit
Rhoetus et ipse suo madefactus sanguine fugit.
fugit et Oraeus Lycabasque et saucius armo

scorching in the wound gave forth a horrid sizzling sound; such as a bar of iron, glowing red in the fire, gives when the smith takes it out in his bent pincers and plunges it into a tub of water; it sizzles and hisses as it is thrust into the tepid pool. The wounded man shook off the greedy fire from his shaggy locks, then tore up from the ground and heaved upon his shoulders a threshold-stone, a weight for a team of oxen. But its very weight prevented him from hurling it to reach his enemy. The massive stone, however, did reach Charaxus' friend, Cometes, who stood a little nearer, and crushed him to the ground. At this Rhoetus could not contain his joy and said: 'So, I pray, may the rest of the throng on your side be brave!' and he redoubled his attack with the half-burned brand, and with heavy blows thrice and again he broke through the joinings of his skull until the bones sank down into his fluid brains.

"The victor next turned against Euagrus, Corythus, and Dryas. When one of these, young Corythus, whose first downy beard was just covering his cheeks, fell forward, Euagrus cried: 'What glory do you get from slaying a mere boy?' Rhoetus gave him no chance to say more, but fiercely thrust the red, flaming brand into the man's mouth while still open in speech, and through his mouth clear down into his breast. You also, savage Dryas, he pursued, whirling the brand about his head; but his attack upon you did not have the same result. As he came on, rejoicing in his successive killings, with a charred stake you thrust him through where neck and shoulder join. Rhoetus groaned aloud, with a mighty effort wrenched the stake out from the hard bone, and then fled, reeking with his own blood. Orneus also fled and Lycabas and Medon, wounded in his right shoulder,

dexteriore Medon et cum Pisenore Thaumas,
quique pedum nuper certamine vicerat omnes
Mermeros, accepto tum vulnere tardius ibat;
et Pholus et Melaneus et Abas praedator aprorum,
quique suis frustra bellum dissuaserat augur
Asbolus: ille etiam metuenti vulnera Nesso
'ne fuge! ad Herculeos' inquit 'servaberis arcus.'
at non Eurynomus Lycidasque et Areos et Imbreus
effugere necem; quos omnes dextra Dryantis
perculit adversos. adversum tu quoque, quamvis
terga fugae dederas, vulnus, Crenaee, tulisti:
nam grave respiciens inter duo lumina ferrum,
qua naris fronti committitur, accipis, imae.

"In tanto fremitu cunctis sine fine iacebat
sopitus venis et inexperrectus Aphidas
languentique manu carchesia mixta tenebat,
fusus in Ossaeae villosis pellibus ursae;
quem procul ut vidit frustra nulla arma moventem,
inserit amento digitos 'miscenda' que dixit
'cum Styge vina bibes' Phorbas; nec plura moratus
in iuvenem torsit iaculum, ferrataque collo
fraxinus, ut casu iacuit resupinus, adacta est.
mors caruit sensu, plenoque e gutture fluxit
inque toros inque ipsa niger carchesia sanguis.

"Vidi ego Petraeum conantem tollere terra
glandiferam quercum; quam dum conplexibus ambit
et quatit huc illuc labefactaque robora iactat,
lancea Pirithoi costis immissa Petraei
pectora cum duro luctantia robore fixit.

and Thaumas and Pisenor; and Mermeros, who but lately had surpassed all in speed of foot, now fared more slowly because of the wound he had received; Pholus also fled and Melaneus and Abas, hunter of the boar, and Asbolus, the augur, who had in vain attempted to dissuade his friends from battle. He said to Nessus, who also fled with him in fear of wounds: 'Do not you flee; you will be reserved for the bow of Hercules.' But Eurynomus and Lycidas, Areos and Imbreus did not escape death; for all these the right hand of Dryas slew as they fought fronting him. In front you, also, Crenaeus, received your wound, although you had turned in flight; for, as you looked back, you received a heavy javelin between the eyes where nose and forehead join.

"Midst all this uproar Aphidas lay, buried in endless sleep which filled all his veins, unawakened, still holding his cup full of mixed wine in his sluggish hand and stretched at full length upon an Ossaean bear's shaggy skin. Him, all in vain striking no blow, Phorbas spied at a distance and, fitting his fingers in the thong of his javelin, cried out: 'Mingle your wine with the Styx and drink it there.' Straightway he hurled his javelin at the youth, and the iron-tipped ash was driven through his neck as he chanced to lie with head thrown back. He was not conscious of death, and from his full throat out upon the couch and into the very wine-cup the dark blood flowed.

"I saw Petraeus striving to tear from the earth an acorn-laden oak. While he held this in both his arms, bending it this way and that, and just as he was wrenching forth the loosened trunk, Pirithoüs hurled a spear right through his ribs and pinned his writhing body to the hard oak. They say that Lycus

Pirithoi cecidisse Lycum virtute ferebant,
Pirithoi virtute Chromin, sed uterque minorem
victori titulum quam Dictys Helopsque dederunt,
fixus Helops iaculo, quod pervia tempora fecit
et missum a dextra laevam penetravit ad aurem,
Dictys ab ancipiti delapsus acumine montis,
dum fugit instantem trepidans Ixione natum,
decidit in praeceps et pondere corporis ornum
ingentem fregit suaque induit ilia fractae.
"Ultor adest Aphareus saxumque e monte revulsum
mittere conatur; mittentem stipite querno
occupat Aegides cubitique ingentia frangit
ossa nec ulterius dare corpus inutile leto
aut vacat aut curat tergoque Bienoris alti
insilit, haut solito quemquam portare nisi ipsum,
opposuitque genu costis prensamque sinistra
caesariem retinens vultum minitantiaque ora
robore nodoso praeduraque tempora fregit.
robore Nedymnum iaculatoremque Lycopen
sternit et inmissa protectum pectora barba
Hippason et summis exstantem Riphea silvis
Thereaque, Haemoniis qui prensos montibus ursos
ferre domum vivos indignantesque solebat.
haut tulit utentem pugnae successibus ultra
Thesea Demoleon: solido divellere dumo
annosam pinum magno molimine temptat;
quod quia non potuit, praefractam misit in hostem,
sed procul a telo Theseus veniente recessit
Pallados admonitu: credi sic ipse volebat.

fell by the might of Pirithoüs; by the might of Pirithoüs, Chromis. But Dictys and Helops gave greater fame to the conqueror than either of these. Helops was thrust through by a javelin which passed through his temples and, hurled from the right, pierced to his left ear. Dictys, while fleeing in desperate haste from Ixion's son who pressed him hard, stumbled on the edge of a steep precipice and, falling headlong, crashed into a huge ash-tree's top with all his weight and impaled his body on the broken spikes.

"Aphareus, at hand to avenge him, essays to hurl a rock torn from the mountain-side; but, even as he hurled it, the son of Aegeus caught him with an oaken club and broke the great bones of his elbow-joint. Having no time nor care to inflict further injury on his maimed body, he sprang on tall Bienor's back, that never before had carried any but himself; and, pressing his knees into the centaur's sides and with his left hand clutching his flowing locks, he crushed face and mouth, screaming out threatenings, and hard temples with his knotty club. With the club he slew Nedymnus and Lycopes, famed for the javelin throw, Hippasos, his breast covered by his flowing beard, and Ripheus, who overtopped the trees in height; Thereus as well, who used to catch bears upon the Thessalian mountains and carry them home alive and struggling. Demoleon could no longer brook Theseus' unchecked success. He had been wrenching away with all his might at an old pine, trying to tear it up, trunk and all; failing in this, he broke it off and hurled it at his foe. But Theseus, seeing the weapon coming, withdrew beyond its range, for so had Pallas directed him; at least that is what he himself would have us understand.

non tamen arbor iners cecidit ; nam Crantoris alti
abscidit iugulo pectusque umerumque sinistrum :
armiger ille tui fuerat genitoris, Achille,
quem Dolopum rector, bello superatus, Amyntor
Aeacidae dederat pacis pignusque fidemque.
Hunc procul ut foedo disiectum vulnere Peleus
vidit, 'at inferias, iuvenum gratissime Crantor,
accipe' ait validoque in Demoleonta lacerto
fraxineam misit, mentis quoque viribus, hastam,
quae laterum cratem praerupit et ossibus haerens
intremuit : trahit ille manu sine cuspide lignum
(id quoque vix sequitur), cuspis pulmone retenta est ;
ipse dolor vires animo dabat : aeger in hostem
erigitur pedibusque virum proculcat equinis.
excipit ille ictus galea clipeoque sonanti
defensatque umeros praetentaque sustinet arma
perque armos uno duo pectora perforat ictu.
ante tamen leto dederat Phlegraeon et Hylen
eminus, Iphinoum conlato Marte Claninque ;
additur his Dorylas, qui tempora tecta gerebat
pelle lupi saevique vicem praestantia teli
cornua vara boum multo rubefacta cruore.

" Huic ego (nam viris animus dabat) 'aspice,' dixi
'quantum concedant nostro tua cornua ferro'
et iaculum torsi : quod cum vitare nequiret,
opposuit dextram passurae vulnera fronti :
adfixa est cum fronte manus ; fit clamor, at illum

But the tree-trunk did not fall without effect, for it shore off tall Crantor's breast and left shoulder from the neck. He had been your father's armour-bearer, Achilles, whom Amyntor, king of the Dolopians, when overcome in war had given to Aeacides as a faithful pledge of peace. When Peleus at some space away saw him so horribly dismembered, he cried: 'At least receive a funeral offering, Crantor, dearest of youths.' So saying, with his sturdy arm and with all his might of soul as well, he hurled his ashen spear at Demoleon; and this burst through his framework of ribs and hung there quivering in the bones. Without the head the centaur wrenched out the wooden shaft (even the shaft scarce yields); the head stuck fast within his lungs. His very anguish gave him frantic courage: wounded as he was, he reared up against his foe and beat the hero down with his hoofs. But Peleus received the blows on helm and resounding shield and, while protecting himself, he held his own weapon ready. With this he thrust the centaur through the shoulder, with one blow piercing his two breasts.[1] Before this encounter Peleus had already slain Phlegraeos and Hyles, hurling from a distance, and, in close conflict, Iphinoüs and Clanis. To these he now added Dorylas, who wore a cap of wolf's hide on his head and, in place of deadly spear, a notable pair of curving bull's horns, reeking red with blood.

"To him (for my courage gave me strength) I cried: 'See now how little your horns avail against my spear'; and I hurled the spear. Since he could not dodge this, he threw up his right hand to protect his forehead from the wound. And there his hand was pinned against his forehead. A mighty shout

[1] *i.e.* where horse-form and man-form meet.

haerentem Peleus et acerbo vulnere victum
(stabat enim propior) mediam ferit ense sub alvum.
prosiluit terraque ferox sua viscera traxit
tractaque calcavit calcataque rupit et illis
crura quoque impediit et inani concidit alvo.

" Nec te pugnantem tua, Cyllare, forma redemit,
si modo naturae formam concedimus illi.
barba erat incipiens, barbae color aureus, aurea
ex umeris medios coma dependebat in armos.
gratus in ore vigor ; cervix umerique manusque
pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis,
et quacumque vir est ; nec equi mendosa sub illo
deteriorque viro facies ; da colla caputque,
Castore dignus erit : sic tergum sessile, sic sunt
pectora celsa toris. totus pice nigrior atra,
candida cauda tamen ; color est quoque cruribus albus.
multae illum petiere sua de gente, sed una
abstulit Hylonome, qua nulla decentior inter
semiferos altis habitavit femina silvis ;
haec et blanditiis et amando et amare fatendo
Cyllaron una tenet, cultu quoque, quantus in illis
esse potest membris, ut sit coma pectine levis,
ut modo rore maris, modo se violave rosave
implicet, interdum candentia lilia gestet,
bisque die lapsis Pagasaeae vertice silvae
fontibus ora lavet, bis flumine corpora tinguat,
nec nisi quae deceant electarumque ferarum
aut umero aut lateri praetendat vellera laevo.

arose, but Peleus, for he was near him, while the centaur stood pinned and helpless with that sore wound, smote him with his sword full in the belly. He leaped fiercely forward, trailing his entrails on the ground; and as he trailed he trod upon them and burst them as he trod, tangled his legs in them, and fell with empty belly to the earth.

"But your beauty, Cyllarus, did not save you from death in that great fight, if indeed we grant beauty to your tribe. His beard was just in its first growth, a golden beard, and golden locks fell down from his neck upon his shoulders. He had a pleasing sprightliness of face; and his neck, shoulders, breast, and hands, and all his human parts you would praise as equal to an artist's perfect work. His equine part, too, was without blemish, no way less perfect than his human part. Give him but neck and head, and he will be worthy of Castor's use: so shaped for the seat his back, so bold stood out the muscles on his deep chest. All blacker than pitch he was; yet his tail was white; his legs also were snowy white. Many females of his own kind sought him, but Hylonome alone had won him, than whom there was no other centaur-maid more comely in all the forest depths. She, by her coaxing ways, by loving and confessing love, alone possessed Cyllarus; and by her toilet, too, so far as such a thing was possible to such a form; for now she smoothed her long locks with a comb, now twined rosemary, now violets or roses in her hair, and sometimes she wore white lilies. Twice each day she bathed her face in the brook that fell down from a wooded height by Pagasa, and twice dipped her body in the stream. Nor would she wear on shoulder or left side aught but becoming garments, skins of well-chosen beasts. They both felt equal love.

par amor est illis : errant in montibus una,
antra simul subeunt ; et tum Lapitheia tecta
intrarant pariter, pariter fera bella gerebant :
(auctor in incerto est) iaculum de parte sinistra
venit et inferius, quam collo pectora subsunt,
Cyllare, te fixit ; parvo cor vulnere laesum
corpore cum toto post tela educta refrixit.
protinus Hylonome morientes excipit artus
inpositaque manu vulnus fovet oraque ad ora
admovet atque animae fugienti obsistere temptat ;
ut videt exstinctum, dictis, quae clamor ad aures
arcuit ire meas, telo, quod inhaeserat illi,
incubuit moriensque suum complexa maritum est.

" Ante oculos stat et ille meos, qui sena leonum
vinxerat inter se conexis vellera nodis,
Phaeocomes, hominemque simul protectus equumque ;
codice qui misso, quem vix iuga bina moverent,
Tectaphon Oleniden a summo vertice fregit ;
fracta volubilitas capitis latissima, perque os
perque cavas nares oculosque auresque cerebrum
molle fluit, veluti concretum vimine querno
lac solet utve liquor rari sub pondere cribri
manat et exprimitur per densa foramina spissus.
ast ego, dum parat hic armis nudare iacentem,
(scit tuus hoc genitor) gladium spoliantis in ima
ilia demisi. Chthonius quoque Teleboasque
ense iacent nostro : ramum prior ille bifurcum

Together they would wander on the mountain-sides, together rest within the caves. On this occasion also they had come together to the palace of the Lapithae, and were waging fierce battle side by side. Thrown from an unknown hand, a javelin came from the left and pierced you, Cyllarus, below where the chest rises to the neck. The heart, though but slightly wounded, grew cold and the whole body also after the weapon had been drawn out. Straightway Hylonome embraced the dying body, fondled the wound with her hand and, placing her lips upon his lips, strove to hold from its passing the dying breath. But when she saw that he was dead, with some words which the surrounding uproar prevented me from hearing, she threw herself upon the spear which had pierced Cyllarus and fell in a dying embrace upon her lover.

"Still there stands clear before my eyes one who had with knotted thongs bound together six lion-hides, Phaeocomes, thus protecting both man and horse. Hurling a log which two yokes of cattle could scarce move, he struck Tectaphos, the son of Olenus, a crushing blow upon the head. The broad dome of his head was shattered, and through his mouth, through hollow nostrils, eyes, and ears oozed the soft brains, as when curdled milk drips through oaken withes,[1] or a thick liquid mass trickles through a coarse sieve weighted down, and is squeezed out through the crowded apertures. But I, even as he made ready to spoil his fallen victim—your father can testify to this—thrust my sword deep into the spoiler's groin. Chthonius also and Teleboas fell by my sword. The one had carried a forked stick as

[1] Referring to the process of straining curds in cheese-making.

gesserat, hic iaculum; iaculo mihi vulnera fecit:
signa vides! adparet adhuc vetus inde cicatrix.
tunc ego debueram capiendo Pergama mitti;
tum poteram magni, si non superare, morari
Hectoris arma meis! illo sed tempore nullus,
aut puer, Hector erat, nunc me mea deficit aetas.
quid tibi victorem gemini Periphanta Pyraethi,
Ampyca quid referam, qui quadrupedantis Echecli
fixit in adverso cornum sine cuspide vultu?
vecte Pelethronium Macareus in pectus adacto
stravit Erigdupum; memini et venabula condi
inguine Nesseis manibus conlecta Cymeli.
nec tu credideris tantum cecinisse futura
Ampyciden Mopsum: Mopso iaculante biformis
accubuit frustraque loqui temptavit Hodites
ad mentum lingua mentoque ad guttura fixo.
"Quinque neci Caeneus dederat Styphelumque Bromumque
Antimachumque Elymumque securiferumque Pyracmon:
vulnera non memini, numerum nomenque notavi.
provolat Emathii spoliis armatus Halesi,
quem dederat leto, membris et corpore Latreus
maximus: huic aetas inter iuvenemque senemque,
vis iuvenalis erat, variabant tempora cani.
qui clipeo gladioque Macedoniaque sarisa
conspicuus faciemque obversus in agmen utrumque
armaque concussit certumque equitavit in orbem

weapon; the other had a spear, and with this spear he gave me a wound—you see the mark!—the old scar is still visible. Those were the days when I should have been sent to capture Pergama; then with my arms I could have checked, if not surpassed, the arms of Hector. But at that time mighty Hector was either not yet born or was but a little boy; and now old age has sapped my strength. What need to tell you how Periphas overcame the double-formed Pyraethus? Why tell of Ampyx, who with a pointless shaft thrust through the opposing front of the four-footed Echeclus? Macareus hurled a crow-bar at the breast of Pelethronian Erigdupus and laid him low. And I remember also how a hunting spear, thrown by the hand of Nessus, was buried in the groin of Cymelus. Nor must you deem that Mopsus, the son of Ampycus, was only a seer[1] telling what was to come; for by Mopsus' weapon the two-formed Hodites fell, striving in vain to speak, for his tongue had been pinned to his chin and his chin to his throat.

"Caeneus had already put five to death: Styphelus and Bromus, Antimachus and Elymus and Pyracmos, armed with a battle-axe. I do not remember their wounds, but their number and names I marked well. Then forth rushed one, armed with the spoils of Emathian Halesus whom he had slain, Latreus, of enormous bulk of limb and body. His years were midway between youth and age, but his strength was youthful. Upon his temples his hair was turning grey. Conspicuous for his shield and sword and Macedonian lance, and facing either host in turn, he clashed his arms and rode round in a circle, insolently

[1] He did indeed have prophetic powers, but here he is pictured as a mighty warrior.

verbaque tot fudit vacuas animosus in auras:
'et te, Caeni, feram? nam tu mihi femina semper,
tu mihi Caenis eris. nec te natalis origo
commonuit, mentemque subit, quo praemia facto
quaque viri falsam speciem mercede parasti?
vel quid nata, vide, vel quid sis passa, columque,
i, cape cum calathis et stamina pollice torque;
bella relinque viris.' iactanti talia Caeneus
extentum cursu missa latus eruit hasta,
qua vir equo commissus erat. furit ille dolore
nudaque Phyllei iuvenis ferit ora sarisa:
non secus haec resilit, quam tecti a culmine grando,
aut siquis parvo feriat cava tympana saxo.
comminus adgreditur laterique recondere duro
luctatur gladium: gladio loca pervia non sunt.
'haut tamen effugies! medio iugulaberis ense,
quandoquidem mucro est hebes' inquit et in latus ensem
obliquat longaque amplectitur ilia dextra.
plaga facit genitus in corpore marmoris icti,
fractaque dissiluit percusso lammina callo.
ut satis inlaesos miranti praebuit artus,
'nunc age' ait Caeneus 'nostro tua corpora ferro
temptemus!' capuloque tenus demisit in armos
ensem fatiferum caecumque in viscera movit
versavitque manu vulnusque in vulnere fecit.
ecce ruunt vasto rabidi clamore bimembres
telaque in hunc omnes unum mittuntque feruntque.
tela retusa cadunt: manet inperfossus ab omni
inque cruentatus Caeneus Elateius ictu.

pouring out many boasts on the empty air : ' You too, Caenis, shall I brook ? For woman shall you always be to me, Caenis shall you be. Does not your birth remind you, do you not remember for what act you were rewarded, at what price you gained this false appearance of a man ? Heed well what you were born or what you have endured. Go then, take distaff and wool-basket and twist the spun thread with practised thumb ; but leave wars to men.' As he thus boasted, Caeneus, hurling his spear, plowed up the centaur's side stretched in the act of running, just where man and horse were joined. Mad with the pain, the other smote the Phyllcian youth full in the naked face with his long lance ; but this leaped back again like a hailstone from a roof, or a pebble from a hollow drum. Then he closed up and strove to thrust his sword in his unyielding side. The sword found no place of entrance. ' But you shall not escape ! with the sword's edge I'll slay you, though its point be blunt,' the centaur cried ; then turned his sword edgewise and reached with his long right arm for his foeman's loins; the blow resounded on the flesh as if on stricken marble, and the blade, striking the hardened skin, broke into pieces. When long enough he had stood unharmed before his amazed enemy, Caeneus exclaimed : ' Come now, let me try your body with my steel ! ' and clear to the hilt he drove his deadly sword in the other's side, and there in his vitals twisted and turned the buried weapon, inflicting wound within wound. Now, quite beside themselves, the double monsters rushed on with huge uproar, and all together against that single foe they aimed and drove their weapons. The spears fell blunted, and Caeneus, the son of Elatus, still stood, for all their strokes, unwounded and unstained. The

fecerat attonitos nova res. 'heu dedecus ingens!'
Monychus exclamat. 'populus superamur ab uno
vixque viro; quamquam ille vir est, nos segnibus actis,
quod fuit ille, sumus. quid membra inmania prosunt?
quid geminae vires et quod fortissima rerum
in nobis duplex natura animalia iunxit?
nec nos matre dea, nec nos Ixione natos
esse reor, qui tantus erat, Iunonis ut altae
spem caperet: nos semimari superamur ab hoste!
saxa trabesque super totosque involvite montes
vivacemque animam missis elidite silvis!
silva premat fauces, et erit pro vulnere pondus.'
dixit et insanis deiectam viribus austri
forte trabem nactus validum coniecit in hostem
exemplumque fuit, parvoque in tempore nudus
arboris Othrys erat, nec habebat Pelion umbras.
obrutus inmani cumulo sub pondere Caeneus
aestuat arboreo congestaque robora duris
fert umeris, sed enim postquam super ora caputque
crevit onus neque habet, quas ducat, spiritus auras,
deficit interdum, modo se super aera frustra
tollere conatur iactasque evolvere silvas
interdumque movet, veluti, quam cernimus, ecce,
ardua si terrae quatiatur motibus Ide.
exitus in dubio est: alii sub inania corpus
Tartara detrusum silvarum mole ferebant;
abnuit Ampycides medioque ex aggere fulvis
vidit avem pennis liquidas exire sub auras,
quae mihi tum primum, tunc est conspecta supremum.
hanc ubi lustrantem leni sua castra volatu

strange sight struck them speechless. Then Monychus exclaimed: 'Oh, what a shame is this! We, a whole people, are defied by one, and he scarcely a man. And yet he is the man, while we, with our weak attempts, are what he was before. Of what advantage are our monster-forms? What our two-fold strength? What avails it that a double nature has united in our bodies the strongest living things? We are not sons of any goddess nor Ixion's sons, I think. For he was high-souled enough to aspire to be great Juno's mate, while we are conquered by an enemy but half-man! Come then, let us heap stones and tree-trunks on him, mountains at a time! let's crush his stubborn life out with forests for our missiles! Let forests smother his throat, and for wounds let weight suffice.' He spoke and, chancing on a tree-trunk overthrown by mad Auster's might, he hurled it at his sturdy foe. The others followed him; and in short time Othrys was stripped of trees and Pelion had lost his shade. Buried beneath that huge mound, Caeneus heaved against the weight of trees and bore up the oaken mass upon his sturdy shoulders. But indeed, as the burden mounted over lips and head, he could get no air to breathe. Gasping for breath, at times he strove in vain to lift his head into the air and to throw off the heaped-up forest; at times he moved, just as if lofty Ida, which we see yonder, should tremble with an earthquake. His end is doubtful. Some said that his body was thrust down by the weight of woods to the Tartarean pit; but the son of Ampycus denied this. For from the middle of the pile he saw a bird with golden wings fly up into the limpid air. I saw it too, then for the first time and the last. As Mopsus watched him circling round his camp in easy flight

Mopsus et ingenti circum clangore sonantem
adspexit pariterque animis oculisque secutus
'o salve,' dixit 'Lapithaeae gloria gentis,
maxime vir quondam, sed nunc avis unica, Caeneu!'
credita res auctore suo est: dolor addidit iram,
oppressumque aegre tulimus tot ab hostibus unum;
nec prius abstitimus ferro exercere dolorem,
quam data pars leto, partem fuga noxque removit."
Haec inter Lapithas et semihomines Centauros
proelia Tlepolemus Pylio referente dolorem
praeteriti Alcidae tacito non pertulit ore
atque ait: "Herculeae mirum est oblivia laudis
acta tibi, senior; certe mihi saepe referre
nubigenas domitos a se pater esse solebat."
tristis ad haec Pylius: "quid me meminisse malorum
cogis et obductos amnis rescindere luctus
inque tuum genitorem odium offensasque fateri?
ille quidem maiora fide, di! gessit et orbem
inplevit meritis, quod mallem posse negare;
sed neque Deiphobum nec Polydamanta nec ipsum
Hectora laudamus: quis enim laudaverit hostem?
ille tuus genitor Messenia moenia quondam
stravit et inmeritas urbes Elimque Pylumque
diruit inque meos ferrum flammamque penatis
inpulit, utque alios taceam, quos ille peremit,
bis sex Nelidae fuimus, conspecta iuventus,
bis sex Herculeis ceciderunt me minus uno
viribus; atque alios vinci potuisse ferendum est:
mira Periclymeni mors est, cui posse figuras
sumere, quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas

and heard the loud clangour of his wings, he followed him both with soul and eyes and cried: 'All hail, Caeneus, thou glory of the Lapithaean race, once most mighty hero, now sole bird of thy kind!' This story was believed because of him who told it. Then grief increased our wrath and we were indignant that one man should be overwhelmed by so many foes. Nor did we cease to ply sword on behalf of our mad grief till half our foes were slain and flight and darkness saved all the rest."

As Pylian Nestor told this tale of strife betwixt the Lapithae and half-human Centaurs, Tlepolemus could not restrain his resentment that Alcides had been passed by without a word, and said: "Old sir, 'tis strange that you have forgotten to speak in praise of Hercules; for surely my father used often to tell me of the cloud-born[1] creatures he had overcome." And sternly the Pylian answered him: "Why do you force me to remember wrongs, to reopen a grief that was buried by the lapse of years, and to rehearse the injuries that make me hate your father? He has done deeds beyond belief, Heaven knows! and filled the earth with well-earned praise, which I would gladly deny him if I could. But neither Deïphobus nor Polydamas nor even Hector do we praise; for who cares to praise his enemy? That sire of yours once laid low Messene's walls, brought undeserved destruction upon Elis and Pylos, and devastated my own home with fire and sword. To say nothing of the others whom he slew, there were twelve of us sons of Neleus, a noble band of youths; and all twelve, save me alone, fell by Hercules' might. That others could be conquered must be borne; but strange was the death of Periclymenus; for to him

[1] See Index *s.v.* "Centaurs."

Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor.
hic ubi nequiquam est formas variatus in omnes,
vertitur in faciem volucris, quae fulmina curvis
ferre solet pedibus divum gratissima regi;
viribus usus avis pennis rostroque redunco
hamatisque viri laniaverat unguibus ora.
tendit in hanc nimium certos Tirynthius arcus
atque inter nubes sublimia membra ferentem
pendentemque ferit, lateri qua iungitur ala;
nec grave vulnus erat, sed rupti vulnere nervi
deficiunt motumque negant viresque volandi.
decidit in terram, non concipientibus auras
infirmis pennis, et qua levis haeserat alae
corporis adfixi pressa est gravitate sagitta
perque latus summum iugulo est exacta sinistro.
nunc videor debere tui praeconia rebus
Herculis, o Rhodiae ductor pulcherrime classis?
nec tamen ulterius, quam fortia facta silendo
ulciscor fratres: solida est mihi gratia tecum."

Haec postquam dulci Neleius edidit ore,
a sermone senis repetito munere Bacchi
surrexere toris: nox est data cetera somno.

At deus, aequoreas qui cuspide temperat undas,
in volucrem corpus nati Phaethontida versum
mente dolet patria saevumque perosus Achillem
exercet memores plus quam civiliter iras.
iamque fere tracto duo per quinquennia bello

Neptune, father of Neleus, had given power to assume any form he pleased and to put it off again at will. When now he had vainly changed to each of his forms in turn, he took the form of the bird which carries the thunderbolts in his hooked talons, a bird most dear to the king of the gods. With all his might of wings, of curved beak and hooked claws, he had torn the hero's face. Then the Tirynthian aimed his too unerring bow at him as he bore his body high into the clouds and hung poised there, and smote him where wing joins side. The wound was not severe; but the sinews severed by the wound failed of their office and refused motion and power of flight. Down to the earth he fell, his weakened wings no longer catching the air; and the arrow, where it had lightly pierced the wing, pressed by the weight of the body in which it hung, was driven clear through the upper breast from the left side into the throat. And now, O fairest leader of the Rhodian fleet, what cause have I, think you, to sing the praises of your Hercules? Yet for my brothers I seek no other vengeance than to ignore his mighty deeds. 'Twixt me and you there is unbroken amity."

When Nestor with sweet speech had told this tale, at the conclusion of the old man's words the wine-cup went around once more and they rose from the couches. The remainder of the night was given to sleep.

But the god who rules the waters of the sea with his trident was still filled with a father's grief for his son whose body he had changed into the bird[1] of Phaëthon. And, hating the murderous Achilles, he indulged his unforgetting wrath excessively. And

[1] The swan. See Index *s.v.* "Phaëthon."

talibus intonsum conpellat Sminthea dictis:
"o mihi de fratris longe gratissime natis,
inrita qui mecum posuisti moenia Troiae,
ecquid, ubi has iamiam casuras adspicis arces,
ingemis? aut ecquid tot defendentia muros
milia caesa doles? ecquid, ne persequar omnes,
Hectoris umbra subit circum sua Pergama tracti?
cum tamen ille ferox belloque cruentior ipso
vivit adhuc, operis nostri populator, Achilles.
det mihi se: faxo, triplici quid cuspide possim,
sentiat; at quoniam concurrere comminus hosti
non datur, occulta necopinum perde sagitta!"
adnuit atque animo pariter patruique suoque
Delius indulgens nebula velatus in agmen
pervenit Iliacum mediaque in caede virorum
rara per ignotos spargentem cernit Achivos
tela Parin fassusque deum, "quid spicula perdis
sanguine plebis?" ait. "sique est tibi cura tuorum,
vertere in Aeaciden caesosque ulciscere fratres!"
dixit et ostendens sternentem Troica ferro
corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum
certaque letifera direxit spicula dextra.
quod Priamus gaudere senex post Hectora posset,
hoc fuit; ille igitur tantorum victor, Achille,
victus es a timido Graiae raptore maritae!
at si femineo fuerat tibi Marte cadendum,
Thermodontiaca malles cecidisse bipenni.

now for nigh ten years the war had been prolonged, when he thus addressed Sminthean Apollo of the unshorn locks: "O thou, by far the best beloved of my brother's sons, thou who with me (though vainly) didst build the walls of Troy, dost thou not groan at sight of these battlements so soon to fall? Dost thou not grieve that so many thousands have been slain in defending these walls? Not to name them all, does not Hector's image come before thee, dragged around his own Pergama? But Achilles, fierce and more cruel than war itself, still lives, the destroyer of our handiwork. Let him but come within my reach. I'll make him feel what I can do with my three-forked spear. But since it is not granted me to meet my enemy face to face, do thou bring him to sudden death by thy unseen arrow!" The Delian nodded assent and, indulging equally his own and his uncle's desire, wrapped in a cloud came to the Trojan lines. There midst the bloody strife of heroes he saw Paris taking infrequent shots at the nameless crowd. Revealing his divinity, he said: "Why do you waste your arrows in killing common folk? If you would serve your people, aim at Aeacides and avenge your slaughtered brothers!" He spoke and, pointing where Pelides was working havoc on the Trojans with his spear, he turned the bow in his direction and guided the well-aimed shaft with his death-dealing hand. This was the first cause for joy which old Priam had since Hector's death. So then, Achilles, thou conqueror of the mightiest, thou art thyself o'ercome by the cowardly ravisher of a Grecian's wife! But if thou hadst been fated to fall by a woman's battle-stroke, how gladly wouldst thou have fallen by the Amazon's double axe!

Iam timor ille Phrygum, decus et tutela Pelasgi
nominis, Aeacides, caput insuperabile bello,
arserat: armarat deus idem idemque cremarat;
iam cinis est, et de tam magno restat Achille
nescio quid parvum, quod non bene compleat urnam,
at vivit totum quae gloria compleat orbem.
haec illi mensura viro respondet, et hac est
par sibi Pelides nec inania Tartara sentit.
ipse etiam, ut, cuius fuerit, cognoscere possis,
bella movet clipeus, deque armis arma feruntur.
non ea Tydides, non audet Oileos Aiax,
non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aevo
poscere, non alii: solis Telamone creato
Laerteque fuit tantae fiducia laudis.
a se Tantalides onus invidiamque removit
Argolicosque duces mediis considere castris
iussit et arbitrium litis traiecit in omnes.

And now that terror of the Phrygians, that ornament and bulwark of the Pelasgian name, Acacides, the invincible captain of the war, was burned. One and the same god armed him and consumed him too. Now he is but dust; and of Achilles, once so great, there remains a pitiful handful, hardly enough to fill an urn. But his glory lives, enough to fill the whole round world. This is the true measure of the man; and in this the son of Peleus is still his real self, and does not know empty Tartarus. His very shield, that you might know to whom it once belonged, still wages war, and for his arms arms are taken up. Neither Tydides nor Ajax, Oileus' son, dares to claim them, nor the lesser[1] Atrides, nor the greater[2] in prowess and in age, nor other chieftains. Only the son[3] of Telamon and Laërtes' son[4] were bold enough to claim so great a prize. To escape the hateful burden of a choice between them, Tantalides[5] bade the Grecian captains assemble in the midst of the camp, and he referred to all the decision of the strife.

[1] Menelaüs. [2] Agamemnon. [3] Ajax.
[4] Ulysses. [5] Agamemnon.

BOOK XIII

LIBER XIII

Consedere duces et vulgi stante corona
surgit ad hos clipei dominus septemplicis Aiax,
utque erat inpatiens irae, Sigeia torvo
litora respexit classemque in litore vultu
intendensque manus "agimus, pro Iuppiter!" inquit
"ante rates causam, et mecum confertur Ulixes!
at non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis,
quas ego sustinui, quas hac a classe fugavi.
tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,
quam pugnare manu, sed nec mihi dicere promptum,
nec facere est isti: quantumque ego Marte feroci
inque acie valeo, tantum valet iste loquendo.
nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
esse reor: vidistis enim; sua narret Ulixes,
quae sine teste gerit, quorum nox conscia sola est!
praemia magna peti fateor; sed demit honorem
aemulus: Aiaci non est tenuisse superbum,
sit licet hoc ingens, quicquid speravit Ulixes;
iste tulit pretium iam nunc temptaminis huius,
quod, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.
"Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
nobilitate potens essem, Telamone creatus,
moenia qui forti Troiana sub Hercule cepit
litoraque intravit Pagasaea Colcha carina;

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The chiefs took their seats, while the commons stood in a ring about them. Then up rose Ajax, lord of the sevenfold shield. With uncontrolled indignation he let his lowering gaze rest awhile on the Sigean shores and on the fleet; then, pointing to these, "By Jupiter!" he cried, "in the presence of these ships I plead my cause, and my competitor is—Ulysses! But he did not hesitate to give way before Hector's torches, which I withstood, nay, which I drove away from this fleet. 'Tis safer, then, to fight with lying words than with hands. But I am not prompt to speak, as he is not to act; and I am as much his master in the fierce conflict of the battle-line as he is mine in talk. As for my deeds, O Greeks, I do not think I need rehearse them to you, for you have seen them. Let Ulysses tell of his, done without witness, done with the night alone to see them! I own that it is a mighty prize I strive for; but such a rival takes away the honour of it. It is no honour for Ajax to have gained a prize, however great, to which Ulysses has aspired. Already he has gained reward enough in this contest because, when conquered, he still can say he strove with me.

"And even if my valour were in doubt, I should still be his superior in birth; for Telamon was my father, who in company with valiant Hercules took the walls of Troy and with the Pagasaean ship sailed to Colchis.

Aeacus huic pater est, qui iura silentibus illic
reddit, ubi Aeoliden saxum grave Sisyphon urget;
Aeacon agnoscit summus prolemque fatetur
Iuppiter esse suam: sic ab Iove tertius Aiax.
nec tamen haec series in causam prosit, Achivi,
si mihi cum magno non est communis Achille:
frater erat, fraterna peto! quid sanguine cretus
Sisyphio furtisque et fraude simillimus illi
inseris Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis?
"An quod in arma prior nulloque sub iudice veni,
arma neganda mihi, potiorque videbitur ille,
ultima qui cepit detractavitque furore
militiam ficto, donec sollertior isto,
sed sibi inutilior timidi commenta retexit
Naupliades animi vitataque traxit ad arma?
optima num sumat, quia sumere noluit ulla:
nos inhonorati et donis patruelibus orbi,
obtulimus quia nos ad prima pericula, simus?
"Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus esset,
nec comes hic Phrygias umquam venisset ad arces
hortator scelerum! non te, Poeantia proles,
expositum Lemnos nostro cum crimine haberet.
qui nunc, ut memorant, silvestribus abditus antris
saxa moves gemitu Laertiadaeque precaris,
quae meruit, quae, si di sunt, non vana precaris.
et nunc ille eadem nobis iuratus in arma,
heu! pars una ducum, quo successore sagittae
Herculis utuntur, fractus morboque fameque
velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo

His father was Aeacus, who is passing judgment in that silent world where Sisyphus Aeolides strains to his heavy stone; and most high Jupiter acknowledges Aeacus as his son. Thus Ajax is the third remove from Jove. But let this descent be of no avail to my cause, O Greeks, if I do not share it with the great Achilles. He was my cousin; a cousin's arms I seek. Why do you, the son of Sisyphus, exactly like him in his tricks and fraud, seek to associate the Aeacidae with the name of an alien family?

"Aye, is it because I came first to arms needing no detection,[1] that arms are denied me? And shall he appear the better man who came last to arms and by feigned madness shirked the war, till one more shrewd than he, but not to his own advantage, the son of Nauplius, uncovered this timid fellow's trick and dragged him forth to the arms that he shunned? Shall he take the best because he wanted to take none? And shall I go unhonoured, denied my cousin's gifts, just because I was the first to front the danger?

"And oh, that his madness either had been real, or had never been detected, and that this criminal had never come with us against the Phrygians! Then, son of Poeas, Lemnos would not possess you, landed there to our sin and shame, you who, they say, hidden in forest lairs, move the very rocks with your groans and call down curses on Laërtes' son which he has richly merited, and which, if there are any gods, you do not call down in vain. And now he, who took oath with us for this same war, alas! one of our chieftains, who fell heir to Alcides' shafts, now, broken with disease and hunger, is clothed and fed by the birds, and in pursuit of birds uses those arrows which fate intended

1 Referring to Palamedes, who had exposed Ulysses' feigned madness and brought him to the war. See Index.

debita Troianis exercet spicula fatis.
ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulixen;
mallet et infelix Palamedes esse relictus:
viveret aut certe letum sine crimine haberet;
quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris
prodere rem Danaam finxit fictumque probavit
crimen et ostendit, quod iam praefoderat, aurum.
ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
aut nece: sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulixes!
"Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat,
haut tamen efficiet, desertum ut Nestora crimen
esse rear nullum; qui cum inploraret Ulixen
vulnere tardus equi fessusque senilibus armis,
proditus a socio est; non haec mihi crimina fingi
scit bene Tydides, qui nomine saepe vocatum
corripuit trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia iustis!
en eget auxilio, qui non tulit, utque reliquit,
sic linquendus erat: legem sibi dixerat ipse.
conclamat socios: adsum videoque trementem
pallentemque metu et trepidantem morte futura;
opposui molem clipei texique iacentem
servavique animam (minimum est hoc laudis) inertem.
si perstas certare, locum redeamus in illum:
redde hostem vulnusque tuum solitumque timorem
post clipeumque late et mecum contende sub illo!
at postquam eripui, cui standi vulnera vires
non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit.

for Troy! But yet he lives at least, because he did not keep on with Ulysses. Ill-fated Palamedes, too, would prefer to have been left behind. He would be living still, or at least would have died without dishonour, whom that fellow there, all too mindful of the unfortunate exposure of his madness, charged with betraying the Greek cause, and in proof of his false charge showed the gold which he had already hidden there. So then, either by exile or by death he has been drawing off the Grecian strength. So does Ulysses fight, so must he be feared!

"Though he should surpass even trusty Nestor in his eloquence, he will never make me believe that his desertion of Nestor was other than a crime. For when he, slow from his horse's wound and spent with extreme age, appealed to Ulysses, he was deserted by his friend. And that I am not making up this tale Tydides knows full well, for he repeatedly called upon him by name and chided his timid friend for flight. But the gods regard the affairs of men with righteous eyes. Behold he is in need of aid who rendered none; and as he left another, so was he fated to be left. He had established his own precedent. He cried aloud upon his friends. I came and saw him trembling, pale with fear, shrinking from impending death. I thrust forward my massive shield and covered him where he lay, and I saved his worthless life—small praise in that. If you persist in this contention let us go back to that spot; bring back the enemy, your wound and your accustomed fear; hide behind my shield and contend with me beneath it. But after I rescued him, he, who because of his wounds had had no strength to stand, now fled away not hindered by his wounds at all!

"Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit,
quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulixe,
sed fortes etiam: tantum trahit ille timoris.
hunc ego sanguineae successu caedis ovantem
eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi,
hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
sustinui: sortemque meam vovistis, Achivi,
et vestrae valuere preces. si quaeritis huius
fortunam pugnae, non sum superatus ab illo.
ecce ferunt Troes ferrumque ignesque Iovemque
in Danaas classes: ubi nunc facundus Ulixes?
nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
spem vestri reditus: date pro tot navibus arma.
"Quodsi vera licet mihi dicere, quaeritur istis
quam mihi maior honos, coniunctaque gloria nostra est,
atque Aiax armis, non Aiaci arma petuntur.
conferat his Ithacus Rhesum inbellemque Dolona
Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum:
luce nihil gestum, nihil est Diomede remoto;
si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma,
dividite, et pars sit maior Diomedis in illis.
"Quo tamen haec Ithaco, qui clam, qui semper inermis
rem gerit et furtis incautum decipit hostem?
ipse nitor galeae claro radiantis ab auro
insidias prodet manifestabitque latentem;
sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis casside vertex
pondera tanta feret, nec non onerosa gravisque
Pelias hasta potest inbellibus esse lacertis,
nec clipeus vasti caelatus imagine mundi

"Here is Hector, and he brings the gods with him into battle; and where he rushes on, not you alone are terrified, Ulysses, but brave men also; so much terror does he inspire. Him, rejoicing in the success of his bloody slaughter, I laid low upon the ground with a huge stone which I threw; and when he challenged one to meet him, I alone bore the brunt of his attack. You prayed, O Grecks, that the lot might fall to me, and your prayers were heard. If you ask the outcome of the battle, at least I was not overcome by him. Behold, the Trojans bring sword and fire and Jove against the Greek ships. Where now is the eloquent Ulysses? But I with my own breast stood bulwark for the thousand ships, the hope of your return. Grant me these arms for all those ships.

"But if I may speak truth, the arms claim greater honour than do I; they share my glory, and the arms seek Ajax, not Ajax the arms. Let the Ithacan compare with these deeds his Rhesus and unwarlike Dolon, his Helenus, Priam's son, taken captive, and the stolen Palladium: nothing done in the light of day, nothing apart from Diomede. If you are really giving that armour for so cheap deserts, divide it and let the larger share in them be Diomede's.

"But why give them to the Ithacan, who always does things stealthily, always unarmed, relying upon tricks to catch the enemy off his guard? The very glint of the helmet gleaming with bright gold will betray his snares and discover him as he hides. But neither will the Dulichian's head beneath the helmet of Achilles be able to bear so great a weight, nor can the spear-shaft, cut on Pelion, be otherwise than burdensome and heavy to his unwarlike arm. The shield also, a moulded picture of the vast universe, will not

conveniet timidae nataeque ad furta sinistrae:
debilitaturum quid te petis, inprobe, munus,
quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
cur spolieris, erit, non, cur metuaris ab hoste,
et fuga, qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis,
tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti?
adde quod iste tuus, tam raro proelia passus,
integer est clipeus; nostro, qui tela ferendo
mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.
"Denique (quid verbis opus est?) spectemur agendo!
arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes:
inde iubete peti et referentem ornate relatis."
Finierat Telamone satus, vulgique secutum
ultima murmur erat, donec Laertius heros
adstitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos
sustulit ad proceres exspectatoque resolvit
ora sono, neque abest facundis gratia dictis.
"Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi,
non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis heres,
tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille,
quem quoniam non aequa mihi vobisque negarunt
fata," (manuque simul veluti lacrimantia tersit
lumina) "quis magno melius succedit Achilli,
quam per quem magnus Danais successit Achilles?
huic modo ne prosit, quod, uti est, hebes esse videtur,
neve mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
profuit ingenium, meaque haec facundia, siqua est,

become his timid hand, the left one, made for stealing. Why do you seek a prize, you shameless fellow, that will overtax your strength; a prize which, if by some mistake the Greeks should give it to you, will be reason for the foe to spoil, not fear you? And flight, in which alone you surpass all others, most timid as you are, will prove but slow for you if you carry such a weight. Consider also that that shield of yours, so rarely used in battle, is quite uninjured; while mine, pierced in a thousand places by the thrusts of spears, needs a fresh shield to take its place.

"Finally, what need of words? Let us be seen in action! Let the brave hero's arms be sent into the enemy's midst; bid them be recovered, and to their rescuer present the rescued arms."

The son of Telamon finished, and the applause of the crowd followed his closing words. At length Laërtes' heroic son stood up and, holding his eyes for a little on the ground, he raised them to the chiefs and broke silence with the words for which they waited; nor was grace of manner lacking to his eloquent speech.

"If my prayers and yours had availed, O Greeks, there would be no question as to the next heir in this great strife, and you, Achilles, would still have your own armour, and we should still have you. But since the unjust fates have denied him to me and you" (and with his hand he made as if to wipe tears from his eyes), "who would better receive the great Achilles' arms than he through whom the Greeks received the great Achilles? Only let it not be to this fellow's profit that he seems to be, as indeed he is, slow of wit; and let it not be, O Greeks, to my hurt that I have always used my wit for your advantage. And let this eloquence of mine, if I

quae nunc pro domino, pro vobis saepe locuta est,
invidia careat, bona nec sua quisque recuset.
" Nam genus et proavos et quae non fecimus ipsi,
vix ea nostra voco, sed enim, quia rettulit Aiax
esse Iovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis auctor
Iuppiter est, totidemque gradus distamus ab illo :
nam mihi Laertes pater est, Arcesius illi,
Iuppiter huic, neque in his quisquam damnatus et exul ;
est quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
altera nobilitas : deus est in utroque parente.
sed neque materno quod sum generosior ortu,
nec mihi quod pater est fraterni sanguinis insons,
proposita arma peto : meritis expendite causam,
dummodo, quod fratres Telamon Peleusque fuerunt,
Aiacis meritum non sit nec sanguinis ordo,
sed virtutis honor spoliis quaeratur in istis !
aut si proximitas primusque requiritur heres,
est genitor Peleus, est Pyrrhus filius illi :
quis locus Aiaci ? Phthiam haec Scyrumve ferantur !
nec minus est isto Teucer patruelis Achilli :
num petit ille tamen ? num, si petat, auferat illa ?
ergo, operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur,
plura quidem feci, quam quae conprendere dictis
in promptu mihi sit, rerum tamen ordine ducar.
" Praescia venturi genetrix Nereia leti
dissimulat cultu natum, et deceperat omnes,
in quibus Aiacem, sumptae fallacia vestis :
arma ego femineis animum motura virilem

have any, which now speaks for its owner, but often for you as well, incur no enmity, and let each man make the most of his own powers.

"For as to race and ancestry and the deeds that others than ourselves have done, I call those in no true sense our own. But the truth is, since Ajax claims to be great-grandson of Jove, Jove is the founder of my race as well, and I am just as many steps removed from him. For Laërtes is my father, Arcesius, his, and he, the son of Jupiter; nor in this line is there any exiled criminal. I have also on my mother's side another claim to noble birth, Cyllenius.[1] Through both my parents have I divine descent. But, neither because through my mother I am more nobly born, nor because my father is guiltless of his brother's blood, do I seek the armour that lies there. Weigh the cause on desert alone. Only count it not any desert of Ajax that Telamon and Peleus were brothers, and let not strains of blood, but the honour of manhood be considered in the award. Or, if you seek for next of kin and lawful heir, Peleus is Achilles' father, Pyrrhus his son. What room is there for Ajax? Bear the armour hence to Phthia[2] or to Scyrus.[3] And Teucer is no less Achilles' cousin than he. Yet does he seek the arms, and if he did seek would he gain them? So then, since 'tis a sheer strife of deeds, I have done more deeds than I can well enumerate. Still I will tell them in their order.

"Achilles' Nereid mother, foreseeing her son's destruction, had disguised him, and the trick of the clothing that he wore deceived them all, Ajax among the rest. But I placed among women's wares some

[1] Mercury. [2] The home of Peleus.
[3] The home of Pyrrhus.

mercibus inserui, neque adhuc proiecerat heros
virgineos habitus, cum parmam hastamque tenenti
'nate dea,' dixi 'tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama! quid dubitas ingentem evertere Troiam?'
iniecique manum fortemque ad fortia misi.
ergo opera illius mea sunt: ego Telephon hasta
pugnantem domui victum orantemque refeci;
quod Thebae cecidere, meum est; me credite Lesbon,
me Tenedon Chrysenque et Cillan, Apollinis urbes,
et Scyrum cepisse; mea concussa putate
procubuisse solo Lyrnesia moenia dextra,
utque alios taceam, qui saevum perdere posset
Hectora, nempe dedi: per me iacet inclitus Hector!
illis haec armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
arma peto: vivo dederam, post fata reposco.

"Ut dolor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidaque Euboicam conplerunt mille carinae,
exspectata diu, nulla aut contraria classi
flamina erant, duraeque iubent Agamemnona sortes
inmeritam saevae natam mactare Dianae.
denegat hoc genitor divisque irascitur ipsis
atque in rege tamen pater est, ego mite parentis
ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti:
hanc equidem (fateor, fassoque ignoscat Atrides)
difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice causam.
hunc tamen utilitas populi fraterque datique
summa movet sceptri, laudem ut cum sanguine penset;
mittor et ad matrem, quae non hortanda, sed astu

arms such as would attract a man. The hero still wore girl's clothing when, as he laid hands on shield and spear, I said to him: 'O son of Thetis, Pergama, doomed to perish, is keeping herself for you! Why do you delay the fall of mighty Troy?' And I laid my hand on him and sent the brave fellow forth to do brave deeds. So then, all that he did is mine. 'Twas I who conquered the warring Telephus with my spear and healed him, vanquished and begging aid. That Thebes fell is my deed; credit Lesbos to me, to me Tenedos, Chryse and Cilla, cities of Apollo, and Scyrus too. Consider that by my hand the walls of Lyrnesus were battered to the ground. And, not to mention others, 'twas I, indeed, who gave the man who could destroy the warlike Hector. Through me illustrious Hector lies low! These arms I seek in return for those by which Achilles was discovered. Arms I gave the living; after his death I ask them back.

"When the sorrow of one man came to all the Greeks, and a thousand ships were gathered at Euboean Aulis, there were no winds, though they waited for them long, or they blew contrary to the fleet. Then a cruel oracle bade Agamemnon sacrifice his innocent daughter to pitiless Diana. This the father refused to do and was angry at the gods themselves, having a father's feelings though he was a king. It was I who by my words turned the kind father-heart to a consideration of the public weal; I indeed (I confess it, and may Atrides pardon as I confess) had a difficult cause to plead, and that, too, before a partial judge; still the people's good, his brother, and the chief place of command assigned to him, all moved upon him to balance praise with blood. Then I was sent to the mother, who was not to be exhorted,

decipienda fuit, quo si Telamonius isset,
orba suis essent etiam nunc lintea ventis.

"Mittor et Iliacas audax orator ad arces,
visaque et intrata est altae mihi curia Troiae,
plenaque adhuc erat illa viris; interritus egi,
quam mihi mandarat communis Graecia, causam
accusoque Parin praedamque Helenamque reposco
et moveo Priamum Priamoque Antenora iunctum;
at Paris et fratres et qui rapuere sub illo,
vix tenuere manus (scis hoc, Menelae) nefandas,
primaque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.

"Longa referre mora est, quae consilioque manuque
utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli.
post acies primas urbis se moenibus hostes
continuere diu, nec aperti copia Martis
ulla fuit; decimo demum pugnavimus anno:
quid facis interea, qui nil nisi proelia nosti?
quis tuus usus erat? nam si mea facta requiris,
hostibus insidior, fossa munimina cingo,
consolor socios, ut longi taedia belli
mente ferant placida, doceo, quo simus alendi
armandique modo, mittor, quo postulat usus.

"Ecce Iovis monitu deceptus imagine somni
rex iubet incepti curam dimittere belli;
ille potest auctore suam defendere vocem:
non sinat hoc Aiax delendaque Pergama poscat,
quodque potest, pugnet! cur non remoratur ituros?

but deceived by craft. But if the son of Telamon had gone to her, our sails would even now be destitute of their winds.

"I was sent also as a bold ambassador to Ilium's stronghold and visited and entered the senate-house of lofty Troy. It was still full of heroes. Undaunted, I pleaded the cause which united Greece had entrusted to me, I denounced Paris, demanded the return of Helen and the booty, and I prevailed on Priam and Antenor who sided with Priam. But Paris and his brothers and his companions in the robbery scarce restrained their impious hands from me (you know that, Menelaüs). That was the first day of my dangers shared with you.

"It would take a long time to tell the things I accomplished for your good both with thought and deed during the long-drawn war. After the first battles the enemy kept himself for a long time within his city's walls and there was no chance for open conflict. At last in the tenth year we fought. What were you doing in the meantime, you whose only knowledge is of battles? Of what service were you then? If you ask what I was doing, I laid snares for the enemy, I surrounded the fortifications with a trench, I encouraged our allies so that they might bear patiently the tedium of the long war, I advised as to how we should be fed and armed, I was sent on missions where circumstance demanded.

"Behold, at Jove's command, being deceived by a vision of the night, the king bids us give up the burden of the war we have undertaken. He can defend his order by quoting the source of it. Now let Ajax prevent this movement; let him demand that Pergama be destroyed and, what he can do, let him fight! Why does he not stay those who are

cur non arma capit, dat, quod vaga turba sequatur?
non erat hoc nimium numquam nisi magna loquenti.
quid, quod et ipse fugit? vidi, puduitque videre,
cum tu terga dares inhonestaque vela parares;
nec mora, 'quid facitis? quae vos dementia' dixi
'concitat, o socii, captam dimittere Troiam,
quidque domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno?'
talibus atque aliis, in quae dolor ipse disertum
fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.
convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes:
nec Telamoniades etiamnunc hiscere quicquam
audet, at ausus erat reges incessere dictis
Thersites etiam, per me haut inpune protervus!
erigor et trepidos cives exhortor in hostem
amissamque mea virtutem voce repono.
tempore ab hoc, quodcumque potest fecisse videri
fortiter iste, meum est, qui dantem terga retraxi.

"Denique de Danais quis te laudatve petitve?
at sua Tydides mecum communicat acta,
me probat et socio semper confidit Ulixe.
est aliquid, de tot Graiorum milibus unum
a Diomede legi! nec me sors ire iubebat:
sic tamen et spreto noctisque hostisque periclo
ausum eadem, quae nos, Phrygia de gente Dolona
interimo, non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi
prodere et edidici, quid perfida Troia pararet.

starting home? Why does he not take arms and give something for the straggling mob to rally round? This was not too much for one who never speaks except in boasting. But what of the fact that he himself fled also? I saw you, and I was ashamed to see, when you turned your back and were for spreading your dishonoured sails. Instantly I cried: 'What are you doing? What madness, my friends, is driving you to abandon Troy, which is already captured? What are you taking home after ten years of war except disgrace?' With such and other words, to which my very grief had made me eloquent, I turned them from their intended flight and led them back. Atrides assembled the allies still perturbed and fearful; and even then the son of Telamon did not dare utter a single syllable. But Thersites dared, indeed, and chid the kings with words, unruly fellow, but, thanks to me, not without punishment! I arose and urged my faint-hearted comrades against the enemy, and by my words I aroused again their courage. From that time on, whatever brave deed my rival here can claim to have accomplished belongs to me who brought him back from flight.

"Finally, who of the Greeks praises you or seeks your company? But Diomede shares his deeds with me, approves me, and is ever confident with Ulysses at his side. Surely, 'tis something, alone out of the many thousand Greeks, to be picked out by Diomede! And it was not the casting of lots that bade me go. Still, spurning all perils of night and of the enemy, I went forth and slew Phrygian Dolon, who was on the same perilous errand with ourselves. And yet I did not slay him till I had forced him to tell all he knew and had learned what treacherous Troy was planning.

omnia cognoram nec, quod speculare, habebam
et iam promissa poteram cum laude reverti:
haut contentus eo petii tentoria Rhesi
inque suis ipsum castris comitesque peremi
atque ita captivo, victor votisque potitus,
ingredior curru laetos imitante triumphos;
cuius equos pretium pro nocte poposcerat hostis,
arma negate mihi, fueritque benignior Aiax.—
quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro
devastata meo? cum multo sanguine fudi
Coeranon Iphitiden et Alastoraque Chromiumque
Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque
exitioque dedi cum Chersidamante Thoona
et Charopem fatisque inmitibus Ennomon actum
quique minus celebres nostra sub moenibus urbis
procubuere manu. sunt et mihi vulnera, cives,
ipso pulchra loco; nec vanis credite verbis,
aspicite! en" vestemque manu deduxit et "haec sunt
pectora semper" ait "vestris exercita rebus!
at nil inpendit per tot Telamonius annos
sanguinis in socios et habet sine vulnere corpus!

"Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasga
arma tulisse refert contra Troasque Iovemque?
confiteorque, tulit (neque enim benefacta maligne
detractare meum est), sed ne communia solus
occupet atque aliquem vobis quoque reddat honorem,
reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis

I had found out all and had no further cause for spying, and I could now go back with the praise which I had striven for; but not content with this, I turned to Rhesus' tents and in his very camp I slew the captain and his comrades too. And so, victorious and with my prayers accomplished, I went on my way in my captured chariot in manner of a joyful triumph. Now refuse his arms to me, whose horses my enemy had demanded as the price of his night's work, and let Ajax be the kinder![1] Why should I mention the Lycian Sarpedon's ranks which my sword cut to pieces? I laid low in bloody slaughter Coeranos, the son of Iphitus, Alastor and Chromius, Alcander, Halius, Noëmon, Prytanis, slew Thoön and Chersidamas, Charopes, Ennomos, driven by the pitiless fates; and others less renowned fell by my hand beneath their city's walls. I, too, have wounds, my comrades, noble for the very place of them. And trust no empty words of mine for that. See here!" and he threw open his garment with his hand; "here is my breast which has ever suffered for your cause! But the son of Telamon in all these years has lost no blood in his friends' behalf and his body can show no wound at all.

"And what matters it if he says that he stood up in arms for the Greek fleet against the Trojans and the power of Jove? I grant he did; for it is not my way maliciously to belittle the good that he has done. But let not him alone claim the honour that belongs to all, and let him give some credit to you also. 'Twas the son of Actor,[2] safe 'neath the semblance of Achilles, who drove off the Trojans from

[1] This is a reference to Ajax' ironical proposition in l. 102, to divide the armour between Ulysses and Diomede.

[2] Patroclus.

Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.—
ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis
se putat, oblitus regisque ducumque meique,
nonus in officio et praelatus munere sortis.
sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae
quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo!
"Me miserum, quanto cogor meminisse dolore
temporis illius, quo, Graium murus, Achilles
procubuit! nec me lacrimae luctusve timorve
tardarunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem:
his umeris, his inquam, umeris ego corpus Achillis
et simul arma tuli, quae nunc quoque ferre laboro.
sunt mihi, quae valeant in talia pondera, vires,
est animus certe vestros sensurus honores:
scilicet idcirco pro nato caerula mater
ambitiosa suo fuit, ut caelestia dona,
artis opus tantae, rudis et sine pectore miles
indueret? neque enim clipei caelamina novit,
Oceanum et terras cumque alto sidera caelo
Pleiadasque Hyadasque immunemque aequoris Arcton
diversasque urbes nitidumque Orionis ensem:
postulat, ut capiat, quae non intellegit, arma!
"Quid, quod me duri fugientem munera belli
arguit incepto serum accessisse labori
nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli?
si simulasse vocas crimen, simulavimus ambo;
si mora pro culpa est, ego sum maturior illo.
me pia detinuit coniunx, pia mater Achillem,
primaque sunt illis data tempora, cetera vobis:
haut timeo, si iam nequeam defendere, crimen

the fleet, which else had burned together with its defender. He thinks that he alone dared to stand up against Hector's spear, ignoring the king, the chieftains, and myself, he but the ninth in proffered service and by the lot's grace preferred to us. But what was the outcome of your battle, bravest of men? Hector retired without a wound.

"Ah me, with what grief am I forced to recall that time when Achilles fell, the bulwark of the Greeks! And yet neither tears nor grief nor fear kept me from lifting up his body from the ground. On these shoulders, yes, on these very shoulders, I bore Achilles' body, armour and all, arms which now also I seek to bear. I have strength enough to bear their ponderous weight and I have a mind that can appreciate the honour you would do me. Was it for this, forsooth, that the hero's mother, goddess of the sea, was ambitious for her son, that those heavenly gifts, the work of heavenly art should clothe a rough and stupid soldier? For he knows nothing of the relief-work of the shield: the sea, the lands, the deep starry heavens, the Pleiades, the Hyades, Arctos forbidden the sea, the scattered cities, and Orion's gleaming sword. He asks that he may receive armour which he cannot appreciate.

"What of his chiding me with trying to shun the hardships of the war and of coming late when the struggle had begun? Does he not know that he is reviling the great Achilles also? If you call it a crime to have pretended, we both pretended. If delay is culpable, I was the earlier of the two. A loving wife detained me; a loving mother detained Achilles. Our first time was given to them, the rest to you. I do not fear a charge—even granted I could not answer it—which I share with so great a hero. Yet he was

cum tanto commune viro: deprensus Ulixis
ingenio tamen ille, at non Aiacis Ulixes.
"Neve in me stolidae convicia fundere linguae
admiremur eum, vobis quoque digna pudore
obicit. an falso Palameden crimine turpe
accusasse mihi, vobis damnasse decorum est?
sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum
tamque patens valuit, nec vos audistis in illo
crimina, vidistis, pretioque obiecta patebant.
"Nec, Poeantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos,
esse reus merui (factum defendite vestrum!
consensistis enim,) nec me suasisse negabo,
ut se subtraheret bellique viaeque labori
temptaretque feros requie lenire dolores.
paruit—et vivit! non haec sententia tantum
fida, sed et felix, cum sit satis esse fidelem.
quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt,
ne mandate mihi! melius Telamonius ibit
eloquioque virum morbis iraque furentem
mollict aut aliqua producet callidus arte!
ante retro Simois fluet et sine frondibus Ide
stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaia Troiae,
quam, cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus,
Aiacis stolidi Danais sollertia prosit.
sis licet infestus sociis regique mihique
dure Philoctete, licet exsecrere meumque
devoveas sine fine caput cupiasque dolenti
me tibi forte dari nostrumque haurire cruorem,

discovered by Ulysses' wit; but not by Ajax' wit, Ulysses.

"And let us not wonder that he pours out against me the insults of his stupid tongue; for he vents on you also shameful words. Was it base for me to have accused Palamedes on a false charge, and honourable for you to have condemned him? But neither was the son of Nauplius[1] able to defend a crime so great, so clearly proved, nor did you merely hear the charge against him: you saw the proof, as it lay clearly revealed by the bribe.

"Nor should I be blamed because Vulcanian Lemnos holds the son of Poeas.[2] Defend your own deed, for you consented to it. But I will not deny that I advised that he withdraw from the hardships of the war and the journey thither, and seek to soothe his terrible anguish by a time of rest. He took the advice—and lives! And not alone was this advice given in good faith, but it was fortunate as well; though it is enough that it was given in good faith. Now, since our seers say that he is necessary for the fall of Pergama, do not entrust the task to me! Telamon's son will better go, and by his eloquence he will calm the hero, mad with pain and rage, or else by some shrewd trick will bring him to us. Nay, Simois will flow backward, Ida stand without foliage, and Greece send aid to Troy before the craft of stupid Ajax would avail the Greeks in case I should cease to work for your advantage. Though you have a deadly hatred, O harsh Philoctetes, for the allied Greeks and the king and me myself; though you heap endless curses on my head and long in your misery to have me in your power, to drink my blood, and pray that, as I was given a

[1] Palamedes. [2] Philoctetes.

utque tui mihi sic fiat, tibi copia nostri :
te tamen adgrediar mecumque reducere nitar
tamque tuis potiar (faveat Fortuna) sagittis,
quam sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus,
quam responsa deum Troianaque fata retexi,
quam rapui Phrygiae signum penetrale Minervae
hostibus e mediis. et se mihi comparat Aiax ?
nempe capi Troiam prohibebant fata sine illo :
fortis ubi est Aiax ? ubi sunt ingentia magni
verba viri ? cur hic metuis ? cur audet Ulixes
ire per excubias et se committere nocti
perque feros enses non tantum moenia Troum,
verum etiam summas arces intrare suaque
eripere aede deam raptamque adferre per hostes ?
quae nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
gestasset laeva taurorum tergora septem.
illa nocte mihi Troiae victoria parta est :
Pergama tunc vici, cum vinci posse coegi.

" Desine Tydiden vultuque et murmure nobis
ostentare meum : pars est sua laudis in illo !
nec tu, cum socia clipeum pro classe tenebas,
solus eras : tibi turba comes, mihi contigit unus.
qui nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
esse nec indomitae deberi praemia dextrae,
ipse quoque haec peteret ; peteret moderatior Aiax
Eurypylusque ferox claroque Andraemone natus
nec minus Idomeneus patriaque creatus eadem
Meriones, peteret maioris frater Atridae :

chance at you, so you may have a chance at me; still would I go to you and strive to bring you back with me. And I should get possession of your arrows (should Fortune favour me), just as I got possession of the Dardanian seer, whom I made captive; just as I discovered the oracles of the gods and the fates of Troy; just as I stole away from the midst of the enemy the enshrined image of Phrygian Minerva. And does Ajax compare himself to me? The fact is, the fates declared that we could not capture Troy without this sacred statue. Where now is the brave Ajax? Where are those big words of the mighty hero? Why do you fear in such a crisis? Why does Ulysses dare to go out beyond the sentinels, commit himself to the darkness and, through the midst of cruel swords, enter not alone the walls of Troy but even the citadel's top, steal the goddess from her shrine and bear her captured image through the enemy? Had I not done this, in vain would the son of Telamon have worn on his left arm the sevenfold bulls'-hide shield. On that night I gained the victory over Troy; at that moment did I conquer Pergama when I made it possible to conquer her.

"Cease by your looks and mutterings to remind us that Tydides was my partner. He has his share of praise. You, too, when you held your shield in defence of the allied fleet, were not alone. You had a throng of partners; I, but one. And if Diomede did not know that a fighter is of less value than a thinker, and that the prize was not due merely to a right hand, however dauntless, he himself also would be seeking it; so would the lesser Ajax, warlike Eurypylus and the son of illustrious Andraemon, and no less so Idomeneus and his fellow-countryman, Meriones; yes, Menelaüs, too, would seek the prize.

quippe manu fortes nec sunt mihi Marte secundi,
consiliis cessere meis. tibi dextera bello
utilis, ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro;
tu vires sine mente geris, mihi cura futuri;
tu pugnare potes, pugnandi tempora mecum
eligit Atrides; tu tantum corpore prodes,
nos animo; quantoque ratem qui temperat, anteit
remigis officium, quanto dux milite maior,
tantum ego te supero, nec non in corpore nostro
pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis.

"At vos, o proceres, vigili date praemia vestro,
proque tot annorum cura, quibus anxius egi,
hunc titulum meritis pensandum reddite nostris:
iam labor in fine est; obstantia fata removi
altaque posse capi faciendo Pergama, cepi.
per spes nunc socias casuraque moenia Troum
perque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi,
per siquid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
siquid adhuc audax ex praecipitique petendum est,
si Troiae fatis aliquid restare putatis,
este mei memores! aut si mihi non datis arma,
huic date!" et ostendit signum fatale Minervae.

Mota manus procerum est, et quid facundia posset,
re patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.

But all these men, though stout of hand, fully my equals on the battlefield, have yielded to my intelligence. Your right arm is useful in the battle; but when it comes to thinking you need my guidance. You have force without intelligence; while mine is the care for to-morrow. You are a good fighter; but it is I who help Atrides select the time of fighting. Your value is in your body only; mine, in mind. And, as much as he who directs the ship surpasses him who only rows it, as much as the general excels the common soldier, so much greater am I than you. For in these bodies of ours the heart[1] is of more value than the hand; all our real living is in that.

"But do you, O princes, award the prize to your faithful guardian. In return for the many years which I have spent in anxious care, grant me this honour as the reward of all my services. And now my task is at an end; I have removed the obstructing fates and, by making it possible to take tall Pergama, I have taken her. Now, by our united hopes, by the Trojan walls doomed soon to fall, by the gods of whom but lately I deprived the foe, by whatever else remains still to be done with wisdom, if still some bold and hazardous deed must be attempted, if you think aught still is lacking to the fate of Troy, I beg you remember me! Or, if you do not give the arms to me, give them to her!" and he pointed to the fateful statue of Minerva.

The company of chiefs was moved, and their decision proved the power of eloquence: and the eloquent man bore off the brave man's arms. Then he who had so often all alone withstood great

[1] *i.e.* the mind or understanding. We should make the contrast between head and hand.

Hectora qui solus, qui ferrum ignesque Iovemque
sustinuit totiens, unam non sustinet iram,
invictumque virum vicit dolor: arripit ensem
et "meus hic certe est! an et hunc sibi poscit Ulixes?
hoc" ait "utendum est in me mihi, quique cruore
saepe Phrygum maduit, domini nunc caede madebit,
ne quisquam Aiacem possit superare nisi Aiax."
dixit et in pectus tum demum vulnera passum,
qua patuit ferro, letalem condidit ensem.
nec valuere manus infixum educere telum:
expulit ipse cruor, rubefactaque sanguine tellus
purpureum viridi genuit de caespite florem,
qui prius Oebalio fuerat de vulnere natus;
littera communis mediis pueroque viroque
inscripta est foliis, haec nominis, illa querellae.
Victor ad Hypsipyles patriam clarique Thoantis
et veterum terras infames caede virorum
vela dat, ut referat Tirynthia tela, sagittas;
quae postquam ad Graios domino comitante revexit,
inposita est sero tandem manus ultima bello.
Troia simul Priamusque cadunt. Priameia coniunx
perdidit infelix hominis post omnia formam
externasque novo latratu terruit auras,
longus in angustum qua clauditur Hellespontus.
Ilion ardebat, neque adhuc consederat ignis:
exiguumque senis Priami Iovis ara cruorem
conbiberat, tractatque comis antistita Phoebi
non profecturas tendebat ad aethera palmas.
Dardanidas matres patriorum signa deorum,

Hector, so often sword and fire and Jove, could not withstand passion only; and resentment conquered the unconquered hero. Then, snatching out his sword, he cried: "But this at least is mine; or does Ulysses claim this also for himself? This I must employ against myself; and the sword which has often reeked with Phrygian blood will now reek with its master's, lest any man save Ajax ever conquer Ajax." He spoke and deep in his breast, which had not until then suffered any wound, where the way was open for the blow, he plunged his fatal sword. No hand was strong enough to draw away the deep-driven steel; the blood itself drove it out. The ensanguined ground produced from the green sod a purple flower, which in old time had sprung from Hyacinthus' blood. The petals are inscribed with letters, serving alike for hero and for boy: this one a name,[1] and that, a cry of woe.[2]

To the land[3] of Queen Hypsipyle and the illustrious Thoas, once infamous for its murdered men of olden time, victorious Ulysses now set sail to bring thence the Tirynthian[4] arrows. After he had brought these to the Greeks, and their master[5] with them, the final blow was at last given to the long-drawn war. Troy fell and Priam with it. The poor wife of Priam after all else lost her human form and with strange barking affrighted the alien air where the long Hellespont narrows to a strait. Ilium was in flames, nor had its fires yet died down, and Jove's altar had drunk up the scanty blood of aged Priam. The priestess[6] of Apollo, dragged by the hair, was stretching to the heavens her unavailing hands. The Trojan women, embracing the

[1] AIAΣ. [2] AIAI. [3] Lemnos.
[4] *i.e.* of Hercules. [5] Philoctetes. [6] Cassandra.

dum licet, amplexas succensaque templa tenentes
invidiosa trahunt victores praemia Grai;
mittitur Astyanax illis de turribus, unde
pugnantem pro se proavitaque regna tuentem
saepe videre patrem monstratum a matre solebat.
iamque viam suadet Boreas, flatuque secundo
carbasa mota sonant: iubet uti navita ventis;
"Troia, vale! rapimur" clamant, dant oscula terrae
Troades et patriae fumantia tecta relinquunt.
ultima conscendit classem—miserabile visu!—
in mediis Hecube natorum inventa sepulcris:
prensantem tumulos atque ossibus oscula dantem
Dulichiae traxere manus, tamen unius hausit
inque sinu cineres secum tulit Hectoris haustos;
Hectoris in tumulo canum de vertice crinem,
inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque reliquit.

Est, ubi Troia fuit, Phrygiae contraria tellus
Bistoniis habitata viris: Polymestoris illic
regia dives erat, cui te commisit alendum
clam, Polydore, pater Phrygiisque removit ab armis,
consilium sapiens, sceleris nisi praemia magnas
adiecisset opes, animi inritamen avari.
ut cecidit fortuna Phrygum, capit impius ensem
rex Thracum iuguloque sui demisit alumni
et, tamquam tolli cum corpore crimina possent,
exanimem scopulo subiectas misit in undas.

Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides,
dum mare pacatum, dum ventus amicior esset:

images of their country's gods while still they might and crowding their burning temples, the victorious Greeks dragged off, an enviable booty. And Astyanax was hurled down from that tower where he was wont often to sit and watch his father whom his mother pointed out fighting for honour and safeguarding his ancestral realm. And now the North-wind called them on their way and the sails flapped loud, swelled by the favouring breeze. The mariner gives command to sail. "O Troy, farewell! we are forced away," the Trojan women cry; they kiss their land, and turn their backs upon their smoking homes. The last to go on board, a pitiable sight, was Hecuba, discovered midst the sepulchres of her sons. There, as she clung to their tombs, striving to give her farewell kisses to their bones, the hands of the Dulichian dragged her away. Yet she rescued Hector's ashes only, and bore the rescued dust with her in her bosom. And on Hector's tomb she left locks of her hoary hair, a meagre offering, her hair and tears.

Opposite to Phrygia where Troy stood, there lies a land where dwelt the Bistones. There was the luxurious court of Polymestor, to whom your father, Polydorus, secretly commended you for care, sending you far from Phrygia's strife; a prudent plan, if he had not sent with you a great store of treasure, the prize of crime, a temptation to a greedy soul. When the Phrygian fortunes waned, the impious Thracian king took his sword and thrust it into his young charge's throat; and just as if a murder could be disposed of with the victim's body, he threw the corpse from a cliff into the waves below.

On this Thracian coast Atrides had moored his fleet until the sea should quiet down and the winds

hic subito, quantus, cum viveret, esse solebat,
exit humo late rupta similisque minanti
temporis illius vultum referebat Achilles,
quo ferus iniusto petiit Agamemnona ferro
"inmemores" que "mei disceditis," inquit "Achivi,
obrutaque est mecum virtutis gratia nostrae!
ne facite! utque meum non sit sine honore sepulcrum,
placet Achilleos mactata Polyxena manes!"
dixit, et inmiti sociis parentibus umbrae,
rapta sinu matris, quam iam prope sola fovebat,
fortis et infelix et plus quam femina virgo
ducitur ad tumulum diroque fit hostia busto.
quae memor ipsa sui postquam crudelibus aris
admota est sensitque sibi fera sacra parari,
utque Neoptolemum stantem ferrumque tenentem;
inque suo vidit figentem lumina vultu,
"utere iandudum generoso sanguine" dixit
"(nulla mora est), aut tu iugulo vel pectore telum
conde meo": (iugulumque simul pectusque retexit.
scilicet haud ulli servire Polyxena vellet!)
"haud per tale sacrum numen placabitis ullum!
mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posset:
mater obest minuitque necis mihi gaudia, quamvis
non mea mors illi, verum sua vita tremenda est.
vos modo, ne Stygios adeam non libera manes,
ite procul, si iusta peto, tactuque viriles
virgineo removete manus! acceptior illi,
quisquis is est, quem caede mea placare paratis,
liber erit sanguis. siquos tamen ultima nostri
verba movent oris (Priami vos filia regis,
non captiva rogat), genetrici corpus inemptum

be more favourable. Here on a sudden, up from the wide-gaping earth, Achilles sprang, large as he was in life. He had a threatening manner and a look as on that day when with his hostile sword he fiercely challenged Agamemnon. "And are you, then, departing, ye Greeks," he cried, "forgetful of me? And have your thanks for my services been buried with me? It shall not be! And, that my tomb may not lack its fitting honour, let Polyxena be sacrificed and so appease Achilles' shade." He spoke, and the allied Greeks obeyed the pitiless ghost. Torn from her mother's arms, of whom she was well-nigh the only comfort left, the brave, ill-fated maid, with more than woman's courage, was led to the fatal mound and there was sacrificed upon the cruel tomb. Self-possessed she was, even when she had been placed before the fatal altar and knew the grim rites were preparing for her; and when she saw Neoptolemus standing, sword in hand, with his eyes fixed upon her face, she exclaimed: "Spill at last my noble blood, for I am ready; or plunge your sword deep in my throat or breast!" (and she bared her throat and breast. Polyxena, be sure, would not desire to live in slavery to any man!) "Not by such a rite as this will you appease any god! Only I would that my mother may know nothing of my death. My mother prevents and destroys my joy of death. And yet she should not deprecate my death, but rather her own life. Only do you, that I may go free to the Stygian spirits, stand back, if my request is just, and let no hand of man touch my virgin body. More acceptable to him, whoever he is, whom by my sacrifice you are seeking to appease, will my free blood be. But if my last words move any of you ('tis the daughter of King Priam and not a captive maid who asks it),

reddite, neve auro redimat ius triste sepulcri,
sed lacrimis! tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro."
dixerat, at populus lacrimas, quas illa tenebat,
non tenet; ipse etiam flens invitusque sacerdos
praebita coniecto rupit praecordia ferro.
illa super terram defecto poplite labens
pertulit intrepidos ad fata novissima vultus;
tunc quoque cura fuit partes velare tegendas,
cum caderet, castique decus servare pudoris.

Troades excipiunt deploratosque recensent
Priamidas et quot dederit domus una cruores,
teque gemunt, virgo, teque, o modo regia coniunx,
regia dicta parens, Asiae florentis imago,
nunc etiam praedae mala sors; quam victor Ulixes
esse suam nollet, nisi quod tamen Hectora partu
ediderat: dominum matri vix repperit Hector!
quae corpus complexa animae tam fortis inane,
quas totiens patriae dederat natisque viroque,
huic quoque dat lacrimas; lacrimas in vulnera fundit
osculaque ore tegit consuetaque pectora plangit
canitiemque suam concreto in sanguine verrens
plura quidem, sed et haec laniato pectore, dixit:
"nata, tuae—quid enim superest?—dolor ultime
matris,
nata, iaces, videoque tuum, mea vulnera, vulnus:
en, ne perdiderim quemquam sine caede meorum,
tu quoque vulnus habes; at te, quia femina, rebar
a ferro tutam: cecidisti et femina ferro,

restore my body to my mother without ransom; and let her pay in tears and not in gold for the sad privilege of sepulture. She did pay in gold also when she could." She spoke, and the throng could not restrain their tears, though she restrained her own. Then did the priest, himself also weeping and remorseful, with deep-driven weapon pierce her proffered breast. She, sinking down to earth with fainting knees, kept her look of dauntless courage to the end. And even then, as she was falling, she took care to cover her body and to guard the honour of her modesty.

The Trojan women take up her body and count one by one the lamented Priamidae, and all the woes which this one house has suffered. You, royal maid, they weep, and you, who but yesterday were called queen-consort and queen-mother, you, once the embodiment of proud Asia, but now suffering hard lot even for a captive, one whom victorious Ulysses would not desire, save that she had given birth to Hector. A lord for his mother Hector scarcely found! She, embracing the lifeless body of that brave spirit, gives to it also the tears which she has shed so often for country, sons and husband. She pours her tears into her daughter's wound, covers her face with kisses, and beats the breasts that have endured so many blows. Then sweeping her white hair in the clotted blood and tearing her breast, this and much more she cried: "O child, your mother's last cause for grief—for what else is left me—my child, low you lie, and I see your wound, my wound. Behold, that I might lose none of my children without violence, you also have your wound. But you, because you were a woman, I thought safe from the sword; even though

totque tuos idem fratres, te perdidit idem,
exitium Troiae nostrique orbator, Achilles;
at postquam cecidit Paridis Phoebique sagittis,
'nunc certe,' dixi, 'non est metuendus Achilles':
nunc quoque mi metuendus erat; cinis ipse sepulti
in genus hoc saevit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem:
Aeacidae fecunda fui! iacet Ilion ingens,
eventuque gravi finita est publica clades,
sed finita tamen; soli mihi Pergama restant.
in cursuque meus dolor est: modo maxima rerum,
tot generis natisque potens nuribusque viroque
nunc trahor exul, inops, tumulis avulsa meorum,
Penelopae munus, quae me data pensa trahentem
matribus ostendens Ithacis 'haec Hectoris illa est
clara parens, haec est' dicet 'Priameia coniunx,'
postque tot amissos tu nunc, quae sola levabas
maternos luctus, hostilia busta piasti!
inferias hosti peperi! quo ferrea resto?
quidve moror? quo me servas, annosa senectus?
quo, di crudeles, nisi uti nova funera cernam,
vivacem differtis anum? quis posse putaret
felicem Priamum post diruta Pergama dici?
felix morte sua est! nec te, mea nata, peremptam
adspicit et vitam pariter regnumque reliquit.
at, puto, funeribus dotabere, regia virgo,
condeturque tuum monumentis corpus avitis!
non haec est fortuna domus: tibi munera matris

a woman, you have fallen by the sword; and that same Achilles, who had destroyed all your brothers, has destroyed you, too, that curse of Troy, bereaver of my heart. But when he fell by Paris' and by Phoebus' arrows, 'Surely,' I said, 'now is Achilles to be feared no more.' But even now I was still to fear him. His very ashes, though he is dead and buried, are savage against our race; even in the tomb we have felt him for our enemy; for Achilles have I been fruitful! Great Troy lies low, and by a woeful issue the public calamity was ended; yet it was ended; for me alone Pergama still survives; my woes still run their course. But late on the pinnacle of fame, strong in my many sons, my daughters, and my husband, now, exiled, penniless, torn from the tombs of my loved ones, I am dragged away as prize for Penelope. And as I sit spinning my allotted task of wool, she will point me out to the dames of Ithaca and say: 'This woman is Hector's noble mother, this is Priam's queen.' And now after so many have been lost, you, who alone were left to console your mother's grief, you have been sacrificed upon our foeman's tomb. Yes, I have but borne a victim for my enemy. And to what end do I, unfeeling wretch, live on? Why do I linger? To what end, O wrinkled age, do you keep me here? To what end, ye cruel gods, save that I still may see fresh funerals, do you prolong an old woman's life? Who would suppose that Priam could be called happy when Pergama was o'erthrown? Happy is he in death. He does not see you, my daughter, lying murdered here; he left his life and kingdom, both at once. But I suppose, O royal maiden, you will be dowered with funeral rites and your body buried in your ancestral tomb! Such is no longer the fortune of our house. Your

contingent fletus peregrinaeque haustus harenae!
omnia perdidimus: superest, cur vivere tempus
in breve sustineam, proles gratissima matri,
nunc solus, quondam minimus de stirpe virili,
has datus Ismario regi Polydorus in oras.
quid moror interea crudelia vulnera lymphis
abluere et sparsos inmiti sanguine vultus?"
Dixit et ad litus passu processit anili,
albentes lacerata comas. "date, Troades, urnam!"
dixerat infelix, liquidas hauriret ut undas:
adspicit eiectum Polydori in litore corpus
factaque Threiciis ingentia vulnera telis;
Troades exclamant, obmutuit illa dolore,
et pariter vocem lacrimasque introrsus obortas
devorat ipse dolor, duroque simillima saxo
torpet et adversa figit modo lumina terra,
interdum torvos sustollit ad aethera vultus,
nunc positi spectat vultum, nunc vulnera nati,
vulnera praecipue, seque armat et instruit iram.
qua simul exarsit, tamquam regina maneret,
ulcisci statuit poenaeque in imagine tota est,
utque furit catulo lactente orbata leaena
signaque nacta pedum sequitur, quem non videt, hostem,
sic Hecube, postquam cum luctu miscuit iram,
non oblita animorum, annorum oblita suorum,
vadit ad artificem dirae, Polymestora, caedis
conloquiumque petit; nam se monstrare relictum
velle latens illi, quod nato redderet, aurum.

funeral gifts shall be your mother's tears; your burial, the sand of an alien shore! We have lost all; but still there's something left, some reason why for a brief span I may endure to live: his mother's dearest, now her only child, once youngest of my sons, my Polydorus, sent to these shores to the Thracian king. But why do I delay, meanwhile, to wash my daughter's cruel wounds with water, her face bespattered with unpitying blood?"

She spoke and with tottering steps of age went to the shore, tearing her grey hair as she went. "Give me an urn, ye Trojan women," the wretched creature said, intending to dip up some water from the sea. And there she saw the body of Polydorus, cast up upon the shore, covered with gaping wounds made by Thracian spears. The Trojan women shrieked at the sight; but she was dumb with grief; her very grief engulfed her powers of speech, her rising tears. Like a hard rock, immovable she stood, now held her gaze fixed upon the ground, and at times lifted her awful face to the heavens; now she gazed upon the features of her son as he lay there in death, now on his wounds, but mostly on his wounds, arming herself and heaping up her rage. When now her rage blazed out, as if she still were queen, she fixed on vengeance and was wholly absorbed in the punishment her imagination pictured. And as a lioness rages when her suckling cub has been stolen from her, and follows the discovered tracks of her enemy, whom she does not see, so Hecuba, wrath mingling with her grief, regardless of her years but not her deadly purpose, went straight to Polymestor, who wrought the heartless murder, and sought an audience with him, pretending that she wished to show him a store of gold which she had hoarded for her son and

credidit Odrysius praedaeque adsuetus amore
in secreta venit : tum blando callidus ore
"tolle moras, Hecube," dixit "da munera nato !
omne fore illius, quod das, quod et ante dedisti,
per superos iuro." spectat truculenta loquentem
falsaque iurantem tumidaque exaestuat ira
atque ita correpto captivarum agmina matrum
invocat et digitos in perfida lumina condit
expellitque genis oculos (facit ira potentem)
immergitque manus foedataque sanguine sontis
non lumen (neque enim superest), loca luminis haurit.
clade sui Thracum gens inritata tyranni
Troada telorum lapidumque incessere iactu
coepit, at haec missum rauco cum murmure saxum
morsibus insequitur rictuque in verba parato
latravit, conata loqui : locus exstat et ex re
nomen habet, veterumque diu memor illa malorum
tum quoque Sithonios ululavit maesta per agros.
illius Troasque suos hostesque Pelasgos,
illius fortuna deos quoque moverat omnes,
sic omnes, ut et ipsa Iovis coniunxque sororque
eventus Hecubam meruisse negaverit illos.

Non vacat Aurorae, quamquam isdem faverat armis,
cladibus et casu Troiacque Hecubaeque moveri.
cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit
Memnonis amissi, Phrygiis quem lutea campis
vidit Achillea pereuntem cuspide mater ;
vidit, et ille color, quo matutina rubescunt

now would give him. The Thracian was deceived and, led by his habitual lust for gain, he came to the hiding-place. Then craftily, with smooth speech he said: "Come, Hecuba, make haste, give me the treasure for your son! I swear by the gods of heaven, all shall be his, what you give now and what you have given before." She grimly eyed him as he spoke and swore his lying oath. Then did her rising wrath boil over, and, calling the captive women to the attack, she seized upon him, dug her fingers into his lying eyes and gouged his eyeballs from their sockets—so mighty did wrath make her. Then she plunged in her hands and, stained with his guilty blood, she plucked out, not his eyes, for they were gone, but the places of his eyes. The Thracians, incensed by their king's disaster, began to set upon the Trojan with shafts and stones. But she, with hoarse growls, bit at the stones they threw and, though her jaws were set for words, barked when she tried to speak. The place still remains and takes its name[1] from this incident, where she, long remembering her ancient ills, still howled mournfully across the Sithonian plains. Her sad fortune touched the Trojans and her Grecian foes and all the gods as well; yes, all, for even Juno, sister and wife of Jove, declared that Hecuba had not deserved such an end.

But Aurora, though she had lent her aid to the Trojan arms, had no time to lament the ruin and the fall of Troy and Hecuba. A nearer care, grief for her own son, harassed her, the loss of Memnon, whom she, his bright mother, had seen dead by Achilles' spear on the Phrygian plain. She saw and those bright hues

[1] Cynossema (*κυνὸς σῆμα*), the Sign (or Monument) of the Dog.

tempora, palluerat, latuitque in nubibus aether.
at non impositos supremis ignibus artus
sustinuit spectare parens, sed crine soluto
sicut erat, magni genibus procumbere non est
dedignata Iouis lacrimisque has addere voces:
"omnibus inferior, quas sustinet aureus aether,
(nam mihi sunt totum rarissima templa per orbem)
diua tamen, veni, non ut delubra diesque
des mihi sacrificos caliturasque ignibus aras:
si tamen adspicias, quantum tibi femina praestem,
tum cum luce noua noctis confinia servo,
praemia danda putes; sed non ea cura neque hic est
nunc status Aurorae, meritos ut poscat honores:
Memnonis orba mei venio, qui fortia frustra
pro patruo tulit arma suo primisque sub annis
occidit a forti (sic vos voluistis) Achille.
da, precor, huic aliquem, solacia mortis, honorem,
summe deum rector, maternaque vulnera leni!"
Iuppiter adnuerat, cum Memnonis arduus alto
corruit igne rogus, nigrique volumina fumi
infecere diem, veluti cum flumina natas
exhalant nebulas, nec sol admittitur infra;
atra favilla volat glomerataque corpus in unum
densetur faciemque capit sumitque calorem
atque animam ex igni (levitas sua praebuit alas)
et primo similis volucri, mox vera volucris
insonuit pennis, pariter sonuere sorores
innumerae, quibus est eadem natalis origo,

by which the morning skies flush rosy red grew dull, and the heavens were overcast with clouds. And when his corpse was laid upon the funeral pyre his mother endured not to look upon it, but, with streaming hair, just as she was, she disdained not to throw herself at the knees of mighty Jove and with many tears to pray: "Though I am least of all whom the golden heaven upholds (for in all the world but few and scattered temples rise to me), still as a goddess I come. I ask not that thou give me shrines and sacred days and altars to flame with sacrificial fires. And yet, shouldst thou consider what service I, though but a woman, render thee, when each new dawn I guard the borders of the night, then wouldst thou deem that I should have some reward. But that is not my care nor is that Aurora's errand, to demand honours which she may have earned. Bereft of my Memnon I come, who bore brave arms (though all in vain) in his uncle's service, and in his early years has fallen by Achilles' warlike hand (for so you willed it). Grant then, I beg, some honour to him as solace for his death, O most high ruler of the gods, and soothe a mother's wounded heart." Jove nodded his consent, when Memnon's lofty pyre, wrapped in high-leaping flames, crumbled to earth, and the day was darkened by the thick black smoke, as when rivers send forth the fogs they have begotten, beneath whose pall the sunlight cannot come. Dark ashes whirled aloft and there, packed and condensed, they seemed to take on form, drew heat and vitality from the fire. (Its own lightness gave it wings.) At first, 'twas like a bird; but soon, a real bird, it flew about on whirring pinions. And along with it were countless sisters winging their noisy flight; and all were sprung from the same source.

terque rogum lustrant, et consonus exit in auras
ter plangor, quarto seducunt castra volatu;
tum duo diversa populi de parte feroces
bella gerunt rostrisque et aduncis unguibus iras
exercent alasque adversaque pectora lassant,
inferiaeque cadunt cineri cognata sepulto
corpora seque viro forti meminere creatas.
praepetibus subitis nomen facit auctor: ab illo
Memnonides dictae, cum sol duodena peregit
signa, parentali moriturae more rebellant.—
ergo aliis latrasse Dymantida flebile visum est;
luctibus est Aurora suis intenta piasque
nunc quoque dat lacrimas et toto rorat in orbe.
Non tamen eversam Troiae cum moenibus esse
spem quoque fata sinunt: sacra et, sacra altera, patrem
fert umeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros.
de tantis opibus praedam pius eligit illam
Ascaniumque suum profugaque per aequora classe
fertur ab Antandro sceleratique limina Thracum
et Polydoreo manantem sanguine terram
linquit et utilibus ventis aestuque secundo
intrat Apollineam sociis comitantibus urbem.
hunc Anius, quo rege homines, antistite Phoebus
rite colebatur, temploque domoque recepit
urbemque ostendit delubraque nota duasque
Latona quondam stirpes pariente retentas.
ture dato flammis vinoque in tura profuso
caesarumque boum fibris de more crematis

Thrice round the pyre they flew and thrice their united clamour rose into the air. At the fourth flight the flock divided and in two warring bands the fierce contestants fought together, plying beak and hooked talons in their rage, wearying wing and breast in the struggle. At last these shapes kin to the buried ashes fell down as funeral offerings and remembered that they were sprung from that brave hero. The author of their being gave his name to the new-sprung birds, and they were called Memnonides from him; and still, when the sun has completed the circuit of his twelve signs, they fight and die again in honour of their father's festival. And so others wept while the daughter of Dymas bayed; but Aurora was all absorbed in her own grief; and even to this day she weeps pious tears and bedews the whole world with them.

And yet the fates did not permit Troy's hopes to perish with her walls. The heroic son [1] of Cytherea bore away upon his shoulders her sacred images and, another sacred thing, his father, a venerable burden. Of all his great possessions, the pious hero chose that portion, and his son, Ascanius. Then with his fleet of refugees he set sail from Antandros, left behind the sinful homes of Thrace and the land dripping with Polydorus' blood, and, with favouring winds and tides assisting, reached with his accompanying friends the city [2] of Apollo. Him Anius, who ruled over men as king and served Phoebus as his priest, received in the temple and his home. He showed his city, the new-erected shrines and the two sacred trees [3] beneath which Latona had once brought forth her children. There they burned incense in the flames, poured out wine upon the incense and, according

[1] Aeneas. [2] In Delos. [3] See VI. 335.

regia tecta petunt, positisque tapetibus altis
munera cum liquido capiunt Cerealia Baccho.
tum pius Anchises: "o Phoebi lecte sacerdos,
fallor, an et natum, cum primum haec moenia vidi,
bisque duas natas, quantum reminiscor, habebas?"
huic Anius niveis circumdata tempora vittis
concutiens et tristis ait: "non falleris, heros
maxime; vidisti natorum quinque parentem,
quem nunc (tanta homines rerum inconstantia versat)
paene vides orbum. quod enim mihi filius absens
auxilium, quem dicta suo de nomine tellus
Andros habet pro patre locumque et regna tenentem?
Delius augurium dedit huic, dedit altera Liber
femineae stirpi voto maiora fideque
munera: nam tactu natarum cuncta mearum
in segetem laticemque meri caneaque Minervae
transformabantur, divesque erat usus in illis.
hoc ubi cognovit Troiae populator Atrides,
(ne non ex aliqua vestram sensisse procellam
nos quoque parte putes), armorum viribus usus
abstrahit invitas gremio genitoris alantque
imperat Argolicam caelesti munere classem.
effugiunt, quo quaeque potest: Euboea duabus
et totidem natis Andros fraterna petita est.
miles adest et, ni dedantur, bella minatur:
victa metu pietas consortia corpora poenae
dedidit; et timido possis ignoscere fratri:
non hic Aeneas, non, qui defenderet Andron,
Hector erat, per quem decimum durastis in annum.

to the customary rite, they slaughtered cattle and burned their entrails in the altar-fire; then sought the palace-hall and, reclining on the high couches, they partook of Ceres' bounty and the wine of Bacchus. Then pious Anchises said: "O chosen priest of Phoebus, am I mistaken, or did you have, when first I saw your city, a son and four daughters as I recall?" And Anius, shaking his head bound with snowy fillets, sadly replied: "No, mightiest of heroes, you are not mistaken; you did see me the father of five children, whom now, such is the shifting nature of men's fates, you see well-nigh bereft. For of what help to me is my absent son, whom the land of Andros, named from him, holds in place of his father; for he rules the land as king. The Delian gave him the power of augury; but to my daughters Bacchus gave other gifts, greater than they could pray or hope to gain. For at my daughters' touch all things were turned to corn and wine and the oil of grey-green Minerva,[1] and there was rich profit in them. When Agamemnon, ravager of Troy, learned this (that you may know that we also have felt some share of your destructive storm), using armed force, he dragged my unwilling daughters from their father's arms, and bade them feed the Grecian army with their heavenly gift. They escaped, each as she could. Two sought Euboea; two fled to their brother's Andros. Armed bands pursued and threatened war unless they were surrendered. Fear conquered brotherly affection, and he gave up to punishment the persons of his kindred. And you could forgive the timid brother; for Aeneas was not here to succour Andros, nor Hector, through whom you held your own for ten years. And now they

[1] *i.e.* olives.

iamque parabantur captivis vincla lacertis :
illae tollentes etiamnum libera caelo
bracchia ' Bacche pater, fer opem ! ' dixere, tulitque
muneris auctor opem,—si miro perdere more
ferre vocatur opem, nec qua ratione figuram
perdiderint, potui scire aut nunc dicere possum ;
summa mali nota est : pennas sumpsere tuaeque
coniugis in volucres, niveas abiere columbas."
Talibus atque aliis postquam convivia dictis
inplerunt, mensa somnum petiere remota
cumque die surgunt adeuntque oracula Phoebi,
qui petere antiquam matrem cognataque iussit
litora ; prosequitur rex et dat munus ituris,
Anchisae sceptrum, chlamydem pharetramque nepoti,
cratera Aeneae, quem quondam transtulit illi
hospes ab Aoniis Therses Ismenius oris :
miserat hunc illi Therses, fabricaverat Alcon
Hyleus et longo caelaverat argumento.
urbs erat, et septem posses ostendere portas :
hae pro nomine erant, et quae foret illa, docebant ;
ante urbem exequiae tumulique ignesque pyraeque
effusaeque comas et apertae pectora matres
significant luctum ; nymphae quoque flere videntur
siccatosque queri fontes : sine frondibus arbor
nuda riget, rodunt arentia saxa capellae.
ecce facit mediis natas Orione Thebis
hanc non femineum iugulo dare vulnus aperto,
illam demisso per inertia vulnera telo

were preparing fetters for the captives' arms, when they, stretching their still free arms to heaven, cried: 'O father Bacchus, help!' And he who gave their gift did bring them aid—if you call it aid, in some strange sort to lose their human form. For never did I know, nor can I now describe, how they lost it. But the outcome of my sad mishap I do know: covered with plumage, they were changed to snow-white doves, your consort's birds."

With such and other themes they filled up the feast, then left the banquet board and retired to rest; and on the morrow they rose and sought the oracle of Phoebus. He bade them seek their ancient mother and kindred shores. On their departure the king went forth with them and gave them parting gifts: a sceptre to Anchises, a robe and quiver to his grandson, and a goblet to Aeneas which Ismenian Therses, a guest, had once brought to the king from the Aonian coast. Therses had sent him the cup, but 'twas the handiwork of Hylean Alcon, who had engraved upon it a long pictured story. There was a city, on which you could discern seven gates. These served to name it and tell you what it was.[1] Before the city funeral rites were seen, with sepulchres and blazing funeral pyres; and women with dishevelled hair and naked breasts, proclaiming grief. Nymphs also seemed to weep and bewail their dried-up springs. The trees stood bare and leafless; goats nibbled in the parched and stony fields. See, in the Theban streets he represents Orion's daughters, one dealing a wound not apt for maiden's hands to her bared throat, the other dealing clumsy wounds with her weaving-shuttle, both falling as victims in the people's stead; then borne in funeral pomp through

[1] *i.e.* Thebes.

pro populo cecidisse suo pulchrisque per urbem
funeribus ferri celebrique in parte cremari.
tum de virginea geminos exire favilla,
ne genus intereat, iuvenes, quos fama Coronos
nominat, et cineri materno ducere pompam.
hactenus antiquo signis fulgentibus aere,
summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho.
nec leviora datis Troiani dona remittunt
dantque sacerdoti custodem turis acerram,
dant pateram claramque auro gemmisque coronam.
Inde recordati Teucros a sanguine Teuceri
ducere principium, Cretam tenuere locique
ferre diu nequiere Iovem centumque relictis
urbibus Ausonios optant contingere portus,
saevit hiems iactatque viros, Strophadumque receptos
portubus infidis exterruit ales Aello.
et iam Dulichios portus Ithacamque Samonque
Neritiasque domus, regnum fallacis Ulixis,
praeter erant vecti: certatam lite deorum
Ambraciam versique vident sub imagine saxum
iudicis, Actiaco quae nunc ab Apolline nota est,
vocalemque sua terram Dodonida quercu
Chaoniosque sinus, ubi nati rege Molosso
inpia subiectis fugere incendia pennis.
Proxima Phaeacum felicibus obsita pomis
rura petunt, Epiros ab his regnataque vati
Buthrotos Phrygio simulataque Troia tenetur;
inde futurorum certi, quae cuncta fideli

the town and burned to ashes midst the mourning throngs. Then, that their race may not perish with them, from their virgin ashes spring two youths, whom fame has named Coroni. These join in the solemn rites due to their mother's dust. Such was the story told in figures gleaming on the antique bronze. Round the goblet's top, rough-carved, golden acanthus ran. The Trojans make presents in return of no less worth: an incense-casket for the priest, a libation-saucer and a crown, gleaming with gems and gold.

Thence, remembering that the Teucrians sprang from Teucer's stock, they sailed away to Crete.[1] Here, unable to endure for long the climate of the place, they abandoned Crete with its hundred cities and set out with eager spirit for the Ausonian shores. The wintry seas raged and tossed the heroic band; and, when they came to the treacherous harbour of the Strophades, Aëllo, the harpy, frightened them. And now Dulichium's anchorage, Ithaca and Samos, the homes of Neritos, the false Ulysses' kingdom—past all these they sailed. Ambracia next, once object of heaven's strife, they saw, and the image of the judge once changed to stone—Ambracia, now famed for Actian Apollo's sake; Dodona's land, with its speaking oaks; Chaonia's sheltered bay, where the sons of King Molossus on new-grown wings escaped impious fires.

Next they sought the land of the Phaeacians, set with fertile orchards, and landed at Buthrotos in Epirus with its mimic Troy, a city ruled by the Phrygian seer. There having learned all that awaited them from the friendly prophecies of Helenus,

[1] This, in accordance with their interpretation of the advice given in l. 678.

Priamides Helenus monitu praedixerat, intrant
Sicaniam : tribus haec excurrit in aequora pennis,
e quibus imbriferos est versa Pachynos ad austros,
mollibus expositum zephyris Lilybaeon, at arctos
aequoris expertes spectat boreamque Peloros.
hac subeunt Teucri, et remis aestuque secundo
sub noctem potitur Zanclaea classis harena :
Scylla latus dextrum, laevum inrequieta Charybdis
infestat ; vorat haec raptas revomitque carinas,
illa feris atram canibus succingitur alvum,
virginis ora gerens, et, si non omnia vates
ficta reliquerunt, aliquo quoque tempore virgo :
hanc multi petiere proci, quibus illa repulsis
ad pelagi nymphas, pelagi gratissima nymphis,
ibat et elusos iuvenum narrabat amores.
cui dum pectendos praebet Galatea capillos,
talibus adloquitur repetens suspiria dictis :
" te tamen, o virgo, genus haut inmite virorum
expetit, utque facis, potes his inpune negare ;
at mihi, cui pater est Nereus, quam caerula Doris
enixa est, quae sum turba quoque tuta sororum,
non nisi per luctus licuit Cyclopis amorem
effugere." et lacrimae vocem inpediere loquentis.
quas ubi marmoreo detersit pollice virgo
et solata deam est, " refer, o carissima " dixit
" neve tui causam tege (sic sum fida) doloris !"
Nereis his contra resecuta Crataeide natam est :
" Acis erat Fauno nymphaque Symaethide cretus
magna quidem patrisque sui matrisque voluptas,
nostra tamen maior ; nam me sibi iunxerat uni.
pulcher et octonis iterum natalibus actis
signarat teneras dubia lanugine malas.

Priam's son, they came to Sicily. This land runs out into the sea in three capes. Of these, Pachynos faces to the rainy south, Lilybaeon feels the soft western breeze, and Peloros looks to the northern Bears, who never go beneath the sea. Hither the Teucri came and with oars and favouring tides the fleet reached the sandy beach of Zancle as darkness fell. Scylla infests the right-hand coast, unresting Charybdis the left. The one sucks down and vomits forth again the ships she has caught; the other's uncanny waist is girt with ravening dogs. She has a virgin's face and, if all the tales of poets are not false, she was herself once a virgin. Many suitors sought her; but she scorned them all and, taking refuge with the sea-nymphs (for the sea-nymphs loved her well), she would tell them of the disappointed wooing of her lovers. There once Galatea, while she let the maiden comb her hair, first sighing deeply, thus addressed her: "You truly, maiden, are wooed by a gentle race of men, and you can repulse them without fear, even as you do. But I, whose father is Nereus and whose mother the sea-hued Doris, who am safe also in a throng of sisters, I was not allowed to shun the Cyclops' love without grievous consequence." Tears checked her further speech. When the maid with her white fingers had dried the goddess' tears and had consoled her, she said: "Tell me, O dearest one, and do not conceal the cause of your woe, for I am faithful to you." And the Nereid answered Crataeis' daughter in these words: "Acis was son of Faunus and the nymph Symaethis, great joy to his father and his mother, but greater joy to me; for he loved me with whole-hearted love. Beautiful he was, and his sixteenth birthday past, a faint down had marked his youthful cheeks. Him did

hunc ego, me Cyclops nulla cum fine petebat.
nec, si quaesieris, odium Cyclopis amorne
Acidis in nobis fuerit praesentior, edam :
par utrumque fuit. pro ! quanta potentia regni
est, Venus alma, tui ! nempe ille inmitis et ipsis
horrendus silvis et visus ab hospite nullo
inpune et magni cum dis contemptor Olympi,
quid sit amor, sensit validaque cupidine captus
uritur oblitus pecorum antrorumque suorum.
iamque tibi formae, iamque est tibi cura placendi,
iam rigidos pectis rastris, Polypheme, capillos,
iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam
et spectare feros in aqua et conponere vultus.
caedis amor feritasque sitisque inmensa cruoris
cessant, et tutae veniuntque abeuntque carinae.
Telemus interea Siculam delatus ad Aetnen,
Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefellerat ales,
terribilem Polyphemon adit 'lumen' que, 'quod unum
fronte geris media, rapiet tibi' dixit ' Ulixes.'
risit et ' o vatum stolidissime, falleris,' inquit,
'altera iam rapuit.' sic frustra vera monentem
spernit et aut gradiens ingenti litora passu
degravat, aut fessus sub opaca revertitur antra.
prominet in pontum cuneatus acumine longo
collis (utrumque latus circumfluit aequoris unda) :
huc ferus adscendit Cyclops mediusque resedit ;
lanigerae pecudes nullo ducente secutae.
cui postquam pinus, baculi quae praebuit usum,
ante pedes posita est antemnis apta ferendis
sumptaque harundinibus conpacta est fistula centum,
senserunt toti pastoria sibila montes,

I love, but the Cyclops loved me with endless wooing. Nor, if you should ask me, could I tell which was stronger in me, my hate of Cyclops or my love of Acis; for both were in equal measure. O mother Venus, how mighty is thy sway! Behold, that savage creature, whom the very woods shudder to look upon, whom no stranger has ever seen save to his own hurt, who despises great Olympus and its gods, he feels the power of love and burns with mighty desire, forgetful of his flocks and of his caves. And now, Polyphemus, you become careful of your appearance, now anxious to please; now with a rake you comb your shaggy locks, and now it is your pleasure to cut your rough beard with a reaping-hook, gazing at your rude features in some clear pool and composing their expression. Your love of slaughter falls away, your fierce nature and your quenchless thirst for blood; and ships come and go in safety. Meanwhile Telemus had come to Sicilian Aetna, Telemus, the son of Eurymus, whom no bird had deceived; and he said to grim Polyphemus: 'That one eye, which you have in the middle of your forehead, Ulysses will take from you.' He mocked and answered: 'O most stupid seer, you are wrong; another has already taken it.' Thus did he scoff at the man who vainly sought to warn him, and stalked with huge, heavy tread along the shore, or returned, weary, to his shady cave. A wedge-shaped promontory with long, sharp point juts out into the sea, both sides washed by the waves. Hither the fierce Cyclops climbed and sat down on the cliff's central point, and his woolly sheep, all unheeded, followed him. Then, laying at his feet the pine-trunk which served him for a staff, fit for a vessel's mast, he took his pipe made of a hundred reeds. All the mountains felt the sound of his rustic pipings; the waves felt it too. I, hiding

senserunt undae; latitans ego rupe meique
Acidis in gremio residens procul auribus hausi
talia dicta meis auditaque verba notavi:
"'Candidior folio nivei Galatea ligustri,
floridior pratis, longa procerior alno,
splendidior vitro, tenero lascivior haedo,
levior adsiduo detritis aequore conchis,
solibus hibernis, aestiva gratior umbra,
nobilior pomis, platano conspectior alta,
lucidior glacie, matura dulcior uva,
mollior et cygni plumis et lacte coacto,
et si non fugias, riguo formosior horto;
"'Saevior indomitis eadem Galatea iuvencis,
durior annosa quercu, fallacior undis,
lentior et salicis virgis et vitibus albis,
his inmobilior scopulis, violentior amne,
laudato pavone superbior, acrior igni,
asperior tribulis, feta truculentior ursa,
surdior aequoribus, calcato inmitior hydro,
et, quod praecipue vellem tibi demere possem,
non tantum cervo claris latratibus acto,
verum etiam ventis volucrique fugacior aura,
(at bene si noris, pigeat fugisse, morasque
ipsa tuas damnes et me retinere labores).
sunt mihi, pars montis, vivo pendentia saxo
antra, quibus nec sol medio sentitur in aestu,
nec sentitur hiems; sunt poma gravantia ramos,
sunt auro similes longis in vitibus uvae,
sunt et purpureae: tibi et has servamus et illas.

beneath a rock and resting in my Acis' arms, at a great distance heard the words he sang and well remember them :

"' O Galatea, whiter than snowy privet-leaves, more blooming than the meadows, surpassing the alder in your tall slenderness, more sparkling than crystal, more frolicsome than a tender kid, smoother than shells worn by the constant waves, more welcome than the winter's sun and summer's shade, more goodly than orchard-fruit, fairer than the tall plane-tree, more shining-clear than ice, sweeter than ripened grapes, softer than swan's down and curdled milk, and, if only you would not flee from me, more beauteous than a well-watered garden.

"' Yet you, the same Galatea, are more obstinate than an untamed heifer, harder than aged oak, falser than water, tougher than willow-twigs and white briony-vines, more immovable than these rocks, more boisterous than a stream, vainer than a praised peacock, more cruel than fire, sharper than thorns, more savage than a she-bear with young, deafer than the sea, more pitiless than a trodden snake, and, what I would most of all that I could take from you, swifter not only than the stag driven before the baying hounds, but also than the winds and the fleeting breeze! But, if only you knew me well, you would regret that you have fled from me ; you would yourself condemn your coy delays and seek to hold me. I have a whole mountain-side for my possessions, deep caves in the living rock, where neither the sun is felt in his midsummer heat, nor the winter's cold. I have apples weighing down their branches, grapes yellow as gold on the trailing vines, and purple grapes as well. Both these and those I am keeping for your use. With your own hand you

ipsa tuis manibus silvestri nata sub umbra
mollia fraga leges, ipsa autumnalia corna
prunaque non solum nigro liventia suco,
verum etiam generosa novasque imitantia ceras.
nec tibi castaneae me coniuge, nec tibi deerunt
arbutei fetus: omnis tibi serviet arbor.

"'Hoc pecus omne meum est, multae quoque vallibus errant,
multas silva tegit, multae stabulantur in antris,
nec, si forte roges, possim tibi dicere, quot sint:
pauperis est numerare pecus; de laudibus harum
nil mihi credideris, praesens potes ipsa videre,
ut vix circumeant distentum cruribus uber.
sunt, fetura minor, tepidis in ovilibus agni.
sunt quoque, par aetas, aliis in ovilibus haedi.
lac mihi semper adest niveum: pars inde bibenda
servatur, partem liquefacta coagula durant.

"'Nec tibi deliciae faciles vulgataque tantum
munera contingent, dammae leporesque caperque,
parve columbarum demptusve cacumine nidus:
inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possint,
inter se similes, vix ut dignoscere possis,
villosae catulos in summis montibus ursae:
inveni et dixi "dominae servabimus istos."

"'Iam modo caeruleo nitidum caput exere ponto,
iam, Galatea, veni, nec munera despice nostra!
certe ego me novi liquidaeque in imagine vidi
nuper aquae, placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.
adspice, sim quantus: non est hoc corpore maior
Iuppiter in caelo, nam vos narrare soletis
nescio quem regnare Iovem; coma plurima torvos

shall gather the luscious strawberries that grow within the woody shade, cherries in autumn-time and plums, both juicy and purple-black and the large yellow kind, yellow as new wax. Chestnuts also shall be yours and the fruit of the arbute-tree, if you will take me for your husband; and every tree shall yield to your desire.

"'And all this flock is mine. Many besides are wandering in the valleys, many are in the woods, still others are safe within their cavern-folds. Nay, should you chance to ask, I could not tell you how many in all I have. 'Tis a poor man's business to count his flocks. And you need not believe my praises of them; here you can see for yourself how they can hardly walk for their distended udders. And I have, coming on, lambs in my warm folds and kids, too, of equal age, in other folds. There's always a plenty of snow-white milk. Some of it is kept for drinking, and some the rennet hardens into curds.

"'And you shall have no easily gotten pets or only common presents, such as does and hares and goats, or a pair of doves, or a nest taken from the cliff. I found on the mountain-top two cubs of a shaggy bear for you to play with, so much alike that you can scarcely tell them apart. I found them and I said: "I'll keep these for my mistress!"

"'And now, Galatea, do but raise your glistening head from the blue sea. Now come and don't despise my gifts. Surely I know myself; lately I saw my reflection in a clear pool, and I liked my features when I saw them. Just look, how big I am! Jupiter himself up there in the sky has no bigger body; for you are always talking of some Jove or other as ruling there. A wealth of hair

prominet in vultus, umerosque, ut lucus, obumbrat;
nec mea quod rigidis horrent densissima saetis
corpora, turpe puta: turpis sine frondibus arbor,
turpis equus, nisi colla iubae flaventia velent;
pluma tegit volucres, ovibus sua lana decori est:
barba viros hirtaeque decent in corpore saetae.
unum est in media lumen mihi fronte, sed instar
ingentis clipei. quid? non haec omnia magnus
Sol videt e caelo? Soli tamen unicus orbis.
"'Adde, quod in vestro genitor meus aequore regnat:
hunc tibi do socerum; tantum miserere precesque
supplicis exaudi! tibi enim succumbimus uni,
quique Iovem et caelum sperno et penetrabile fulmen,
Nerei, te vereor, tua fulmine saevior ira est.
atque ego contemptus essem patientior huius,
si fugeres omnes; sed cur Cyclope repulso
Acin amas praefersque meis conplexibus Acin?
ille tamen placeatque sibi placeatque licebit,
quod nollem, Galatea, tibi; modo copia detur:
sentiet esse mihi tanto pro corpore vires!
viscera viva traham divulsaque membra per agros
perque tuas spargam (sic se tibi misceat!) undas.
uror enim, laesusque exaestuat acrius ignis,
cumque suis videor translatam viribus Aetnam
pectore ferre meo, nec tu, Galatea, moveris.'
"Talia nequiquam questus (nam cuncta videbam)
surgit et ut taurus vacca furibundus adempta
stare nequit silvaque et notis saltibus errat,

overhangs my manly face and it shades my shoulders like a grove. And don't think it ugly that my whole body is covered with thick, bristling hair. A tree is ugly without its leaves and a horse is ugly if a thick mane does not clothe his sorrel neck; feathers clothe the birds, and their own wool is becoming to sheep; so a beard and shaggy hair on his body well become a man. True, I have but one eye in the middle of my forehead, but it is as big as a good-sized shield. And what of that? Doesn't the great sun see everything here on earth from his heavens? And the sun has but one eye.

"'Furthermore, my father is king over your own waters; and him I am giving to you for father-in-law. Only pity me and listen to my humble prayer; for I bow to you alone; I, who scorn Jove and his heaven and his all-piercing thunderbolt, I fear you alone, O Nereid; your anger is more deadly than the lightning-flash. And I could better bear your scorning if you fled from all your suitors. But why, though you reject Cyclops, do you love Acis, and why do you prefer Acis to my arms? And yet he may please himself and please you too, Galatea; but oh, I wish he didn't please you. But only let me have a chance at him! Then he'll find that I am as strong as I am big. I'll tear his vitals out alive, I'll rend him limb from limb and scatter the pieces over the fields and over your waves—so may he mate with you! For oh, I burn, and my hot passion, thus scorned, rages more fiercely within me; I seem to carry Aetna in my breast, borne thither with all his violence. And you, Galatea, do not care at all.'

"Such vain complaints he uttered, and rose up (I saw it all), just as a bull which, furious when the cow has been taken from him, cannot stand still, but

cum ferus ignaros nec quicquam tale timentes
me videt atque Acin 'video' que exclamat 'et ista
ultima sit, faciam, Veneris concordia vestrae.'
tantaque vox, quantam Cyclops iratus habere
debuit, illa fuit: clamore perhorruit Aetne.
ast ego vicino pavefacta sub aequore mergor;
terga fugae dederat conversa Symaethius heros
et 'fer opem, Galatea, precor, mihi! ferte, parentes,'
dixerat 'et vestris periturum admittite regnis!'
insequitur Cyclops partemque e monte revulsam
mittit, et extremus quamvis pervenit ad illum
angulus e saxo, totum tamen obruit Acin.
at nos, quod fieri solum per fata licebat,
fecimus, ut vires adsumeret Acis avitas.
puniceus de mole cruor manabat, et intra
temporis exiguum rubor evanescere coepit,
fitque color primo turbati fluminis imbre
purgaturque mora; tum moles iacta dehiscit,
vivaque per rimas proceraque surgit harundo,
osque cavum saxi sonat exsultantibus undis,
miraque res, subito media tenus exstitit alvo
incinctus iuvenis flexis nova cornua cannis,
qui, nisi quod maior, quod toto caerulus ore,
Acis erat, sed sic quoque erat tamen Acis, in amnem
versus, et antiquum tenuerunt flumina nomen."

Desierat Galatea loqui, coetuque soluto
discedunt placidisque natant Nereides undis.
Scylla redit; neque enim medio se credere ponto
audet, et aut bibula sine vestibus errat harena

wanders through the woods and familiar pasture-lands. Then the fierce giant spied me and Acis, neither knowing nor fearing such a fate, and he cried: 'I see you, and I'll make that union of your loves the last.' His voice was big and terrible as a furious Cyclops' voice should be. Aetna trembled with the din of it. But I, in panic fright, dived into the near-by sea. My Symaethian hero had already turned to run, and cried: 'Oh, help me, Galatea, I pray; help me, my parents, and take me, doomed now to perish, to your kingdom.' Cyclops ran after him and hurled a piece wrenched from the mountain-side; and, though that merest corner of the mass reached Acis, still it was enough to bury him altogether. But I (the only thing that fate allowed to me) caused Acis to assume his ancestral powers. Crimson blood came trickling from beneath the mass; then in a little while its ruddy colour began to fade away and it became the colour of a stream swollen by the early rains, and it cleared entirely in a little while. Then the mass that had been thrown cracked wide open and a tall, green reed sprang up through the crack, and the hollow opening in the rock resounded with leaping waters, and, wonderful! suddenly a youth stood forth waist-deep from the water, his new-sprung horns wreathed with bending rushes. The youth, save that he was larger and his face of dark sea-blue, was Acis. But even so he still was Acis, changed to a river-god; and his waters kept their former name."

When Galatea had finished her story, the group of Nereids broke up and went swimming away on the peaceful waves. But Scylla, not daring to trust herself to the outer deep, returned to the shore, and there either wandered all unrobed along

aut, ubi lassata est, seductos nacta recessus
gurgitis, inclusa sua membra refrigerat unda
ecce freto stridens, alti novus incola ponti,
nuper in Euboica versis Anthedone membris,
Glaucus adest, visaeque cupidine virginis haeret
et, quaecumque putat fugientem posse morari,
verba refert; fugit illa tamen veloxque timore
pervenit in summum positi prope litora montis.
ante fretum est ingens, apicem conlectus in unum
longa sub arboribus convexus in aequora vertex:
constitit hic et tuta loco, monstrumne deusne
ille sit, ignorans admiraturque colorem
caesariemque umeros subiectaque terga tegentem,
ultimaque excipiat quod tortilis inguina piscis.
sensit et innitens, quae stabat proxima, moli
"non ego prodigium nec sum fera belua, virgo,
sed deus" inquit "aquae: nec maius in aequora Proteus
ius habet et Triton Athamantiadesque Palaemon.
ante tamen mortalis eram, sed, scilicet altis
deditus aequoribus, tantum exercebar in illis;
nam modo ducebam ducentia retia pisces,
nunc in mole sedens moderabar harundine linum.
sunt viridi prato confinia litora, quorum
altera pars undis, pars altera cingitur herbis,
quas neque cornigerae morsu laesere iuvencae,
nec placidae carpsistis oves hirtaeve capellae;
non apis inde tulit conlectos sedula[1] flores,

[1] *So Vulg. Ehwald conjectures* semina; *Merkel* semine.

the thirsty sands or, when she was wearied, she would seek out some deep sequestered pool and there refresh her limbs in its safe waters. Behold Glaucus, sounding with his shell upon the sea, a new-come dweller in the deep waters; for his form had been but lately changed near Anthedon in Euboea. He saw the maid and straightway burned with love, and said whatever things he thought might stay her flight. Nevertheless, she fled him and, her speed increased by fear, she came to the top of a mountain which stood near the shore. It was a huge mountain facing the sea, rising into one massive peak, its shady top reaching far out over the water. Here Scylla stayed her flight and, protected by her position, not knowing whether he was a monster or a god, looked in wonder at his colour, his hair which covered his shoulders and his back, and at his groins merging into a twisted fish-form. He saw her and, leaning on a mass of rock which lay at hand, he said: "Maiden, I am no monster or wild creature; I am a sea-god; and neither Proteus nor Triton nor Palaemon, son of Athamas, has greater power over the deeps than I. I was mortal once, but even then devoted to the sea, and there my life was spent. Now I would draw in the nets full of fish, and now, sitting on some projecting rock, I would ply rod and line. There is a shore fringed by verdant meadows, one side of which is hemmed in by the waves and the other by herbage, which neither horned cattle have ever disturbed in grazing nor have your peaceful sheep nor hairy she-goats cropped it. No busy bee ever gathered flowers[1] from there

[1] *i.e.* either the honey from the flowers, or, according to Aristotle (*de An. Hist.*, V. XXII. 4), the flowers themselves, out of which the bees made the honeycombs.

non data sunt capiti genialia serta, neque umquam
falciferae secuere manus; ego primus in illo
caespite consedi, dum lina madentia sicco,
utque recenserem captivos ordine pisces,
insuper exposui, quos aut in retia casus
aut sua credulitas in aduncos egerat hamos.
res similis fictae, sed quid mihi fingere prodest?
gramine contacto coepit mea praeda moveri
et mutare latus terraque ut in aequore niti.
dumque moror mirorque simul, fugit omnis in undas
turba suas dominumque novum litusque relinquunt.
obstipui dubitoque diu causamque requiro,
num deus hoc aliquis, num sucus fecerit herbae:
'quae tamen has' inquam 'vires habet herba?' manuque
pabula decerpsi decerptaque dente momordi.
vix bene conbiberant ignotos guttura sucos,
cum subito trepidare intus praecordia sensi
alteriusque rapi naturae pectus amore;
nec potui restare diu 'repetenda' que 'numquam
terra, vale!' dixi corpusque sub aequora mersi.
di maris exceptum socio dignantur honore,
utque mihi, quaecumque feram, mortalia demant,
Oceanum Tethynque rogant: ego lustror ab illis,
et purgante nefas noviens mihi carmine dicto
pectora fluminibus iubeor supponere centum;
nec mora, diversis lapsi de partibus amnes
totaque vertuntur supra caput aequora nostrum.
hactenus acta tibi possum memoranda referre,
hactenus haec memini, nec mens mea cetera sensit.
quae postquam rediit, alium me corpore toto,

and bore them off; no festal wreaths for the head were ever gathered there, no hands with sickles ever mowed its grasses. I was the first to seat me on that turf, drying my dripping lines and spreading out upon the bank to count them the fish that I had caught, which either chance had brought to my nets or their own guilelessness had fixed upon my hooks. It sounds like an idle tale; but what advantage have I in deceiving you? My catch, on touching the grass, began to stir, then to turn over and to move about on land as in the sea. And while I paused in wonder they all slipped down into their native waters, abandoning their new master and the shore. I stood a long time in amaze and doubt, seeking the cause of this. Had some god done it, or was it the grasses' juice? 'And yet what herb could have such potency?' I said, and plucking some of the herbage with my hands, I chewed what I had plucked. Scarce had I swallowed the strange juices when suddenly I felt my heart trembling within me, and my whole being yearned with desire for another element. Unable long to stand against it, I cried aloud: 'Farewell, O Earth, to which I shall nevermore return!' and I plunged into the sea. The sea-divinities received me, deeming me worthy of a place with them, and called on Oceanus and Tethys to purge my mortal nature all away. And then they purged me, first with a magic song nine times repeated to wash all evil from me, and next they bade me bathe my body in a hundred streams. Straightway the rivers that flow from every side poured all their waters upon my head. So far I can recall and tell you what befell me; so far can I remember. But of the rest my mind retains no knowledge. When my senses came back to me I was far different from what I was but lately in all

ac fueram nuper, neque eundem mente recepi :
hanc ego tum primum viridi ferrugine barbam
caesariemque meam, quam longa per aequora verro,
ingentesque umeros et caerula bracchia vidi
cruraque pinnigero curvata novissima pisce.
quid tamen haec species, quid dis placuisse marinis,
quid iuvat esse deum, si tu non tangeris istis?" 965
talia dicentem, dicturum plura, reliquit
Scylla deum ; furit ille inritatusque repulsa
prodigiosa petit Titanidos atria Circes.

my body, nor was my mind the same. Then for the first time I beheld this beard of dark green hue, these locks which I sweep on the long waves, these huge shoulders and bluish arms, these legs which twist and vanish in a finny fish. And yet, what boots this form, what, that I pleased the sea-divinities, what profits it to be a god, if you are not moved by these things?" As he thus spoke and would have spoken more, Scylla fled from the god, and he, stung to mad rage by his repulse, betook him to the wondrous court of Circe, daughter of the Sun.

BOOK XIV

LIBER XIV

Iamque Giganteis iniectam faucibus Aetnen
arvaque Cyclopum, quid rastra, quid usus aratri,
nescia nec quicquam iunctis debentia bubus
liquerat Euboicus tumidarum cultor aquarum,
liquerat et Zancleu adversaque moenia Regi
navifragumque fretum, gemino quod litore pressum
Ausoniae Siculaeque tenet confinia terrae.
inde manu magna Tyrrhena per aequora vectus
herbiferos adiit colles atque atria Glaucus
Sole satae Circes, vanarum plena ferarum.
quam simul adspexit, dicta acceptaque salute,
"diva, dei miserere, precor! nam sola levare
tu potes hunc," dixit "videar modo dignus, amorem.
quanta sit herbarum, Titani, potentia, nulli
quam mihi cognitius, qui sum mutatus ab illis.
neve mei non nota tibi sit causa furoris:
litore in Italico, Messenia moenia contra,
Scylla mihi visa est. pudor est promissa precesque
blanditiasque meas contemptaque verba referre;
at tu, sive aliquid regni est in carmine, carmen
ore move sacro, sive expugnacior herba est,
utere temptatis operosae viribus herbae
nec medicare mihi sanesque haec vulnera mando.

BOOK XIV

And now Aetna, heaped upon the giant's head,[1] and the fields of the Cyclops, which knew naught of the harrow or the plow, which owed no debt to yoked cattle, all these the Euboean haunter of the swelling waves had left behind; he had left Zancle also, and the walls of Rhegium which lay opposite, and the shipwrecking strait which, confined by double shores, hems in the Ausonian and Sicilian land. Thence, swimming along with mighty strength through the Tyrrhene sea, Glaucus came to the herb-clad hills and the courts of Circe, daughter of the Sun, full of phantom beasts. When he beheld her, and a welcome had been given and received, he thus addressed the goddess: "O goddess, pity a god, I pray you! for you alone, if I but seem worthy of it, can help this love of mine. What magic potency herbs have, O Titaness, no one knows better than myself, for I was changed by them. That the cause of my mad passion may be known to you, on the Italian coast, opposite Messene's walls, I saw Scylla. I am ashamed to tell of the promises and prayers, the coaxing words I used, all scornfully rejected. But do you, if there is any power in charms, sing a charm with your sacred lips; or, if herbs are more effectual, use the tried strength of efficacious herbs. And I do not pray that you cure me or heal me of these wounds, nor end my

[1] See v. 346 ff.

fineque nil opus est: partem ferat illa caloris."
at Circe (neque enim flammis habet aptius ulla
talibus ingenium, seu causa est huius in ipsa,
seu Venus indicio facit hoc offensa paterno,)
talia verba refert: "melius sequerere volentem
optantemque eadem parilique cupidine captam.
dignus eras ultro (poteras certeque) rogari,
et, si spem dederis, mihi crede, rogaberis ultro.
neu dubites adsitque tuae fiducia formae,
en ego, cum dea sim, nitidi cum filia Solis,
carmine cum tantum, tantum quoque gramine possim,
ut tua sim, voveo. spernentem sperne, sequenti
redde vices, unoque duas ulciscere facto."
talia temptanti "prius" inquit "in aequore frondes"
Glaucus "et in summis nascentur montibus algae,
sospite quam Scylla nostri mutentur amores."
indignata dea est et laedere quatenus ipsum
non poterat, (nec vellet amans), irascitur illi,
quae sibi praelata est; venerisque offensa repulsa,
protinus horrendis infamia pabula sucis
conterit et tritis Hecateia carmina miscet
caerulaque induitur velamina perque ferarum
agmen adulantum media procedit ab aula
oppositumque petens contra Zancleia saxa
Region ingreditur ferventes aestibus undas,
in quibus ut solida ponit vestigia terra
summaque decurrit pedibus super aequora siccis.
parvus erat gurges, curvos sinuatus in arcus,
grata quies Scyllae: quo se referebat ab aestu

love; let her but bear her part of this burning heat.' But Circe (for no one has a heart more susceptible to such flames than she, whether the cause of this is in herself, or whether Venus, offended by her father's tattling, made her so) replied: "Much better would you follow one whose strong desire and prayer was even as your own, whose heart burned with an equal flame. You were worthy on your own part to be wooed, and could be, of a truth; and, if you give some hope, I tell you truly you shall indeed be wooed. That you may believe this, and have some faith in your own power to charm, lo, I, goddess though I be, though the daughter of the shining Sun, though I have such magic powers in song and herb, I pray that I may be yours. Scorn her who scorns, and requite her love who loves you; and so in one act repay us both." But to her prayer Glaucus replied: "Sooner shall foliage grow on the sea, and sooner shall seaweeds spring up on the mountain-tops, than shall my love change while Scylla lives." The goddess was enraged; and, since she could not harm the god himself (and would not because of her love for him), she turned her wrath upon the girl who was preferred to her. In hurt anger at the refusal of her love, she straightway bruised together uncanny herbs with juices of dreadful power, singing while she mixed them Hecate's own charms. Then, donning an azure cloak, she took her way from her palace through the throng of beasts that fawned upon her as she passed, and made for Rhegium, lying opposite Zancle's rocky coast. She fared along the seething waters, on which she trod as on the solid ground, skimming dry-shod along the surface of the sea. There was a little pool, curving into a deep bow, a peaceful place where Scylla loved to come. Thither would she betake her

et maris et caeli, medio cum plurimus orbe
sol erat et minimas a vertice fecerat umbras.
hunc dea praevitiat portentificisque venenis
inquinat; his fusis latices radice nocenti
spargit et obscurum verborum ambage novorum
ter noviens carmen magico demurmurat ore.
Scylla venit mediaque tenus descenderat alvo,
cum sua foedari latrantibus inguina monstris
adspicit ac primo credens non corporis illas
esse sui partes, refugitque abigitque timetque
ora proterva canum, sed quos fugit, attrahit una
et corpus quaerens femorum crurumque pedumque
Cerbereos rictus pro partibus invenit illis:
statque canum rabie subiectaque terga ferarum
inguinibus truncis uteroque exstante coercet.

Flevit amans Glaucus nimiumque hostiliter usae
viribus herbarum fugit conubia Circes;
Scylla loco mansit cumque est data copia, primum
in Circes odium sociis spoliavit Ulixen;
mox eadem Teucras fuerat mersura carinas,
ni prius in scopulum, qui nunc quoque saxeus exstat,
transformata foret: scopulum quoque navita vitat.

Hunc ubi Troianae remis avidamque Charybdin
evicere rates, cum iam prope litus adessent
Ausonium, Libycas vento referuntur ad oras.
excipit Aenean illic animoque domoque
non bene discidium Phrygii latura mariti

from the heat of sea and sky, when the sun at his strongest was in mid-heaven, and from his zenith had drawn the shadows to their shortest compass. This pool, before the maiden's coming, the goddess befouls and tinctures with her baleful poisons. When these had been poured out she sprinkles liquors brewed from noxious roots, and a charm, dark with its maze of uncanny words, thrice nine times she murmurs over with lips well skilled in magic. Then Scylla comes and wades waist-deep into the water; when all at once she sees her loins disfigured with barking monster-shapes. And at the first, not believing that these are parts of her own body, she flees in fear and tries to drive away the boisterous, barking things. But what she flees she takes along with her; and, feeling for her thighs, her legs, her feet, she finds in place of these only gaping dogs'-heads, such as a Cerberus might have. She stands on ravening dogs, and her docked loins and her belly are enclosed in a circle of beastly forms.

Glaucus, her lover, wept at the sight and fled the embrace of Circe, who had used too cruelly her potent herbs. But Scylla remained fixed in her place and, when first a chance was given her to vent her hate on Circe, she robbed Ulysses of his companions. She also would have wrecked the Trojan ships had she not before their coming been changed into a rock which stands there to this day. The rock also is the sailors' dread.

When the Trojan vessels had successfully passed this monster and greedy Charybdis too, and when they had almost reached the Ausonian shore, the wind bore them to the Libyan coast. There the Sidonian queen[1] received Aeneas hospitably in heart and home,

[1] Dido.

Sidonis; inque pyra sacri sub imagine facta
incubuit ferro deceptaque decipit omnes.
rursus harenosae fugiens nova moenia terrae
ad sedemque Erycis fidumque relatus Acesten
sacrificat tumulumque sui genitoris honorat.
quasque rates Iris Iunonia paene cremarat,
solvit et Hippotadae regnum terrasque calenti
sulphure fumantis Acheloiadumque relinquit
Sirenum scopulos, orbataque praeside pinus
Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas
colle Pithecusas, habitantum nomine dictas.
quippe deum genitor, fraudem et periuria quondam
Cercopum exosus gentisque admissa dolosae,
in deforme viros animal mutavit, ut idem
dissimiles homini possent similesque videri,
membraque contraxit naresque a fronte resimas
contudit et rugis peraravit anilibus ora
totaque velatos flaventi corpora villo
misit in has sedes nec non prius abstulit usum
verborum et natae dira in periuria linguae;
posse queri tantum rauco stridore reliquit.

Has ubi praeteriit et Parthenopeia dextra
moenia deseruit, laeva de parte canori
Aeolidae tumulum et, loca feta palustribus undis,
litora Cumarum vivacisque antra Sibyllae
intrat, et ad manes veniat per Averna paternos,
orat. at illa diu vultum tellure moratum

doomed ill to endure her Phrygian lord's departure On a pyre, built under pretence of sacred rites, she fell upon his sword; and so, herself disappointed, she disappointed all. Leaving once more the new city built on the sandy shore, Aeneas returned to the land of Eryx and friendly Acestes, and there he made sacrifice and paid due honours to his father's tomb. Then he cast off the ships which Iris, Juno's messenger, had almost burned, and soon had sailed past the kingdom [1] of Hippotades, past the lands smoking with hot sulphur fumes, and the rocky haunt of the Sirens, daughters of Acheloüs. And now, his vessel having lost her pilot, he coasts along Inarime and Prochyte and Pithecusae, situate on a barren hill, called from the name of its inhabitants. For the father of the gods, hating the tricks and lies of the Cercopians and the crimes committed by that treacherous race, once changed the men to ugly animals in such a way that they might be unlike human shape and yet seem like them. He shortened their limbs, blunted and turned back their noses, and furrowed their faces with deep wrinkles as of age. Then he sent them, clothed complete in yellow hair, to dwell in these abodes. But first he took from them the power of speech, the use of tongues born for vile perjuries, leaving them only the utterance of complaint in hoarse, grating tones.

When he had passed these by and left the walled city of Parthenope upon the right, he came upon the left to the mound-tomb of the tuneful son of Aeolus [2] and the shores of Cumae, teaming with marshy waters, and, entering the grotto of the long-lived sibyl, prayed that he might pass down through Avernus' realm and see his father's shade. The sibyl held her eyes long

[1] The Aeolian Isles. [2] Misenus.

erexit tandemque deo furibunda recepto
"magna petis," dixit, "vir factis maxime, cuius
dextera per ferrum, pietas spectata per ignes.
pone tamen, Troiane, metum: potiere petitis
Elysiasque domos et regna novissima mundi
me duce cognosces simulacraque cara parentis.
invia virtuti nulla est via." dixit et auro
fulgentem ramum silva Iunonis Avernae
monstravit iussitque suo divellere trunco.
paruit Aeneas et formidabilis Orci
vidit opes atavosque suos umbramque senilem
magnanimi Anchisae; didicit quoque iura locorum,
quaeque novis essent adeunda pericula bellis.
inde ferens lassos adverso tramite passus
cum duce Cumaea mollit sermone laborem.
dumque iter horrendum per opaca crepuscula carpit,
"seu dea tu praesens, seu dis gratissima," dixit,
"numinis instar eris semper mihi, meque fatebor
muneris esse tui, quae me loca mortis adire,
quae loca me visae voluisti evadere mortis.
pro quibus aerias meritis evectus ad auras
templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi turis honores."
respicit hunc vates et suspiratibus haustis
"nec dea sum," dixit "nec sacri turis honore
humanum dignare caput, neu nescius erres,
lux aeterna mihi carituraque fine dabatur,
si mea virginitas Phoebo patuisset amanti.
dum tamen hanc sperat, dum praecorrumpere donis
me cupit, 'elige,' ait 'virgo Cumaea, quid optes:

fixed upon the earth, then lifted them at last and, full of mad inspiration from her god, replied: "Great things do you ask, you man of mighty deeds, whose hand, by sword, whose piety, by fire, has been well tried. But have no fear, Trojan; you shall have your wish, and with my guidance you shall see the dwellings of Elysium and the latest kingdom of the universe; and you shall see your dear father's shade. There is no way denied to virtue." She spoke and showed him, deep in Avernal Juno's [1] forest, a bough gleaming with gold, and bade him pluck it from its trunk. Aeneas obeyed; then saw grim Orcus' possessions, and his own ancestral shades, and the aged spirit of the great-souled Anchises. He learned also the laws of those places, and what perils he himself must undergo in new wars. As he retraced his weary steps along the upward way he beguiled the toil with discourse with his Cumaean guide; and as he fared along the dismal road in the dim dusk he said: "Whether thou art a goddess in very truth, or a maid most pleasing to the gods, to me shalt thou always seem divine, and I shall confess that I owe my life to thee, through whose will I have approached the world of death, have seen and have escaped in safety from the world of death. And for these services, when I have returned to the upper regions, I will erect a temple to thee and there burn incense in thine honour." The sibyl regarded him and, sighing deeply, said: "I am no goddess, nor do thou deem any mortal worthy of the honour of the sacred incense. But, lest you mistake in ignorance, eternal, endless life was offered me, had my virgin modesty consented to Phoebus' love. While he still hoped for this and sought to break my will with gifts, he said: 'Chose what you will,

[1] *i.e.* Proserpina.

optatis potiere tuis. ego pulveris hausti
ostendi cumulum: quot haberet corpora pulvis,
tot mihi natales contingere vana rogavi;
excidit, ut peterem iuvenes quoque protinus annos.
hos tamen ille mihi dabat aeternamque iuventam,
si Venerem paterer: contempto munere Phoebi
innuba permaneo; sed iam felicior aetas
terga dedit, tremuloque gradu venit aegra senectus,
quae patienda diu est. nam iam mihi saecula septem
acta vides: superest, numeros ut pulveris aequem,
ter centum messes, ter centum musta videre.
tempus erit, cum de tanto me corpore parvam
longa dies faciet, consumptaque membra senecta
ad minimum redigentur onus: nec amata videbor
nec placuisse deo, Phoebus quoque forsitan ipse
vel non cognoscet, vel dilexisse negabit:
usque adeo mutata ferar nullique videnda,
voce tamen noscar; vocem mihi fata relinquent."

Talia convexum per iter memorante Sibylla
sedibus Euboicam Stygiis emergit in urbem
Troius Aeneas sacrisque ex more litatis
litora adit nondum nutricis habentia nomen.
hic quoque substiterat post taedia longa laborum
Neritius Macareus, comes experientis Ulixei.
desertum quondam mediis sub rupibus Aetnae
noscit Achaemeniden inprovisoque repertum

maiden of Cumae, and you shall have your choice.' Pointing to a heap of sand, I made the foolish prayer that I might have as many years of life as there were sand-grains in the pile; but I forgot to ask that those years might be perpetually young. He granted me the years, and promised endless youth as well, if I would yield to love. I spurned Phoebus' gift and am still unwedded. But now my joyous springtime of life has fled and with tottering step weak old age is coming on, which for long I must endure. Even now you see me after seven centuries of life, and, ere my years equal the number of the sands, I still must behold three hundred harvest-times, three hundred vintages. The time will come when length of days will shrivel me from my full form to but a tiny thing, and my limbs, consumed by age, will shrink to a feather's weight. Then will I seem never to have been loved, never to have pleased the god. Phoebus himself, perchance, will either gaze unknowing on me or will deny that he ever loved me. Even to such changes shall I come. Though shrunk past recognition of the eye, still by my voice shall I be known, for the fates will leave me my voice."

While thus along the hollow way the sibyl told her story, out of the Stygian world Trojan Aeneas emerged near the Euboean city.[1] Making due sacrifices here, he next landed on a shore which did not yet bear his nurse's[2] name. Here also Neritian Macareus, a comrade of all-suffering Ulysses, had stayed behind after the long weariness of his wanderings. He recognizes Achaemenides,[3] whom they had left long since abandoned midst the rocks of Aetna. Amazed thus suddenly to find him still

[1] Cumae. [2] Caieta.
[3] Aeneas had taken him on board near Aetna.

vivere miratus, "qui te casusve deusve
servat, Achaemenide? cur" inquit "barbara Graium
prora vehit? petitur vestra quae terra carina?"
talia quaerenti, iam non hirsutus amictu,
iam suus et spinis conserto tegmine nullis,
fatur Achaemenides: "iterum Polyphemon et illos
adspiciam fluidos humano sanguine rictus,
hac mihi si potior domus est Ithaceque carina,
si minus Aenean veneror genitore, nec umquam
esse satis potero, praestem licet omnia, gratus.
quod loquor et spiro caelumque et sidera solis
respicio, possimne ingratus et immemor esse?
ille dedit, quod non anima hac Cyclopis in ora
venit, et ut iam nunc lumen vitale relinquam,
aut tumulo aut certe non illa condar in alvo.
quid mihi tunc animi (nisi si timor abstulit omnem
sensum animumque) fuit, cum vos petere alta relictus
aequora conspexi? volui inclamare, sed hosti
prodere me timui: vestrae quoque clamor Ulixis
paene rati nocuit. vidi, cum monte revulsum
immanem scopulum medias permisit in undas;
vidi iterum veluti tormenti viribus acta
vasta Giganteo iaculantem saxa lacerto
et, ne deprimeret fluctus ventusve carinam,
pertimui, iam me non esse oblitus in illa.
ut vero fuga vos a certa morte reduxit,
ille quidem totam gemebundus obambulat Aetnam
praetemptatque manu silvas et luminis orbus
rupibus mcursat foedataque bracchia tabo
in mare protendens gentem exsecratur Achivam
atque ait: 'o si quis referat mihi casus Ulixen,

alive, he says: "What chance, what god has saved you, Achaemenides? Why does a Greek sail in a Trojan ship? What land does your vessel seek?" And to his questions Achaemenides, no longer roughly clad, his garments no longer pinned with thorns, but his own man once more, replied: "May I look on Polyphemus yet again, and those wide jaws of his, dripping with human gore, if I prefer my home and Ithaca to this ship, if I revere Aeneas less than my own father. Nor can I ever pay my debt of gratitude, though I should give my all. That I speak and breathe and see the heavens and the constellations of the sun, for this can I cease to thank him, and be mindful of him? 'Tis due to him that my life came not into the Cyclops' jaws, and though even now I should leave the light of life, I should be buried in a tomb, but surely not in that monster's maw. What were my feelings then (except that fear took away all sense and feeling) when, left behind, I saw you making for the open sea? I longed to call out to you, but I feared to betray myself to the enemy. Even your vessel Ulysses' cry almost wrecked. I saw when Cyclops tore up a huge rock from the mountain-side and hurled it far out to sea. I saw him again throwing great stones with his gigantic arms as from a catapult, and I feared lest the waves or the wind[1] should sink the ship, forgetting that I was not in her. But when you escaped by flight from certain death, he, groaning the while, went prowling all over Aetna, groping through the woods with his hands, and blindly dashing against the rocks. Then would he stretch out his bleeding arms to the sea and curse the whole Greek race, and say: 'Oh, that some chance would but bring

[1] *i.e.* of the stone.

aut aliquem e sociis, in quem mea saeviat ira,
viscera cuius edam, cuius viventia dextra
membra mea laniem, cuius mihi sanguis inundet
guttur, et elisi trepident sub dentibus artus :
quam nullum aut leve sit damnum mihi lucis
ademptae ! '
haec et plura ferox, me luridus occupat horror
spectantem vultus etiamnum caede madentes
crudelesque manus et inanem luminis orbem
membraque et humano concretam sanguine barbam.
mors erat ante oculos, minimum tamen illa malorum,
et iam prensurum, iam nunc mea viscera rebar
in sua mersurum, mentique haerebat imago
temporis illius, quo vidi bina meorum
ter quater adfligi sociorum corpora terrae,
cum super ipse iacens hirsuti more leonis
visceraque et carnes cumque albis ossa medullis
semianimesque artus avidam condebat in alvum ;
me tremor invasit : stabam sine sanguine maestus,
mandentemque videns eiectantemque cruentas
ore dapes et frusta mero glomerata vomentem :
talia fingebam misero mihi fata parari
perque dies multos latitans omnemque tremiscens
ad strepitum mortemque timens cupidusque moriri
glande famem pellens et mixta frondibus herba
solus inops exspes leto poenaeque relictus
hanc procul adspexi longo post tempore navem
oravique fugam gestu ad litusque cucurri,
et movi : Graiumque ratis Troiana recepit !

Ulysses back to me, or some one of his friends, against whom my rage might vent itself, whose vitals I might devour, whose living body I might tear asunder with my hands, whose gore might flood my throat, and whose mangled limbs might quiver between my teeth! How nothing at all, or how slight a thing would the loss of my sight appear!' This and much more in fury. Pale horror filled me as I looked upon his face still smeared with blood, and his cruel hands, his sightless eye, his limbs and his beard, matted with human gore. Death was before my eyes, but that was the least of all my troubles. I kept always thinking: now he'll catch me, now he'll make my flesh part of his; and the picture stuck in my mind of that time when I saw him catch up two of my friends at once and dash them thrice and again upon the ground; and when, crouching like a shaggy lion over them, he filled his greedy maw with their vitals and their flesh, their bones full of white marrow, and their limbs still warm with life. A quaking terror seized me and I stood pale with horror as I watched him now chewing, now ejecting his bloody feast, now disgorging his scraps of food mingled with wine. Such fate I pictured as in store for wretched me. For many days I kept myself in hiding, trembling at every sound, fearing death and yet longing to die, keeping off starvation with acorns and grass and leaves, alone, helpless and hopeless, abandoned to suffering and death. And then, after a long time, far in the distance I saw this ship, and I begged them by my gestures to save me, I rushed down to the shore and I touched their hearts: a Trojan ship received a Greek! Now do you also tell of your adventures, best of comrades, what your leader

tu quoque pande tuos, comitum gratissime, casus
et ducis et turbae, quae tecum est credita ponto."
Aeolon ille refert Tusco regnare profundo,
Aeolon Hippotaden, cohibentem carcere ventos;
quos bovis inclusos tergo, memorabile munus,
Dulichium sumpsisse ducem flatuque secundo
lucibus isse novem et terram aspexisse petitam;
proxima post nonam cum sese aurora moveret,
invidia socios praedaeque cupidine victos
esse; ratos aurum, dempsisse ligamina ventis;
cum quibus isse retro, per quas modo venerat undas,
Aeoliique ratem portus repetisse tyranni.
"inde Lami veterem Laestrygonis" inquit "in urbem
venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.
missus ad hunc ego sum, numero comitante duorum,
vixque fuga quaesita salus comitique mihique,
tertius e nobis Laestrygonis impia tinxit
ora cruore suo. fugientibus instat et agmen
concitat Antiphates; coeunt et saxa trabesque
coniciunt merguntque viros merguntque carinas.
una tamen, quae nos ipsumque vehebat Ulixen,
effugit. amissa sociorum parte dolentes
multaque conquesti terris adlabimur illis,
quas procul hinc cernis (procul est, mihi crede, videnda
insula visa mihi!) tuque o iustissime Troum,
nate dea, (neque enim finito Marte vocandus
hostis es, Aenea) moneo, fuge litora Circes!
nos quoque Circaeo religata in litore pinu,
Antiphatae memores immansuetique Cyclopis,

suffered and the company which put to sea with you."

Then Macareus told how Aeolus ruled over the Tuscan waters, Aeolus, son of Hippotes, confining the winds in prison. These winds, enclosed in a bag of bull's hide, the Dulichian captain had received, a memorable gift. Nine days they had sailed along with a good stern breeze and had sighted the land they sought; but when the tenth morning dawned, Ulysses' comrades were overcome by envy and by lust of booty; thinking that gold was in the bag, they untied the strings that held the winds. These blew the vessel back again over the waves they had just crossed, and she re-entered the harbour of the Aeolian tyrant. "After that," he said, "we came to the ancient city of Laestrygonian Lamus. Antiphates was ruling in that land. I was sent to him with two companions. One comrade and myself by flight barely reached a place of safety; but the third of us stained with his blood the Laestrygonians' impious mouths. Antiphates pursued us as we fled and urged his band after us. They came on in a mob, hurling stones and heavy timbers, and they sank our men and sank our ships. One of them, however, in which I and Ulysses himself sailed, escaped. Grieving for our lost companions and with many lamentations, we finally reached that land which you see at some distance yonder. (And, trust my word, I found 'twas best to see it at a distance.) And you, most righteous Trojan, son of Venus (for now that the war is over, you are no longer to be counted foe, Aeneas), I warn you, keep away from Circe's shores! We also, having moored our vessel on Circe's shore, and remembering Antiphates and the cruel Cyclops, refused to go further, but were

ire negabamus; sed tecta ignota subire
sorte sumus lecti: sors me fidumque Politen
Eurylochumque simul nimioque Elpenora vino
bisque novem socios Circaea ad moenia misit.
quae simul attigimus stetimusque in limine tecti,
mille lupi mixtaeque lupis ursaeque leaeque
occursu fecere metum, sed nulla timenda
nullaque erat nostro factura in corpore vulnus;
quin etiam blandas movere per aera caudas
nostraque adulantes comitant vestigia, donec
excipiunt famulae perque atria marmore tecta
ad dominam ducunt: pulchro sedet illa recessu
sollemni solio pallamque induta nitentem
insuper aurato circumvelatur amictu.
Nereides nymphaeque simul, quae vellera motis
nulla trahunt digitis nec fila sequentia ducunt:
gramina disponunt sparsosque sine ordine flores
secernunt calathis variasque coloribus herbas;
ipsa, quod hae faciunt, opus exigit, ipsa, quis usus
quove sit in folio, quae sit concordia mixtis,
novit et advertens pensas examinat herbas.
haec ubi nos vidit, dicta acceptaque salute
diffudit vultus et reddidit omina votis.
nec mora, misceri tosti iubet hordea grani
mellaque vimque meri cum lacte coagula passo,
quique sub hac lateant furtim dulcedine, sucos
adicit. accipimus sacra data pocula dextra.
quae simul arenti sitientes hausimus ore,
et tetigit summos virga dea dira capillos,
(et pudet et referam) saetis horrescere coepi,
nec iam posse loqui, pro verbis edere raucum

chosen by lot to approach the unknown houses. The lot sent me and the trusty Polites, Eurylochus also and Elpenor, too much given to wine, and eighteen others to Circe's city. When we arrived and stood within her courts, a thousand wolves and she-bears and lionesses in a mixed throng rushed on us, filling us with terror. But not one of them was to be feared; not one of them was to give us a single scratch upon our bodies. Why, they even wagged their tails in show of kindness, and fawned upon us as they followed us along, until attendant maidens took us in charge and led us through the marble halls to their mistress' presence. She sat in a beautiful retreat on her throne of state, clad in a gleaming robe, with a golden veil above. Her attendants were Nereids and nymphs, who card no fleece and spin no woollen threads with nimble fingers; their only task, to sort out plants, to select from a jumbled mass and place in separate baskets flowers and herbs of various colours. She herself oversees the work they do; she herself knows what is the value of each leaf, what ingredients mix well together, directs the tasks, and weighs the herbs. When she saw us and when welcome had been given and received, she smiled upon us and seemed to promise us the friendship we desired. At once she bade her maidens spread a feast of parched barley-bread, of honey, strong wine, and curdled milk; and in this sweet drink, where they might lie unnoticed, she slyly squeezed some of her baleful juices. We took the cup which was offered by her divine hand. As soon as we had thirstily drained the cup with parched lips, the cruel goddess touched the tops of our heads with her magic wand; and then (I am ashamed to tell, yet will I tell) I began to grow rough with bristles, and I could speak no longer, but in

murmur et in terram toto procumbere vultu,
osque meum sensi pando occallescere rostro,
colla tumere toris, et qua modo pocula parte
sumpta mihi fuerant, illa vestigia feci
cumque eadem passis (tantum medicamina possunt!)
claudor hara, solumque suis caruisse figura
vidimus Eurylochum: solus data pocula fugit;
quae nisi vitasset, pecoris pars una manerem
nunc quoque saetigeri, nec tantae cladis ab illo
certior ad Circen ultor venisset Ulixes.
pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album:
moly vocant superi, nigra radice tenetur;
tutus eo monitisque simul caelestibus intrat
ille domum Circes et ad insidiosa vocatus
pocula conantem virga mulcere capillos
reppulit et stricto pavidam deterruit ense.
inde fides dextraeque datae thalamoque receptus
coniugii dotem sociorum corpora poscit.
spargimur ignotae sucis melioribus herbae
percutimurque caput conversae verbere virgae,
verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.
quo magis illa canit, magis hoc tellure levati
erigimur, saetaeque cadunt, bifidosque relinquit
rima pedes, redeunt umeri et subiecta lacertis
bracchia sunt: flentem flentes amplectimur ipsi
haeremusque ducis collo nec verba locuti
ulla priora sumus quam nos testantia gratos.
annua nos illic tenuit mora, multaque praesens

place of words came only hoarse, grunting sounds, and I began to bend forward with face turned entirely to the earth. I felt my mouth hardening into a long snout, my neck swelling in brawny folds, and with my hands, with which but now I had lifted the goblet to my lips, I made tracks upon the ground. And then I was shut up in a pen with others who had suffered the same change (so great was the power of her magic drugs!). We saw that Eurylochus alone was without the pig form; for he alone had refused to take the cup. If he had not refused it, I should even now be one of the bristly herd, and Ulysses would never have been informed by him of our great calamity, and come to Circe to avenge us. Peace-bringing Cyllenius had given him a white flower which the gods call moly. It grows up from a black root. Safe with this and the directions which the god had given him, Ulysses entered Circe's palace and, when he was invited to drink of the fatal bowl, he struck aside the wand with which she was attempting to stroke his hair, and threatened the quaking queen with his drawn sword. Then faith was pledged and right hands given and, being accepted as her husband, he demanded as a wedding gift the bodies of his friends. We were sprinkled with the more wholesome juices of some mysterious herb, our heads received the stroke of her reversed rod, and words were uttered over us which counteracted the words said before. And as she sang, more and still more raised from the ground we stood erect, our bristles fell away, our feet lost their cloven hoofs, our shoulders came back to us, and our arms resumed their former shape. Weeping, we embraced him, weeping too, and clung to our chieftain's neck; and the first words we uttered were of gratitude to him. We tarried in that country for a year, and in so long a

tempore tam longo vidi, multa auribus hausi,
hoc quoque cum multis, quod clam mihi rettulit una
quattuor e famulis ad talia sacra paratis.
cum duce namque meo Circe dum sola moratur,
illa mihi niveo factum de marmore signum
ostendit iuvenale gerens in vertice picum,
aede sacra positum multisque insigne coronis.
quis foret et quare sacra coleretur in aede,
cur hanc ferret avem, quaerenti et scire volenti
'accipe' ait, 'Macareu, dominaeque potentia quae
sit
hinc quoque disce meae; tu dictis adice mentem!
"'Picus in Ausoniis, proles Saturnia, terris
rex fuit, utilium bello studiosus equorum;
forma viro, quam cernis, erat: licet ipse decorem
adspicias fictaque probes ab imagine verum;
par animus formae; nec adhuc spectasse per annos
quinquennem poterat Graia quater Elide pugnam.
ille suos dryadas Latiis in montibus ortas
verterat in vultus, illum fontana petebant
numina, naiades, quas Albula, quasque Numici,
quas Anienis aquae cursuque brevissimus Almo
Narve tulit praeceps et opacae Farfarus umbrae,
quaeque colunt Scythicae stagnum nemorale Dianae
finitimosque lacus; spretis tamen omnibus unam
ille colit nymphen, quam quondam in colle Palati
dicitur ancipiti peperisse Venilia Iano.
haec ubi nubilibus primum maturuit annis,
praeposito cunctis Laurenti tradita Pico est,

time many were the things I saw with my own eyes and many were the tales I heard. Here is one of the many which one of the four attendants appointed for such offices as have been mentioned[1] told me privately. For, while Circe was dallying alone with our leader, this nymph pointed out to me a snow-white marble statue of a young man with a wood-pecker on his head. The statue was set in a sacred fane and attracted attention for its many wreaths. When in my curiosity I asked who it was and why he was worshipped in that holy place and why he had the bird upon his head, she told me this story: 'Listen, Macareus, and learn from this how strong is my mistress' magic. And do you give diligent heed to what I say.

"'Picus, the son of Saturn, was once the king of the Ausonian country and was very fond of horses fit for war. The hero's form was as you see it. And, though you should look upon his living beauty, still would you approve the true in comparison with his mimic form. His spirit was equal to his body. He could not yet have seen, as the years went by, four quinquennial contests at Grecian Elis; but already had he attracted to his beauty all the dryads sprung from the hills of Latium; the nymphs of the fountains pined for him, and the naiads who dwell in the Albula, beneath Numicus' stream and Anio's, short-coursing Almo, headlong Nar, and Farfar's shady waters; and those who haunt the wooded pool of Taurian Diana and the neighbouring lakes. But, spurning all these, he loved one nymph alone, whom once on the Palatine Venilia is said to have borne to two-headed Janus. This maid, when she had ripened into marriageable years, was given

[1] See ll. 266 ff.

rara quidem facie, sed rarior arte canendi,
unde Canens dicta est: silvas et saxa movere
et mulcere feras et flumina longa morari
ore suo volucresque vagas retinere solebat.
quae dum feminea modulatur carmina voce,
exierat tecto Laurentes Picus in agros
indigenas fixurus apros tergumque premebat
acris equi laevaque hastilia bina ferebat
poeniceam fulvo chlamydem contractus ab auro.
venerat in silvas et filia Solis easdem,
utque novas legeret fecundis collibus herbas,
nomine dicta suo Circaea reliquerat arva.
quae simul ac iuvenem virgultis abdita vidit,
obstipuit: cecidere manu, quas legerat, herbae,
flammaque per totas visa est errare medullas.
ut primum valido mentem conlegit ab aestu,
quid cuperet, fassura fuit: ne posset adire,
cursus equi fecit circumfususque satelles.
"non" ait "effugies, vento rapiare licebit,
si modo me novi, si non evanuit omnis
herbarum virtus, et non mea carmina fallunt."
dixit et effigiem nullo cum corpore falsi
fingit apri praeterque oculos transcurrere regis
iussit et in densum trabibus nemus ire videri,
plurima qua silva est et equo loca pervia non sunt.
haut mora, continuo praedae petit inscius umbram
Picus equique celer spumantia terga relinquit
spemque sequens vanam silva pedes errat in alta.

to Laurentian Picus, preferred above all suitors. Rare was her beauty, but rarer still her gift of song, whence was her name, Canens. She used to move woods and rocks, soften wild beasts, stop the long rivers with her singing, and stay the wandering birds. Once, while she was singing her songs with her maidenly voice, Picus had sallied forth from home into the Laurentian fields to hunt the native boar. He bestrode a prancing courser, carrying in his left hand a brace of spears and wearing a purple mantle caught with a brooch of gold. The daughter [1] of the Sun also had come to those selfsame woods and, to gather fresh herbs on the fertile hills, she had left the fields called Circaean from her name. As soon as she saw the youth from her leafy hiding-place she was struck with wonder. The herbs which she had gathered fell from her hands and burning fire seemed to creep through her whole frame. As soon as she could master her passion and collect her thoughts she was on the point of confessing her desire; but his swift-speeding horse and his thronging retinue prevented her approach to him. "You shall not escape me so," she cried, "not though the wind itself should bear you off, if I know myself, if my herbs' magic power has not wholly vanished, and if my charms have not failed." She spoke and fashioned an unsubstantial image of a boar and bade it rush across the trail before the prince's eyes and seem to take cover in a grove thick with fallen trees, where the woods were dense, places where a horse could not penetrate. The thing was done, and straightway Picus, all unconscious of the trick, made after his shadowy prey and, swiftly dismounting from his foaming steed, followed the empty lure

[1] Circe.

concipit illa preces et verba precantia dicit
ignotosque deos ignoto carmine adorat,
quo solet et niveae vultum confundere Lunae
et patrio capiti bibulas subtexere nubes.
tum quoque cantato densetur carmine caelum
et nebulas exhalat humus, caecisque vagantur
limitibus comites, et abest custodia regis.
nacta locum tempusque "per o, tua lumina," dixit
"quae mea ceperunt, perque hanc, pulcherrime, formam,
quae facit, ut supplex tibi sim dea, consule nostris
ignibus et socerum, qui pervidet omnia, Solem
accipe nec durus Titanida despice Circen."
dixerat; ille ferox ipsamque precesque repellit
et "quaecumque es," ait "non sum tuus; altera captum
me tenet et teneat per longum, conprecor, aevum,
nec Venere externa socialia foedera laedam,
dum mihi Ianigenam servabunt fata Canentem"
saepe retemptatis precibus Titania frustra
"non inpune feres, neque" ait "reddere Canenti,
laesaque quid faciat, quid amans, quid femina, disces
[rebus," ait "sed amans est laesa et femina Circe!"]
tum bis ad occasus, bis se convertit ad ortus,
ter iuvenem baculo tetigit, tria carmina dixit.
ille fugit, sed se solito velocius ipse
currere miratur: pennas in corpore vidit,
seque novam subito Latiis accedere silvis

and went wandering on foot amid the forest depths. She utters prayers and fell to muttering incantations, worshipping her weird gods with a weird charm with which it was her wont to obscure the white moon's features, and hide her father's face behind misty clouds. Now also by her magic song the heavens are darkened, and thick fogs spring up from the ground, while the retainers wander in the dim trails far from their king's defence. Having secured a fitting place and time, she says: "Oh, by those eyes which have enthralled my own, and by that beauty, fairest of youths, which has made even me, a goddess, suppliant to you, look with favour on my passion and accept the Sun, who beholds all things, as your father-in-law; and do not cruelly reject Circe, the Titaness." But he fiercely repelled her and her prayers, and said: "Whoever you are, I am not for you. Another has taken and holds my love in keeping, and I pray that she may keep it through all coming time. Nor will I violate my plighted troth by any other love so long as the fates shall preserve to me my Canens, Janus' daughter." Having tried oft-repeated prayers in vain, the Titaness exclaimed: "But you shall not go scathless, nor shall your Canens ever have you more; and you shall learn by experience not alone what any woman, loving and scorned, can do, but what the woman, Circe, loving and scorned, can do!" Then twice she turned her to the west and twice to the east; thrice she touched the youth with her wand and thrice she sang her charms. He turned in flight, but was amazed to find himself running more swiftly than his wont, and saw wings spring out upon his body. Enraged at his sudden change to a strange bird in his Latian woods, he

indignatus avem duro fera robora rostro
figit et iratus longis dat vulnera ramis;
purpureum chlamydis pennae traxere colorem;
fibula quod fuerat vestemque momorderat aurum,
pluma fit, et fulvo cervix praecingitur auro,
nec quicquam antiquum Pico nisi nomina restat.

"'Interea comites, clamato saepe per agros
nequiquam Pico nullaque in parte reperto,
inveniunt Circen (nam iam tenuaverat auras
passaque erat nebulas ventis ac sole recludi)
criminibusque premunt veris regemque reposcunt
vimque ferunt saevisque parant incessere telis:
illa nocens spargit virus sucosque veneni
et Noctem Noctisque deos Ereboque Chaoque
convocat et longis Hecaten ululatibus orat.
exsiluere loco (dictu mirabile) silvae,
ingemuitque solum, vincinaque palluit arbor,
sparsaque sanguineis maduerunt pabula guttis,
et lapides visi mugitus edere raucos
et latrare canes et humus serpentibus atris
squalere et tenues animae volitare silentum:
attonitum monstris vulgus pavet; illa paventis
ora venenata tetigit mirantia virga,
cuius ab attactu variarum monstra ferarum
in iuvenes veniunt: nulli sua mansit imago.

"'Sparserat occiduus Tartessia litora Phoebus,
et frustra coniunx oculis animoque Canentis
exspectatus erat: famuli populusque per omnes

pecked at the rough oak-trees with his hard beak and wrathfully inflicted wounds on their long branches. His wings took the colour of his bright red mantle, and what had been a brooch of gold stuck through his robe was changed to feathers, and his neck was circled with a golden-yellow band; and naught of his former self remained to Picus except his name.

"'Meanwhile his companions, calling often and vainly for Picus throughout the countryside and finding him nowhere, came upon Circe (for now she had cleared the air and had permitted the clouds to be dispelled by wind and sun), charged her flatly with her crime, demanded back their king with threats of force, and were preparing to attack her with their deadly spears. But she sprinkled upon them her baleful drugs and poisonous juices, summoning to her aid Night and the gods of Night from Erebus and Chaos, and calling on Hecate in long-drawn, wailing cries. The woods, wonderful to say, leaped from their place, the ground rumbled, the neighbouring trees turned white, and the herbage where her poisons fell was stained with clots of blood. The stones also seemed to voice hoarse bellowings; the baying of dogs was heard, the ground was foul with dark, crawling things, and the thin shades of the silent dead seemed to be flitting about. The astounded crowd quaked at the monstrous sights and sounds; but she touched the frightened, wondering faces with her magic wand, and at the touch horrid, beast-like forms of many shapes came upon the youths, and none kept his proper form.

"'Now the setting sun had bathed the Tartessian shores, and vainly had Canens watched for her lord's return with eyes and heart. Her slaves and her

discurrunt silvas atque obvia lumina portant;
nec satis est nymphae flere et lacerare capillos
et dare plangorem (facit haec tamen omnia) seque
proripit ac Latios errat vesana per agros.
sex illam noctes, totidem redeuntia solis
lumina viderunt inopem somnique cibique
per iuga, per valles, qua fors ducebat, euntem;
ultimus adspexit Thybris luctuque viaque
fessam et iam longa ponentem corpora ripa.
illic cum lacrimis ipso modulata dolore
verba sono tenui maerens fundebat, ut olim
carmina iam moriens canit exequialia cygnus;
luctibus extremum tenues liquefacta medullas
tabuit inque leves paulatim evanuit auras,
fama tamen signata loco est, quem rite Canentem
nomine de nymphae veteres dixere Camenae.'

"Talia multa mihi longum narrata per annum
visaque sunt. resides et desuetudine tardi
rursus inire fretum, rursus dare vela iubemur,
ancipitesque vias et iter Titania vastum
dixerat et saevi restare pericula ponti:
pertimui, fateor, nactusque hoc litus adhaesi."

Finierat Macareus, urnaque Aeneia nutrix
condita marmorea tumulo breve carmen habebat:

HIC · ME · CAIETAM · NOTAE · PIETATIS · ALUMNUS
EREPTAM · ARGOLICO · QUO · DEBUIT · IGNE · CREMAVIT

solvitur herboso religatus ab aggere funis,
et procul insidias infamataeque relinquunt

people scattered through all the woods, bearing torches in hope to meet him. Nor was the nymph content to weep, to tear her hair and beat her breasts; (all these she did, indeed) and, rushing forth, she wandered madly through the Latian fields. Six nights and as many returning dawns beheld her wandering, sleepless and fasting, over hills, through valleys, wherever chance directed. The Tiber was the last to see her, spent with grief and travel-toil, laying her body down upon his far-stretching bank. There, with tears, in weak, faint tones, she poured out her mournful words attuned to grief; just as sometimes, in dying, the swan sings a last funeral-song. Finally, worn to a shade by woe, her very marrow changed to water, she melted away and gradually vanished into thin air. Still her story has been kept in remembrance by the place which ancient muses fitly called Canens from the name of the nymph.'

"Many such things I heard and saw during a long year. At length, grown sluggish and slow through inactivity, we were ordered to go again upon the sea and again to spread our sails. The Titaness had told us of the dubious pathways of the sea, their vast extent, and all the desperate perils yet to come. I own I was afraid to face them and, having reached this shore, I stayed behind."

Macareus had finished his story; and Aeneas' nurse, buried in a marble urn, had a brief epitaph carved on her tomb:

HERE ME, CAIETA, SNATCHED FROM GRECIAN FLAMES,
MY PIOUS SON CONSUMED WITH FITTING FIRE.

Loosing their cables from the grass-grown shore, they kept far out from the treacherous island, the

tecta deae lucosque petunt, ubi nubilus umbra
in mare cum flava prorumpit Thybris harena;
Faunigenaeque domo potitur nataque Latini,
non sine Marte tamen. bellum cum gente feroci
suscipitur, pactaque furit pro coniuge Turnus.
concurrit Latio Tyrrhenia tota, diuque
ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.
auget utrque suas externo robore vires,
et multi Rutulos, multi Troiana tuentur
castra, neque Aeneas Euandri ad moenia frustra,
at Venulus frustra profugi Diomedis ad urbem
venerat: ille quidem sub Iapyge maxima Dauno
moenia condiderat dotaliaque arva tenebat;
sed Venulus Turni postquam mandata peregit
auxiliumque petit, vires Aetolius heros
excusat: nec se aut soceri committere pugnae
velle sui populos, aut quos e gente suorum
armet habere ullos, "neve haec commenta putetis,
admonitu quamquam luctus renoventur amari,
perpetiar memorare tamen. postquam alta cremata
est
Ilios, et Danaas paverunt Pergama flammas,
Naryciusque heros, a virgine virgine rapta,
quam meruit poenam solus, digessit in omnes,
spargimur et ventis inimica per aequora rapti
fulmina, noctem, imbres, iram caelique marisque
perpetimur Danai cumulumque Capherea cladis,

home of the ill-famed goddess, and headed for the wooded coast where shady Tiber pours forth his yellow, silt-laden waters into the sea. There did Aeneas win the daughter and the throne of Latinus, Faunus' son; but not without a struggle. War with a fierce race is waged, and Turnus fights madly for his promised bride. All Etruria rushes to battle-shock with Latium, and with long and anxious struggle hard victory is sought. Both sides augment their strength by outside aid; and many defend the Rutuli and many the Trojan camp. Aeneas had not gone in vain to Evander's home, but Venulus had vainly sought the city of the exiled Diomede. He had founded a large city [1] within Iapygian Daunus' realm, and was ruling the fields granted to him as a marriage portion. But when Venulus had done Turnus' bidding and asked for aid, the Aetolian hero pleaded his lack of resources as his excuse, saying that he was not willing to expose himself or his father-in-law's people to the risk of battle, nor did he have men of his own nation whom he might equip for war. "And, that you may not think my excuses false, although the very mention of my woes renews my bitter grief, still will I endure the telling of them. After high Ilium had been burned and Pergama had glutted the furious passions of the Greeks; and after the Narycian hero [2] from a virgin goddess [3] for a violated virgin had brought on us all the punishment which he alone deserved, we Greeks were scattered and, blown by winds over the angry waters, we suffered lightning blasts, thick darkness, storms, the rage of sky and sea and Caphereus, the climax of our

1 Arpi.
2 Ajax, the son of Oileus, who violated Cassandra.
3 Minerva.

neve morer referens tristes ex ordine casus,
Graecia tum potuit Priamo quoque flenda videri.
me tamen armiferae servatum cura Minervae
fluctibus eripuit, patriis sed rursus ab Argis
pellor, et antiquo memores de vulnere poenas
exigit alma Venus, tantosque per alta labores
aequora sustinui, tantos terrestribus armis,
ut mihi felices sint illi saepe vocati,
quos communis hiems inportunusque Caphereus
mersit aquis, vellemque horum pars una fuissem.
"Ultima iam passi comites belloque fretoque
deficiunt finemque rogant erroris, at Acmon
fervidus ingenio, tum vero et cladibus asper,
'quid superest, quod iam patientia vestra recuset
ferre, viri?' dixit 'quid habet Cytherea, quod ultra,
velle puta, faciat? nam dum peiora timentur,
est locus in vulnus: sors autem ubi pessima rerum,
sub pedibus timor est securaque summa malorum.
audiat ipsa licet et, quod facit, oderit omnes
sub Diomede viros, odium tamen illius omnes
spernimus, et magno stat magna potentia nobis.'
talibus inritans Venerem Pleuronius Acmon
instimulat verbis veteremque resuscitat iram.
dicta placent paucis, numeri maioris amici
Acmona conripimus; cui respondere volenti
vox pariter vocisque via est tenuata, comaeque
in plumas abeunt, plumis nova colla teguntur
pectoraque et tergum, maiores bracchia pennas

disasters. Not to delay you by telling our sad mishaps in order, Greece at that time could have moved even Priam's tears. Well-armed Minerva's care, however, saved me from the waves; but again I was driven forth from my native Argos, for fostering Venus, still mindful of the old wound I had given her, now exacted the penalty. So great toils did I endure on the high seas and so great toils of war on land that often did I call those blessed of heaven whom the storm, which all had suffered, and cruel Caphereus drowned beneath the waves; and I wished that I, too, had been one of them.

"And now my companions, having endured the uttermost in war and sea, became disheartened and begged me to make an end of wandering. But Acmon, who was naturally hot-headed and who was then especially intractable because of our sufferings, exclaimed: 'What is there left, men, for your long-suffering to refuse to bear? What is there left for Venus to do further, supposing she wishes it? For, so long as we fear worse fortunes, we lie open to wounds; but when the worst possible lot has fallen, then is fear beneath our feet and the utmost misfortune can bring us no further care. Though she herself should hear and, as indeed she does, should hate all the followers of Diomede, still do we all scorn her hatred; and much we reck of her mighty power!'[1] With such insulting words did Pleuronian Acmon rouse Venus and revive her former anger. But few approved his words. We, the greater number of his friends, upbraided Acmon; and when he would have replied, his voice and throat together grew thin; his hair was changed to feathers, and feathers clothed a new-formed neck and breast

[1] The phrase is ironical and the variant *parvo* gives the same sense.

accipiunt, cubitique leves sinuantur in alas ;
magna pedum digitos pars occupat, oraque cornu
indurata rigent finemque in acumine ponunt.
hunc Lycus, hunc Idas et cum Rhexenore Nycteus,
hunc miratur Abas, et dum mirantur, eandem
accipiunt faciem, numerusque ex agmine maior
subvolat et remos plausis circumvolat alis :
si volucrum quae sit dubiarum forma requiris,
ut non cygnorum, sic albis proxima cygnis.
vix equidem has sedes et Iapygis arida Dauni
arva gener teneo minima cum parte meorum."

Hactenus Oenides, Venulus Calydonia regna
Peucetiosque sinus Messapiaque arva relinquit.
in quibus antra videt, quae, multa nubila silva
et levibus cannis latitantia, semicaper Pan
nunc tenet, at quodam tenuerunt tempore nymphae.
Apulus has illa pastor regione fugatas
terruit et primo subita formidine movit,
mox, ubi mens rediit et contempsere sequentem,
ad numerum motis pedibus duxere choreas ;
inprobat has pastor saltuque imitatus agresti
addidit obscenis convicia rustica dictis,
nec prius os tacuit, quam guttura condidit arbor :
arbor enim est, sucoque licet cognoscere mores.
quippe notam linguae bacis oleaster amaris
exhibet : asperitas verborum cessit in illas.

Hinc ubi legati rediere, negata ferentes
arma Aetola sibi, Rutuli sine viribus illis

and back. His arms acquired large pinion-feathers and his elbows curved into nimble wings; his toes were replaced by webbed feet and his face grew stiff and horny, ending in a sharp-pointed beak. Lycus viewed him in wonder, so also Idas, Rhexenor and Nycteus and Abas too; and, while they wondered, they became of the same form. The greater number of the flock flew up and circled round the rowers with flapping wings. If you ask of what sort were these questionable birds, while they were not swans, they were very like snowy swans. And now, as son-in-law of Iapygian Daunus, I have hard work to hold this settlement and this parched countryside with but a pitiful remnant of my friends."

So spoke the grandson of Oeneus. And Venulus departed from the Calydonian realm, passing the Peucetian bay and the regions of Messapia. Here he saw a cavern, dark with forest shades and hidden by a growth of waving reeds. The half-goat Pan now claims the place, but at one time the nymphs dwelt there. An Apulian shepherd of that region caused them to run away in terror, filling them at first with sudden fear. But soon, when their courage returned and they saw with scorn who was pursuing them, they returned to their choral dancing again with nimble feet. Still did the shepherd mock them, imitating their dance with his clownish steps, adding to this boorish insults and vulgar words. Nor did he cease speaking until the rising wood covered his mouth. For now he is a tree. You could tell his character from the savour of its fruit; for the wild olive bears the traces of his tongue in its bitter berries. The sharpness of his words has passed to them.

When the ambassadors returned with the news that Aetolian help had been refused them, the Rutuli

bella instructa gerunt, multumque ab utraque cruoris
parte datur; fert ecce avidas in pinca Turnus
texta faces, ignesque timent, quibus unda pepercit.
iamque picem et ceras alimentaque cetera flammae
Mulciber urebat perque altum ad carbasa malum
ibat, et incurvae fumabant transtra carinae,
cum memor has pinus Idaeo vertice caesas
sancta deum genetrix tinnitibus aera pulsi
aeris et inflati conplevit murmure buxi
perque leves domitis invecta leonibus auras
"inrita sacrilega iactas incendia dextra,
Turne!" ait. "eripiam: nec me patiente cremabit
ignis edax nemorum partes et membra meorum." 541
intonuit dicente dea, tonitrumque secuti
cum saliente graves ceciderunt grandine nimbi,
aeraque et tumidum subitis concursibus aequor
Astraei turbant et eunt in proelia fratres.
e quibus alma parens unius viribus usa
stuppea praerupit Phrygiae retinacula classis,
fertque rates pronas medioque sub aequore mergit;
robore mollito lignoque in corpora verso
in capitum facies puppes mutantur aduncae,
in digitos abeunt et crura natantia remi,
quodque prius fuerat, latus est, mediisque carina
subdita navigiis spinae mutatur in usum,
lina comae molles, antemnae bracchia fiunt,
caerulus, ut fuerat, color est; quasque ante timebant,
illas virgineis exercent lusibus undas

without that help went on with the war they had begun; and much blood was spilled on both sides. But lo, Turnus brought devouring torches against the pine fabric of the ships, and what the waves had spared feared the flames. And now Mulciber was burning the pitchy, resinous mass and other rich food for flames, and was spreading even to the tall masts and sails, while the cross-banks of the curving hulls were smoking; when the holy mother of the gods, mindful that these pines were felled on Ida's top, filled the air with the harsh beat of brazen cymbals and the shrill music of the boxwood flute. Then, borne by her tamed lions through the yielding air, she cried: "Vainly, O Turnus, with impious hand you hurl those brands. For I shall rescue the burning ships, nor with my consent shall the greedy flames devour what was once part and parcel of my sacred woods." While yet the goddess spoke it thundered and, following the thunder, a heavy shower of rain began to fall, mingled with leaping hail, and the winds, Astraean brothers, wrought wild confusion in the air and on the waves, swollen by the sudden rush of waters, and mingled in the fray. The all-fostering mother, with the help of one of these, broke the hempen fastenings of the Phrygian ships and, forcing them head down, plunged them beneath the water. Straightway the wood softened and turned to flesh, the ships' curved prows changed to heads, the oars to toes and swimming legs; what had been body before remained as body and the deep laid keel was changed into a spine; cordage became soft hair, and sail-yards, arms; the sea-green colour was unchanged. And now, as water-nymphs, with maiden glee they sport in the waters which they feared before. Though born on the rough mountain-tops, they now throng

Naides aequoreae durisque in montibus ortae
molle fretum celebrant nec eas sua tangit origo ;
non tamen oblitae, quam multa pericula saepe
pertulerint pelago, iactatis saepe carinis
subposuere manus, nisi siqua vehebat Achivos :
cladis adhuc Phrygiae memores odere Pelasgos
Neritiaeque ratis viderunt fragmina laetis
vultibus et laetis videre rigescere puppim
vultibus Alcinoi saxumque increscere ligno.

Spes erat, in nymphas animata classe marinas
posse metu monstri Rutulum desistere bello :
perstat, habetque deos pars utraque, quodque deorum est
instar, habent animos ; nec iam dotalia regna,
nec sceptrum soceri, nec te, Lavinia virgo,
sed vicisse petunt deponendique pudore
bella gerunt, tandemque Venus victricia nati
arma videt, Turnusque cadit : cadit Ardea, Turno
sospite dicta potens ; quem postquam barbarus ensis
abstulit et tepida latuerunt tecta favilla,
congerie e media tum primum cognita praepes
subvolat et cineres plausis everberat alis.
et sonus et macies et pallor et omnia, captam
quae deceant urbem, nomen quoque mansit in illa
urbis, et ipsa suis deplangitur Ardea pennis.

Iamque deos omnes ipsamque Aeneia virtus
Iunonem veteres finire coegerat iras,
cum, bene fundatis opibus crescentis Iuli,
tempestivus erat caelo Cythereius heros.
ambieratque Venus superos colloque parentis

the yielding waves and no trace of their first state troubles them. And yet, remembering the many perils they have often suffered on the deep, they often place helping hands beneath storm-tossed barques, except such as carried Greeks. Remembering still the Phrygian calamity, they hated the Pelasgian race and they rejoiced to see the broken timbers of Ulysses' ship, rejoiced to see the vessel of Alcinoüs grow stiff and its wood turn to stone.

After the fleet had been changed to living water-nymphs, there was hope that the Rutuli, in awe of the portent, would desist from war. But the war went on and both sides had their gods to aid them, and, what is as good as gods, they had courage too. And now neither a kingdom given in dowry, nor the sceptre of a father-in-law, nor you, Lavinian maiden, did they seek, but only victory, and they kept on warring through sheer shame of giving up. At length Venus saw her son's arms victorious and Turnus fell. Ardea fell, counted a powerful city in Turnus' life-time. But after the outlander's sword destroyed it and warm ashes hid its ruins, from the confused mass a bird flew forth of a kind never seen before, and beat the ashes with its flapping wings. Its sound, its meagre look, its deathly paleness, all things which become a captured city, yes, even the city's name remained in the bird ;[1] and Ardea's self is beaten in lamentation by its wings.

Now had Aeneas' courageous soul moved all the gods and even Juno to lay aside their ancient anger, and, since the fortunes of the budding Iülus were well established, the heroic son of Cytherea was ripe for heaven. Venus had approached the heavenly gods and, throwing her arms around her father's

[1] *i.e.* Ardea, a heron.

circumfusa sui "numquam mihi" dixerat "ullo
tempore dure pater, nunc sis mitissimus, opto,
Aeneaeque meo, qui te de sanguine nostro
fecit avum, quamvis parvum des, optime, numen,
dummodo des aliquod! satis est inamabile regnum
adspexisse semel, Stygios semel isse per amnes."
adsensere dei, nec coniunx regia vultus
inmotos tenuit placatoque adnuit ore;
tum pater "estis" ait "caelesti munere digni,
quaeque petis pro quoque petis: cape, nata, quod
optas!"
fatus erat: gaudet gratesque agit illa parenti
perque leves auras iunctis invecta columbis
litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus harundine serpit
in freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis.
hunc iubet Aeneae, quaecumque obnoxia morti,
abluere et tacito deferre sub aequora cursu;
corniger exsequitur Veneris mandata suisque,
quicquid in Aenea fuerat mortale, repurgat
et respersit aquis; pars optima restitit illi.
lustratum genetrix divino corpus odore
unxit et ambrosia cum dulci nectare mixta
contigit os fecitque deum, quem turba Quirini
nuncupat Indigetem temploque arisque recepit.
Inde sub Ascanii dicione binominis Alba
resque Latina fuit. succedit Silvius illi.
quo satus antiquo tenuit repetita Latinus
nomina cum sceptro, clarus subit Alba Latinum.
Epytus ex illo est; post hunc Capetusque Capysque,
sed Capys ante fuit; regnum Tiberinus ab illis

neck, had said: "O father, who hast never at any time been harsh to me, now be most kind, I pray. To my Aeneas, who is thy grandson and of our blood, grant, O most excellent, some divinity, however small I care not, if only thou grant any. It is enough once to have looked upon the unlovely kingdom, once to have crossed the Stygian stream." The gods all gave assent; nor did the queen-consort keep an unyielding face, but peacefully consented. Then Father Jove declared: "You are both worthy of this heavenly boon, both thou who prayest and he for whom thou prayest. Have then, my daughter, what thou dost desire." He spoke, and Venus, rejoicing, gave her father thanks. Then, borne aloft through the yielding air by her harnessed doves, she came to the Laurentian coast, where the river Numicius, winding through beds of sheltering reeds, pours its fresh waters into the neighbouring sea. She bade the river-god wash away from Aeneas all his mortal part and carry it down in his silent stream into the ocean depths. The horned god obeyed Venus' command and in his waters cleansed and washed quite away whatever was mortal in Aeneas. His best part remained to him. His mother sprinkled his body and anointed it with divine perfume, touched his lips with ambrosia and sweet nectar mixed, and so made him a god, whom the Roman populace styled Indiges and honoured with temple and with sacrifice.

Next Alba and the Latin state came under the sway of Ascanius of the double name.[1] Silvius succeeded him; his son, Latinus, took a name inherited with the ancient sceptre. Illustrious Alba succeeded Latinus; Epytus next, and after him Capetus and Capys, but Capys first.[2] Tiberinus received the

[1] *i.e.* Iulus.

[2] The metre prevents the proper order of these names.

cepit et in Tusci demersus fluminis undis
nomina fecit aquae; de quo Remulusque feroxque
Acrota sunt geniti. Remulus maturior annis
fulmineo periit, imitator fulminis, ictu.
fratre suo sceptrum moderatior Acrota forti
tradit Aventino, qui, quo regnarat, eodem
monte iacet positus tribuitque vocabula monti;
iamque Palatinae summam Proca gentis habebat.
Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit, qua nulla Latinas
inter hamadryadas coluit sollertius hortos
nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fetus;
unde tenet nomen: non silvas illa nec amnes,
rus amat et ramos felicia poma ferentes;
nec iaculo gravis est, sed aduncа dextera falce,
qua modo luxuriem premit et spatiantia passim
bracchia conpescit, fisso modo cortice lignum
inserit et sucos alieno praestat alumno;
nec sentire sitim patitur bibulaeque recurvas
radicis fibras labentibus inrigat undis.
hic amor, hoc studium, Veneris quoque nulla cupido
est;
vim tamen agrestum metuens pomaria claudit
intus et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles.
quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta iuventus,
fecere et pinu praecincti cornua Panes
Silenusque, suis semper iuvenilior annis,
quique deus fures vel falce vel inguine terret,
ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando
hos quoque Vertumnus neque erat felicior illis.
o quotiens habitu duri messoris aristas

kingdom after them, and he, drowned in the waters of the Tuscan stream, gave his name to that river. His sons were Remulus and warlike Acrota. Remulus, the elder, perished by a thunderbolt while striving to imitate the thunder. Acrota, less daring than his brother, resigned the sceptre to brave Aventinus. He lies buried on the same hill where he had reigned and has given his name to the hill. And now Proca held dominion over the Palatine race.

Pomona flourished under this king, than whom there was no other Latian wood-nymph more skilled in garden-culture nor more zealous in the care of fruitful trees. Hence was her name. She cared nothing for woods and rivers, but only for the fields and branches laden with delicious fruits. She carried no javelin in her hand, but the curved pruning-hook with which now she repressed the too luxuriant growth and cut back the branches spreading out on every side, and now, making an incision in the bark, would engraft a twig and give juices to an adopted bough. Nor would she permit them to suffer thirst, but watered the twisted fibres of the thirsty roots with her trickling streams. This was her love; this was her chief desire; nor did she have any care for Venus; yet, fearing some clownish violence, she shut herself up within her orchard and so guarded herself against all approach of man. What did not the Satyrs, a young dancing band, do to win her, and the Pans, their horns encircled with wreaths of pine, and Silenus, always more youthful than his years, and that god [1] who warns off evil-doers with his sickle or his ugly shape? But, indeed, Vertumnus surpassed them all in love; yet he was no more fortunate than they. Oh, how often in the garb of a rough reaper did

[1] Priapus.

corbe tulit verique fuit messoris imago!
tempora saepe gerens facno religata recenti
desectum poterat gramen versasse videri;
saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat, ut illum
iurares fessos modo disiunxisse iuvencos.
falce data frondator erat vitisque putator;
induerat scalas: lecturum poma putares;
miles erat gladio, piscator harundine sumpta;
denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
innitens baculo, positis per tempora canis,
adsimulavit anum cultosque intravit in hortos
pomaque mirata est "tanto" que "potentior!" inquit
paucaque laudatae dedit oscula, qualia numquam
vera dedisset anus, glaebaque incurva resedit
suspiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
ulmus erat contra speciosa nitentibus uvis:
quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit,
"at si staret" ait "caelebs sine palmite truncus,
nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet;
haec quoque, quae iuncta est, vitis requiescit in ulmo:
si non nupta foret, terrae acclinata iaceret;
tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris huius
concubitusque fugis nec te coniungere curas.
atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset

he bring her a basket of barley-ears! And he was the perfect image of a reaper, too. Often he would come with his temples wreathed with fresh hay, and could easily seem to have been turning the new-mown grass. Again he would appear carrying an ox-goad in his clumsy hand, so that you would swear that he had but now unyoked his weary cattle. He would be a leaf-gatherer and vine-pruner with hook in hand; he would come along with a ladder on his shoulder and you would think him about to gather apples. He would be a soldier with a sword, or a fisherman with a rod. In fact, by means of his many disguises, he obtained frequent admission to her presence and had much joy in looking on her beauty. He also put on a wig of grey hair, bound his temples with a gaudy head-cloth, and, leaning on a staff, came in the disguise of an old woman, entered the well-kept garden and, after admiring the fruit said: "But you are far more beautiful," and having praised he kissed her several times as no real old woman ever would have done. The bent old creature sat down on the grass, gazing at the branches bending beneath the weight of autumn fruits. There was a shapely elm-tree opposite, covered with gleaming bunches of grapes. After he had looked approvingly at this awhile, together with its vine companion, he said: "But if that tree stood there unmated to the vine, it would not be sought save for its leaves alone; and this vine, which clings to and rests safely on the elm, if it were not thus wedded, it would lie languishing, flat upon the ground. But you are not touched by the vine's example and you shun wedlock and do not desire to be joined to another. And I would that you did desire it! Then would you have more suitors than ever Helen had, or she [1]

[1] Hippodamia.

sollicitata procis nec quae Lapitheia movit
proelia nec coniunx timidi, haud audacis Ulixis.
nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
mille viri cupiunt et semideique deique
et quaecumque tenent Albanos numina montes.
sed tu si sapies, si te bene iungere anumque
hanc audire voles, quae te plus omnibus illis,
plus, quam credis, amo : vulgares reice taedas
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige ! pro quo
me quoque pignus habes : neque enim sibi notior ille
est,
quam mihi ; nec passim toto vagus errat in orbe,
haec loca magna colit ; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
quam modo vidit, amat : tu primus et ultimus illi
ardor eris, solique suos tibi devovet annos.
adde, quod est iuvenis, quod naturale decoris
munus habet formasque apte fingetur in omnes,
et quod erit iussus, iubeas licet omnia, fiet.
quid, quod amatis idem, quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,
primus habet lactaque tenet tua munera dextra !
sed neque iam fetus desiderat arbore demptos
nec, quas hortus alit, cum sucis mitibus herbas
nec quicquam nisi te : miserere ardentis et ipsum,
quod petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari.
ultoresque deos et pectora dura perosam
Idalien memoremque time Rhamnusidis iram !
quoque magis timeas, (etenim mihi multa vetustas

for whom the Lapithae took arms, or the wife of the timid, not the bold, Ulysses. And even as it is, though you shun them and turn in contempt from their wooing, a thousand men desire you, and half-gods and gods and all the divinities that haunt the Alban hills. But if you will be wise, and consent to a good match and will listen to an old woman like me, who love you more than all the rest, yes, more than you would believe, reject all common offers and choose Vertumnus as the consort of your couch. You have me also as guaranty for him; for he is not better known to himself than he is to me. He does not wander idly throughout the world, but he dwells in the wide spaces here at hand; nor, as most of your suitors do, does he fall in love at sight with every girl he meets. You will be his first love and his last, and to you alone he will devote his life. Consider also that he is young, blest with a native charm, can readily assume whatever form he will, and what you bid him, though without stint you bid, he will perform. Moreover your tastes are similar, and the fruit which you so cherish he is the first to have and with joyful hands he lays hold upon your gifts. But neither the fruit of your trees, nor the sweet, succulent herbs which your garden bears, nor anything at all does he desire save you alone. Pity him who loves you so, and believe that he himself in very presence through my lips is begging for what he wants. And have a thought for the avenging gods and the Idalian [1] goddess who detests the hard of heart, and the unforgetting wrath of Nemesis! And that you may the more fear these (for my long life has brought me knowledge of many things), I will tell you a story that is well known all over

[1] *i.e.* Cyprian an epithet of Venus.

scire dedit) referam tota notissima Cypro
facta, quibus flecti facile et mitescere possis.
"Viderat a veteris generosam sanguine Teucri
Iphis Anaxareten, humili de stirpe creatus,
viderat et totis perceperat ossibus aestum
luctatusque diu, postquam ratione furorem
vincere non potuit, supplex ad limina venit
et modo nutrici miserum confessus amorem,
ne sibi dura foret, per spes oravit alumnae,
et modo de multis blanditus cuique ministris
sollicita petiit propensum voce favorem;
saepe ferenda dedit blandis sua verba tabellis,
interdum madidas lacrimarum rore coronas
postibus intendit posuitque in limine duro
molle latus tristisque serae convicia fecit.
saevior illa freto surgente cadentibus Haedis,
durior et ferro, quod Noricus excoquit ignis,
et saxo, quod adhuc vivum radice tenetur,
spernit et inridet, factisque inmitibus addit
verba superba ferox et spe quoque fraudat amantem.
non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
Iphis et ante fores haec verba novissima dixit:
'vincis, Anaxarete, neque erunt tibi taedia tandem
ulla ferenda mei: laetos molire triumphos
et Paeana voca nitidaque incingere lauru!
vincis enim, moriorque libens: age, ferrea, gaude!
certe aliquid laudare mei cogeris amoris,
quo tibi sim gratus, meritumque fatebere nostrum.
non tamen ante tui curam excessisse memento
quam vitam geminaque simul mihi luce carendum.

Cyprus, by which you may learn to be easily persuaded and to be soft of heart.

"Iphis, a youth of humble birth, had chanced to see Anaxarete, a proud princess of old Teucer's line. He saw her, and at once felt the fire of love through all his frame. Long did he fight against it; but when he found he could not overcome his passion by the power of reason, he came as a suppliant to her door. Now he confessed his unhappy love to her nurse and begged her by her fond hopes for her dear foster-child not to be hard towards him; now, coaxing some one of her many servants, he earnestly begged her to do him a kindly turn; often he gave them coaxing messages on tablets to bear to her; at times he would hang garlands of flowers upon her door, wet with his tears, and lay his soft body down upon her hard threshold, complaining bitterly of her unfeeling bars. But she, more savage than the waves that rise at the setting of the Kids, harder than steel tempered in Noric fire, or living rock, which still holds firmly to its native bed, spurns him and mocks at him. And to her heartless deeds she adds insolent, haughty words, and utterly deprives her lover of hope itself. Unable to bear further the torment of his long agony, before her door Iphis cries these words as his last message to her: 'You win, Anaxarete, and no more need you be annoyed on my account. Celebrate your glad triumph, sing songs of victory, set a gleaming wreath of laurel on your head! For you have won, and I die gladly. Come then, rejoice, you of the iron heart! Surely you will be forced to admit that there is some feature of my love in which I am pleasing to you, and you will confess my merit. But remember that my love for you ended only with my life and that I must

nec tibi fama mei ventura est nuntia leti :
ipse ego, ne dubites, adero praesensque videbor,
corpore ut exanimi crudelia lumina pascas.
si tamen, o superi, mortalia facta videtis,
este mei memores (nihil ultra lingua precari
sustinet) et longo facite ut narremur in aevo,
et, quae dempsistis vitae, date tempora famae!'
dixit, et ad postes ornatos saepe coronis
umentes oculos et pallida bracchia tollens,
cum foribus laquei religaret vincula summis,
' haec tibi serta placent, crudelis et inpia!' dixit
inseruitque caput, sed tum quoque versus ad illam,
atque onus infelix elisa fauce pependit.
icta pedum motu trepidantum ut multa gementem
visa dedisse sonum est adapertaque ianua factum
prodidit, exclamant famuli frustraque levatum
(nam pater occiderat) referunt ad limina matris ;
accipit illa sinu conplexaque frigida nati
membra sui postquam miserarum verba parentum
edidit et matrum miserarum facta peregit,
funera ducebat mediam lacrimosa per urbem
luridaque arsuro portabat membra feretro.
forte viae vicina domus, qua flebilis ibat
pompa, fuit, duraeque sonus plangoris ad aures
venit Anaxaretes, quam iam deus ultor agebat.
mota tamen ' videamus ' ait ' miserabile funus '
et patulis iniit tectum sublime fenestris

suffer the loss of two lights at once. And 'twill be no mere rumour that comes to announce my death to you; I shall myself be there, be well assured, and that, too, in visible presence, that you may feast your cruel eyes upon my lifeless body. But if, O gods, you see the things we mortals do, remember me (nothing further can my tongue hold out to pray) and have my story told long ages hence; and what time you have taken from my life give to my fame.' He spoke, and raising his tearful eyes and pale arms to the door-posts that he had often decorated with his floral wreaths, he fastened a rope to the topmost beam, saying the while: 'Does this garland please you, cruel and wicked girl?' Then he thrust his head into the noose, even in that act turning his face towards her, and then, poor fellow, hung there, a lifeless weight with broken neck. The door was struck by the convulsive motion of his feet; it seemed to give out a sound suggesting many fearful things and, being thrown open, showed what had happened there. The servants cried out in horror and took him down, but all in vain. Then (for his father was dead) they bore him to his mother's house. She took him in her arms and embraced her son's cold limbs. And after she had said the words which wretched parents say, and done the things which wretched mothers do, through the midst of the city she led his tearful funeral, and bore the pale corpse on a bier to the funeral pyre. Anaxarete's house chanced to be near the street where the mournful procession was passing, and the sound of mourning came to the ears of the hard-hearted girl, whom already an avenging god was driving on. Yet, moved by the sound, she said: 'Let us go see this tearful funeral.' And she went into her high dwelling with

vixque bene impositum lecto prospexerat Iphin:
deriguere oculi, calidusque e corpore sanguis
inducto pallore fugit, conataque retro
ferre pedes haesit, conata avertere vultus
hoc quoque non potuit, paulatimque occupat artus,
quod fuit in duro iam pridem pectore, saxum.
neve ea ficta putes, dominae sub imagine signum
servat adhuc Salamis, Veneris quoque nomine templum
Prospicientis habet.—quorum memor, o mea, lentos
pone, precor, fastus et amanti iungere, nympha:
sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus aduret
poma, nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti!"
Haec ubi nequiquam formae deus aptus anili
edidit, in iuvenem rediit et anilia demit
instrumenta sibi talisque apparuit illi,
qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
evicit nubes nullaque obstante reluxit,
vimque parat: sed vi non est opus, inque figura
capta dei nympha est et mutua vulnera sensit.
Proximus Ausonias iniusti miles Amuli
rexit opes, Numitorque senex amissa nepotis
munere regna capit, festisque Palilibus urbis
moenia conduntur; Tatiusque patresque Sabini
bella gerunt, arcisque via Tarpeia reclusa
dignam animam poena congestis exuit armis;
inde sati Curibus tacitorum more luporum
ore premunt voces et corpora victa sopore
invadunt portasque petunt, quas obice firmo
clauserat Iliades: unam tamen ipsa reclusit

its wide-open windows. Scarce had she gained a good look at Iphis, lying there upon the bier, when her eyes stiffened at the sight and the warm blood fled from her pale body. She tried to step back from the window, but she stuck fast in her place. She tried to turn her face away, but this also she could not do; and gradually that stony nature took possession of her body which had been in her heart all along. And that you may not think this story false, Salamis still keeps a marble statue, the image of the princess. It has a temple in honour of the Gazing Venus also. Have thought of these things, I pray you, and put away, dear nymph, your stubborn scorn; yield to your lover. So may no late spring frost ever nip your budding fruit, and may no rude winds scatter them in their flower."

When the god in the form of age had thus pleaded his cause in vain, he returned to his youthful form, put off the old woman's trappings, and stood revealed to the maiden as when the sun's most beaming face has conquered the opposing clouds and shines out with nothing to dim his radiance. He was all ready to force her will, but no force was necessary; and the nymph, smitten by the beauty of the god, felt an answering passion.

Next false Amulius by force of arms rules the Ausonian state; but old Numitor by the aid of his grandson gains the kingdom he has lost, and the walls of the City are founded on the shepherd's festal day. Tatius and the Sabine fathers wage their war, and Tarpeia, having betrayed the passage to the citadel, gives up her life as forfeit beneath the arms heaped on her. Then the men of Cures, like silent wolves, with hushed voices steal on the Romans buried in slumber, and try the gates which Ilia's son has

nec strepitum verso Saturnia cardine fecit;
sola Venus portae cecidisse repagula sensit
et clausura fuit, nisi quod rescindere numquam
dis licet acta deum. Iano loca iuncta tenebant
naides Ausoniae gelido rorantia fonte:
has rogat auxilium, nec nymphae iusta petentem
sustinuere deam venasque et flumina fontis
elicuere sui; nondum tamen invia Iani
ora patentis erant, neque iter praecluserat unda:
lurida subponunt fecundo sulphura fonti
incenduntque cavas fumante bitumine venas.
viribus his aliisque vapor penetravit ad ima
fontis, et Alpino modo quae certare rigori
audebatis aquae, non ceditis ignibus ipsis!
flammifera gemini fumant aspergine postes,
portaque nequiquam rigidis promissa Sabinis
fonte fuit praestructa novo, dum Martius arma
induceret miles; quae postquam Romulus ultro
obtulit, et strata est tellus Romana Sabinis
corporibus strata estque suis, generique cruorem
sanguine cum soceri permiscuit inpius ensis.
pace tamen sisti bellum nec in ultima ferro
decertare placet Tatiumque accedere regno.

Occiderat Tatius, populisque aequata duobus,
Romule, iura dabas: posita cum casside Mavors
talibus adfatur divumque hominumque parentem:
"tempus adest, genitor, quoniam fundamine magno
res Romana valet nec praeside pendet ab uno,

fastened with strong bars. But Saturnian Juno herself unfastened one of these, opening the gate on noiseless hinges. Venus alone perceived that the gate's bars had fallen, and would have closed it; but it is never permitted to gods to undo the acts of gods. Now the Ausonian water-nymphs held a spot near Janus' fane, where a cold spring bubbled forth. Venus asked aid of these, nor did the nymphs refuse the goddess her just request, but opened up their fountain's streaming veins. Up to that time the pass of Janus was still open, nor had the water ever blocked the way. Now they placed yellow sulphur beneath their living spring and heated the hollow veins with burning pitch. By these and other means the reeking steam filled the fountain through and through, and you waters, which dared but now to vie with Alpine cold, did not yield in heat to fire itself! The two gate-posts smoked with the hot fumes; and the gate, which had been opened (but now in vain) to the hardy Sabines, was made impassable by the new fountain, until the Roman soldiery could arm themselves. Then Romulus took the offensive, and soon the Roman plain was strewn with the Sabine dead and with its own as well, and the impious swords mingled the blood of son-in-law with blood of father-in-law. At last it was their will to end the war in peace, and not strive with the sword to the bitter end; and 'twas agreed that Tatius should share the throne.

Tatius had fallen and now, Romulus, you were meting equal laws to both the tribes, when Mars put off his gleaming helmet and thus addressed the father of gods and men: "The time is come, O father, since the Roman state stands firm on strong foundations and no longer hangs on one man's

praemia, (sunt promissa mihi dignoque nepoti)
solvere et ablatum terris inponere caelo.
tu mihi concilio quondam praesente deorum
(nam memoro memorique animo pia verba notavi)
'unus erit, quem tu tolles in caerula caeli'
dixisti: rata sit verborum summa tuorum!"
adnuit omnipotens et nubibus aera caecis
occuluit tonitruque et fulgure terruit orbem.
quae sibi promissae sensit rata signa rapinae,
inmixusque hastae pressos temone cruento
inpavidus conscendit equos Gradivus et ictu
verberis increpuit pronusque per aera lapsus
constitit in summo nemorosi colle Palati
reddentemque suo non regia iura Quiriti
abstulit Iliaden: corpus mortale per auras
dilapsum tenues, ceu lata plumbea funda
missa solet medio glans intabescere caelo;
pulchra subit facies et pulvinaribus altis
dignior, est qualis trabeati forma Quirini.

Flebat ut amissum coniunx, cum regia Iuno
Irin ad Hersilien descendere limite curvo
imperat et vacuae sua sic mandata referre:
"o et de Latia, o et de gente Sabina
praecipuum, matrona, decus, dignissima tanti
ante fuisse viri coniunx, nunc esse Quirini,
siste tuos fletus, et, si tibi cura videndi
coniugis est, duce me lucum pete, colle Quirini

strength alone, to grant the reward which was promised to me and to thy worthy grandson, to take him from earth and set him in the heavens. Once to me, in full council of the gods (for I treasured up thy gracious words in retentive mind, and now recall them to thee), thou didst declare : 'One shall there be whom thou shalt bear up to the azure blue of heaven.' Now let the full meaning of thy words be ratified." The omnipotent Father nodded his assent; then, hiding all the sky with his dark clouds, he filled the earth with thunder and lightning. Gradivus knew this for the assured sign of the translation which had been promised him; and, leaning on his spear, dauntless he mounted his chariot drawn by steeds straining beneath the bloody yoke, and swung the loud-resounding lash. Gliding downward through the air, he halted on the summit of the wooded Palatine. There, as Ilia's son was giving kindly [1] judgment to his citizens, he caught him up from earth. His mortal part dissolved into thin air, as a leaden bullet hurled by a broad sling is wont to melt away in the mid-heavens. And now a fair form clothes him, worthier of the high couches of the gods, such form as has Quirinus, clad in the sacred robe.

His wife was mourning him as lost, when regal Juno bade Iris go down to Hersilia on her arching way with these directions for the widowed queen: "O queen, bright glory both of the Latin and of the Sabine race, most worthy once to have been the consort of so great a man, and now of divine Quirinus, cease your laments and, if you would indeed behold your husband, come with me to yonder grove which stands green on Quirinus' hill, shading the temple of

[1] *i.e.* not kingly or tyrannical.

qui viret et templum Romani regis obumbrat" ;
paret et in terram pictos delapsa per arcus,
Hersilien iussis compellat vocibus Iris ;
illa verecundo vix tollens lumina vultu
"o dea (namque mihi nec, quae sis, dicere promptum est,
et liquet esse deam) duc, o duc" inquit "et offer
coniugis ora mihi, quae si modo posse videre
fata semel dederint, caelum accepisse fatebor !"
nec mora, Romuleos cum virgine Thaumantea
ingreditur colles : ibi sidus ab aethere lapsum
decidit in terras ; a cuius lumine flagrans
Hersilie crinis cum sidere cessit in auras :
hanc manibus notis Romanae conditor urbis
excipit et priscum pariter cum corpore nomen
mutat Horamque vocat, quae nunc dea iuncta Quirino est.

the king of Rome." Iris obeyed and, gliding to earth along her rainbow arch, accosted Hersilia in the words which had been given her. She, scarce lifting her eyes and with modest look, replied: "O goddess (for I may not tell who thou art, and yet 'tis plain thou art a goddess), lead, oh, lead me on, and show me my husband's face. If only the fates grant me but once to see him, then shall I say I have gained heaven indeed." Straightway she fared along with Thaumas' daughter to the hill of Romulus. There a star from high heaven came gliding down to earth, and Hersilia, her hair bursting into flame from its light, goes up together with the star into thin air. Her with dear, familiar hands Rome's founder receives, and changes her mortal body and her old-time name. He calls her Hora, and now as goddess is she joined once more to her Quirinus.

BOOK XV

LIBER XV

Qvaeritvr interea quis tantae pondera molis
sustineat tantoque queat succedere regi :
destinat imperio clarum praenuntia veri
Fama Numam ; non ille satis cognosse Sabinae
gentis habet ritus, animo maiora capaci
concipit et, quae sit rerum natura, requirit.
huius amor curae patria Curibusque relictis
fecit ut Herculei penetraret ad hospitis urbem.
Graia quis Italicis auctor posuisset in oris
moenia, quaerenti sic e senioribus unus
rettulit indigenis, veteris non inscius aevi :
" dives ab Oceano bobus Iove natus Hiberis
litora felici tenuisse Lacinia cursu
fertur, et armento teneras errante per herbas
ipse domum magni nec inhospita tecta Crotonis
intrasse et requie longum relevasse laborem
atque ita discedens, ' aevo ' dixisse ' nepotum
hic locus urbis erit,' promissaque vera fuerunt.
nam fuit Argolico generatus Alemone quidam
Myscelus, illius dis acceptissimus aevi.
hunc super incumbens pressum gravitate soporis
claviger adloquitur : ' patrias, age, desere sedes

BOOK XV

Meanwhile it is a question who can sustain the burden of so great a task, who can succeed so great a king. Then Fame as a faithful herald selects illustrious Numa for the throne. He, not content with knowing the usages of the Sabine race, conceives larger plans in his generous soul, and seeks to know what is Nature's general law. His great fondness for this pursuit caused him to leave his native Cures and take his way to the city[1] which once gave hospitality to Hercules. There, when he asked who was the founder of this Grecian city on Italian soil, one of the old inhabitants of the place, well versed in its ancient lore, thus answered him: "'Tis said that the son of Jove, returning from the Ocean enriched with the herds of Spain, came by good fortune to the borders of Lacinium, and there, while his cattle grazed upon the tender grass, he entered the home and beneath the friendly roof of the great Croton and refreshed himself by quiet rest from his long toil. And as he took his leave he said: 'Here, ages hence, shall stand the city of your descendants.' And the words proved true. For there was a certain Myscelus, son of Alemon of Argos, the man of all that generation most beloved of heaven. Standing over him as he lay buried in deep slumber, the club-bearer[2] thus addressed him: 'Up and away from

[1] Crotona. [2] Hercules.

et pete diversi lapidosas Aesaris undas!'
et, nisi paruerit, multa ac metuenda minatur;
post ea discedunt pariter somnusque deusque
surgit Alemonides tacitaque recentia mente
visa refert, pugnatque diu sententia secum:
numen abire iubet, prohibent discedere leges,
poenaque mors posita est patriam mutare volenti.
candidus Oceano nitidum caput abdiderat Sol,
et caput extulerat densissima sidereum Nox:
visus adesse idem deus est eademque monere
et, nisi paruerit, plura et graviora minari.
et timuit patriumque simul transferre parabat
in sedes penetrale novas: fit murmur in urbe,
spretarumque agitur legum reus, utque peracta est
causa prior, crimenque patet sine teste probatum,
squalidus ad superos tollens reus ora manusque
'o cui ius caeli bis sex fecere labores,
fer, precor' inquit 'opem! nam tu mihi criminis
auctor.'
mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis,
his damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa;
tunc quoque sic lata est sententia tristis, et omnis
calculus immitem demittitur ater in urnam:
quae simul effudit numerandos versa lapillos,
omnibus e nigro color est mutatus in album,
candidaque Herculeo sententia numine facta

your native land ; go, seek out the rocky channel of the distant Aesar'; and he threatened him with many fearful things should he not obey. Then did his slumber and the presence of the god withdraw together. The son of Alemon arose and silently recalled the vision which was still vivid in his memory. Long was he in great stress of doubt : the god bade him depart, his country's laws prohibited his departure. The punishment of death was appointed to the man who should desire to change his father-land. The bright Sun had hidden his shining face beneath the sea, and thick Night had raised her starry face from the waters, when the same god seemed to stand before him, to give the same commands, and to threaten worse and heavier penalties if he should not obey. He was sore afraid. And as soon as he made ready to move his household belongings to a new abode, the rumour got abroad in the town, and he was tried as a breaker of the laws. When the case for the prosecution had been closed and the charge was clearly proved without need of witnesses, the wretched culprit, raising his face and hands to heaven, cried out : ' O thou to whom thy twelve great labours gave thee a claim to heaven, help me, I pray ! for thou art responsible for my sin.' It was the custom in ancient times to use white and black pebbles, the black for condemning prisoners and the white for freeing them from the charge. At this time also the fatal vote was taken in this way ; and every pebble that was dropped into the pitiless urn was black ! But when the urn was turned and the pebbles poured out for counting, the colour of them all was changed from black to white ; and so, by the will of Hercules, the vote was made favourable, and Alemon's son was

solvit Alemoniden : grates agit ille parenti
Amphitryoniadae ventisque faventibus aequor
navigat Ionium Sallentinumque Neretum
praeterit et Sybarin Lacedaemoniumque Tarentum
Sirinosque sinus Crimisenque et Iapygis arva,
vixque pererratis, quae spectant litora, terris,
invenit Aesarei fatalia fluminis ora
nec procul hinc tumulum, sub quo sacrata Crotonis
ossa tegebat humus, iussaque ibi moenia terra
condidit et nomen tumulati traxit in urbem."
talia constabat certa primordia fama
esse loci positaeque Italis in finibus urbis.

Vir fuit hic ortu Samius, sed fugerat una
et Samon et dominos odioque tyrannidis exul
sponte erat isque, licet caeli regione remotos,
mente deos adiit et, quae natura negabat
visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit,
cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura,
in medium discenda dabat coetusque silentum
dictaque mirantum magni primordia mundi
et rerum causas et, quid natura, docebat,
quid deus, unde nives, quae fulminis esset origo,
Iuppiter an venti discussa nube tonarent,
quid quateret terras, qua sidera lege mearent,
et quodcumque latet, primusque animalia mensis
arcuit inponi, primus quoque talibus ora
docta quidem solvit, sed non et credita, verbis :

freed. He first gave thanks to his patron, Amphitryon's son, and soon with favouring winds was sailing over the Ionian sea. He passed by Salentine Neretum, and Sybaris and Spartan Tarentum, the bay of Siris, Crimisa, and the Iapygian coast; and scarcely had he passed the lands which border on that coast when he found the destined mouth of Aesar's stream, and near by this a mound of earth which guarded the consecrated bones of Croton. There in that land, as the god had bidden him, he laid his city's walls and named it from him who had been buried there." Such was the ancient tale, confirmed by established fame, both of the place and the founding of the city on Italian soil.

There was a man here, a Samian by birth, but he had fled forth from Samos and its rulers, and through hatred of tyranny was living in voluntary exile. He, though the gods were far away in the heavenly regions, still approached them with his thought, and what Nature denied to his mortal vision he feasted on with his mind's eye. And when he had surveyed all things by reason and wakeful diligence, he would give out to the public ear the things worthy of their learning and would teach the crowds, which listened in wondering silence to his words, the beginnings of the great universe, the causes of things and what their nature is: what God is, whence come the snows, what is the origin of lightning, whether it is Jupiter or the winds that thunder from the riven clouds, what causes the earth to quake, by what law the stars perform their courses, and whatever else is hidden from men's knowledge. He was the first to decry the placing of animal food upon our tables. His lips, learned indeed but not believed in this, he was the first to open in such words as these:

"Parcite, mortales, dapibus temerare nefandis
corpora! sunt fruges, sunt deducentia ramos
pondere poma suo tumidaeque in vitibus uvae,
sunt herbae dulces, sunt quae mitescere flamma
mollirique queant; nec vobis lacteus umor
eripitur, nec mella thymi redolentia flore:
prodiga divitias alimentaque mitia tellus
suggerit atque epulas sine caede et sanguine praebet.
carne ferae sedant ieiunia, nec tamen omnes:
quippe equus et pecudes armentaque gramine vivunt;
at quibus ingenium est inmansuetumque ferumque,
Armeniae tigres iracundique leones
cumque lupis ursi, dapibus cum sanguine gaudent.
heu quantum scelus est in viscera viscera condi
congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus
alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto!
scilicet in tantis opibus, quas, optima matrum,
terra parit, nil te nisi tristia mandere saevo
vulnera dente iuvat ritusque referre Cyclopum,
nec, nisi perdideris alium, placare voracis
et male morati poteris ieiunia ventris!

"At vetus illa aetas, cui fecimus aurea nomen,
fetibus arboreis et, quas humus educat, herbis
fortunata fuit nec polluit ora cruore.
tunc et aves tutae movere per aera pennas,
et lepus inpavidus mediis erravit in arvis,
nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo:
cuncta sine insidiis nullamque timentia fraudem
plenaque pacis erant. postquam non utilis auctor

"O mortals, do not pollute your bodies with a food so impious! You have the fruits of the earth, you have apples, bending down the branches with their weight, and grapes swelling to ripeness on the vines; you have also delicious herbs and vegetables which can be mellowed and softened by the help of fire. Nor are you without milk or honey, fragrant with the bloom of thyme. The earth, prodigal of her wealth, supplies you her kindly sustenance and offers you food without bloodshed and slaughter. With flesh the wild beasts appease their hunger, and yet not all, since the horse, the sheep and cattle live on grass; but those whose nature is savage and untamed, Armenian tigers, raging lions, bears and wolves, all these delight in bloody food. Oh, how criminal it is for flesh to be stored away in flesh, for one greedy body to grow fat with food gained from another, for one live creature to go on living through the destruction of another living thing! And so in the midst of the wealth of food which Earth, the best of mothers, has produced, it is your pleasure to chew the piteous flesh of slaughtered animals with your savage teeth, and thus to repeat the Cyclops' horrid manners! And you cannot, without destroying other life, appease the cravings of your greedy and insatiable maw!

"But that pristine age, which we have named the golden age, was blessed with the fruit of the trees and the herbs which the ground sends forth, nor did men defile their lips with blood. Then birds plied their wings in safety through the heaven, and the hare loitered all unafraid in the tilled fields, nor did its own guilelessness hang the fish upon the hook. All things were free from treacherous snares, fearing no guile and full of peace. But after someone, an

victibus invidit, quisquis fuit ille, leonum
corporeasque dapes avidum demersit in alvum,
fecit iter sceleri, primoque e caede ferarum
incaluisse potest maculatum sanguine ferrum
(idque satis fuerat) nostrumque petentia letum
corpora missa neci salva pietate fatemur :
sed quam danda neci, tam non epulanda fuerunt.

" Longius inde nefas abiit, et prima putatur
hostia sus meruisse mori, quia semina pando
eruerit rostro spemque interceperit anni ;
vite caper morsa Bacchi mactatus ad aras
dicitur ultoris : nocuit sua culpa duobus !
quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus inque tuendos
natum homines, pleno quae fertis in ubere nectar,
mollia quae nobis vestras velamina lanas
praebetis vitaque magis quam morte iuvatis ?
quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
immemor est demum nec frugum munere dignus,
qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
ruricolam mactare suum, qui trita labore
illa, quibus totiens durum renovaverat arvum,
tot dederat messes, percussit colla securi.
nec satis est, quod tale nefas committitur : ipsos
inscripsere deos sceleri numenque supernum
caede laboriferi credunt gaudere iuvenci !
victima labe carens et praestantissima forma

ill exemplar, whoever he was, envied the food of lions, and thrust down flesh as food into his greedy stomach, he opened the way for crime. It may be that, in the first place, with the killing of wild beasts the steel was warmed and stained with blood. This would have been justified, and we admit that creatures which menace our own lives may be killed without impiety. But, while they might be killed, they should never have been eaten.

"Further impiety grew out of that, and it is thought that the sow was first condemned to death as a sacrificial victim because with her curved snout she had rooted up the planted seeds and cut off the season's promised crop. The goat is said to have been slain at the avenging altars because he had browsed the grape-vines. These two suffered because of their own offences! But, ye sheep, what did you ever do to merit death, a peaceful flock, born for man's service, who bring us sweet milk to drink in your full udders, who give us your wool for soft clothing, and who help more by your life than by your death? What have the oxen done, those faithful, guileless beasts, harmless and simple, born to a life of toil? Truly inconsiderate he and not worthy of the gift of grain who could take off the curved plow's heavy weight and in the next moment slay his husbandman; who with his axe could smite that neck which was worn with toil for him, by whose help he had so often renewed the stubborn soil and planted so many crops. Nor is it enough that we commit such infamy: they made the gods themselves partners of their crime and they affected to believe that the heavenly ones took pleasure in the blood of the toiling bullock! A victim without blemish and of perfect form (for beauty proves his

(nam placuisse nocet) vittis insignis et auro
sistitur ante aras auditque ignara precantem
inponique suae videt inter cornua fronti,
quas coluit, fruges percussaque sanguine cultros
inficit in liquida praevisos forsitan unda.
protinus ereptas viventi pectore fibras
inspiciunt mentesque deum scrutantur in illis;
inde (fames homini vetitorum tanta ciborum est!)
audetis vesci, genus o mortale! quod, oro,
ne facite, et monitis animos advertite nostris!
cumque boum dabitis caesorum membra palato,
mandere vos vestros scite et sentite colonos.

"Et quoniam deus ora movet, sequar ora moventem
rite deum Delphosque meos ipsumque recludam
aethera et augustae reserabo oracula mentis:
magna nec ingeniis investigata priorum
quaeque diu latuere, canam; iuvat ire per alta
astra, iuvat terris et inerti sede relicta
nube vehi validique umeris insistere Atlantis
palantesque homines passim et rationis egentes
despectare procul trepidosque obitumque timentes
sic exhortari seriemque evolvere fati!

"O genus attonitum gelidae formidine mortis,
quid Styga, quid tenebras et nomina vana timetis,
materiem vatum falsique pericula mundi?
corpora, sive rogus flamma seu tabe vetustas

bane), marked off with fillets and with gilded horns, is set before the altar, hears the priest's prayer, not knowing what it means, watches the barley-meal sprinkled between his horns, barley which he himself laboured to produce, and then, smitten to his death, he stains with his blood the knife which he has perchance already seen reflected in the clear pool. Straightway they tear his entrails from his living breast, view them with care, and seek to find revealed in them the purposes of heaven. Thence (so great is man's lust for forbidden food!) do you dare thus to feed, O race of mortals! I pray you, do not do it, but turn your minds to these my words of warning, and when you take the flesh of slaughtered cattle in your mouths, know and realize that you are devouring your own fellow-labourers.

"Now, since a god inspires my lips, I will dutifully follow the inspiring god; I'll open Delphi and the heavens themselves and unlock the oracles of the sublime mind. Great matters, never traced out by the minds of former men, things that have long been hidden, I will sing. It is a delight to take one's way along the starry firmament and, leaving the earth and its dull regions behind, to ride on the clouds, to take stand on stout Atlas' shoulders and see far below men wandering aimlessly, devoid of reason, anxious and in fear of the hereafter, thus to exhort them and unroll the book of fate!

"O race of men, stunned with the chilling fear of death, why do you dread the Styx, the shades and empty names, the stuff that poets manufacture, and their fabled sufferings of a world that never was? As for your bodies, whether the burning pyre or long lapse of time with its wasting power shall

abstulerit, mala posse pati non ulla putetis!
morte carent animae semperque priore relicta
sede novis domibus vivunt habitantque receptae:
ipse ego (nam memini) Troiani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore quondam
haesit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridae;
cognovi clipeum, laevae gestamina nostrae,
nuper Abanteis templo Iunonis in Argis!
omnia mutantur, nihil interit: errat et illinc
huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
spiritus eque feris humana in corpora transit
inque feras noster, nec tempore deperit ullo,
utque novis facilis signatur cera figuris
nec manet ut fuerat nec formas servat easdem,
sed tamen ipsa eadem est, animam sic semper eandem
esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.
ergo, ne pietas sit victa cupidine ventris,
parcite, vaticinor, cognatas caede nefanda
exturbare animas, nec sanguine sanguis alatur!
" Et quoniam magno feror aequore plenaque ventis
vela dedi: nihil est toto, quod perstet, in orbe.
cuncta fluunt, omnisque vagans formatur imago;
ipsa quoque adsiduo labuntur tempora motu,
non secus ac flumen; neque enim consistere flumen
nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda
urgueturque eadem veniens urguetque priorem,
tempora sic fugiunt pariter pariterque sequuntur
et nova sunt semper; nam quod fuit ante, relictum
est
fitque, quod haut fuerat, momentaque cuncta novantur.

have consumed them, be sure they cannot suffer any ills. Our souls are deathless, and ever, when they have left their former seat, do they live in new abodes and dwell in the bodies that have received them. I myself (for I well remember it) at the time of the Trojan war was Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, in whose breast once hung the heavy spear of the younger Atrides. Recently, in Juno's temple in Argos, Abas' city, I recognized the shield which I once wore on my left arm! All things are changing; nothing dies. The spirit wanders, comes now here, now there, and occupies whatever frame it pleases. From beasts it passes into human bodies, and from our bodies into beasts, but never perishes. And, as the pliant wax is stamped with new designs, does not remain as it was before nor keep the same form long, but is still the selfsame wax, so do I teach that the soul is ever the same, though it passes into ever-changing bodies. Therefore, lest your piety be overcome by appetite, I warn you as a seer, do not drive out by impious slaughter what may be kindred souls, and let not life be fed on life.

"And since I am embarked on the boundless sea and have spread my full sails to the winds, there is nothing in all the world that keeps its form. All things are in a state of flux, and everything is brought into being with a changing nature. Time itself flows on in constant motion, just like a river. For neither the river nor the swift hour can stop its course; but, as wave is pushed on by wave, and as each wave as it comes is both pressed on and itself presses the wave in front, so time both flees and follows and is ever new. For that which once existed is no more, and that which was not has come to be; and so the whole round of motion is gone through again.

"Cernis et emensas in lucem tendere noctes,
et iubar hoc nitidum nigrae succedere nocti;
nec color est idem caelo, cum lassa quiete
cuncta iacent media cumque albo Lucifer exit
clarus equo rursusque alius, cum praevia lucis
tradendum Phoebo Pallantias inficit orbem.
ipse dei clipeus, terra cum tollitur ima,
mane rubet, terraque rubet cum conditur ima,
candidus in summo est, melior natura quod illic
aetheris est terraeque procul contagia fugit.
nec par aut eadem nocturnae forma Dianae
esse potest umquam semperque hodierna sequente,
si crescit, minor est, maior, si contrahit orbem.
"Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum
adspicis, aetatis peragentem imitamina nostrae?
nam tener et lactens puerique simillimus aevo
vere novo est: tunc herba nitens et roboris expers
turget et insolida est et spe delectat agrestes;
omnia tunc florent, florumque coloribus almus
ludit ager, neque adhuc virtus in frondibus ulla est.
transit in aestatem post ver robustior annus
fitque valens iuvenis: neque enim robustior aetas
ulla nec uberior, nec quae magis ardeat, ulla est.
excipit autumnus, posito fervore iuventae
maturus mitisque inter iuvenemque senemque
temperie medius, sparsus quoque tempora canis.
inde senilis hiems tremulo venit horrida passu,
aut spoliata suos, aut, quos habet, alba capillos.

"You see how the spent nights speed on to dawn, and how the sun's bright rays succeed the darkness of the night. Nor have the heavens the same appearance when all things, wearied with toil, lie at rest at midnight and when bright Lucifer comes out on his snowy steed; there is still another aspect when Pallantias,[1] herald of the morning, stains the sky bright for Phoebus' coming. The god's round shield itself is red in the morning when it rises from beneath the earth and is red when it is hidden beneath the earth again; but in its zenith it is white, because there the air is of purer substance and it is far removed from the debasing presence of the earth. Nor has Diana, goddess of the night, the same phase always. She is always less to-day than she will be to-morrow if she is waxing, but greater if she is waning.

"Then again, do you not see the year assuming four aspects, in imitation of our own lifetime? For in early spring it is tender and full of fresh life, just like a little child; at that time the herbage is bright, swelling with life, but as yet without strength and solidity, and fills the farmers with joyful expectation. Then all things are in bloom and the fertile fields run riot with their bright-coloured blossoms; but as yet there is no strength in the green foliage. After spring has passed, the year, grown more sturdy, passes into summer and becomes like a strong young man. For there is no hardier time than this, none more abounding in rich, warm life. Then autumn comes, with its first flush of youth gone, but ripe and mellow, midway in mood between youth and age, with sprinkled grey showing on the temples. And then comes aged winter, with faltering step and shivering, its locks all gone or hoary.

[1] Aurora, see Index.

"Nostra quoque ipsorum semper requieque sine ulla
corpora vertuntur, nec quod fuimusve sumusve,
cras erimus; fuit illa dies, qua semina tantum
spesque hominum primae matris habitavimus alvo:
artifices natura manus admovit et angi
corpora visceribus distentae condita matris
noluit eque domo vacuas emisit in auras.
editus in lucem iacuit sine viribus infans;
mox quadrupes rituque tulit sua membra ferarum,
paulatimque tremens et nondum poplite firmo
constitit adiutis aliquo conamine nervis.
inde valens veloxque fuit spatiumque iuventae
transit et emeritis medii quoque temporis annis
labitur occiduae per iter declive senectae.
subruit haec aevi demoliturque prioris
robora: fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes,
illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos;
flet quoque, ut in speculo rugas adspexit aniles,
Tyndaris et secum, cur sit bis rapta, requirit.
tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
omnia destruitis vitiataque dentibus aevi
paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte!
"Haec quoque non perstant, quae nos elementa vocamus,
quasque vices peragant, animos adhibete: docebo.
quattuor aeternus genitalia corpora mundus
continet; ex illis duo sunt onerosa suoque
pondere in inferius, tellus atque unda, feruntur,
et totidem gravitate carent nulloque premente

"Our own bodies also go through a ceaseless round of change, nor what we have been or are to-day shall we be to-morrow. There was a time when we lay in our first mother's womb, mere seeds and hopes of men. Then Nature wrought with her cunning hands, willed not that our bodies should lie cramped in our strained mother's body, and from our home sent us forth into the free air. Thus brought forth into the light, the infant lay without strength; but soon it lifted itself up on all fours after the manner of the beasts; then gradually in a wabbling, weak-kneed fashion it stood erect, supported by some convenient prop. Thereafter, strong and fleet, it passed over the span of youth; and when the years of middle life also have been spent, it glides along the downhill path of declining age. This undermines and pulls down the strength of former years; and Milon, grown old, weeps when he looks at those arms, which once had been like the arms of Hercules with their firm mass of muscles, and sees them now hanging weak and flabby. Helen also weeps when she sees her aged wrinkles in the looking-glass, and tearfully asks herself why she should twice have been a lover's prey. O Time, thou great devourer, and thou, envious Age, together you destroy all things; and, slowly gnawing with your teeth, you finally consume all things in lingering death!

"And even those things which we call elements do not persist. What changes they undergo, listen and I will tell you. In the eternal universe there are four elemental substances. Two of these, earth and water, are heavy and of their own weight sink down to lower levels. And two, air and fire, purer still than air, are without weight and, if unopposed, fly to the upper realms. These elements, although

alta petunt, aer atque aere purior ignis.
quae quamquam spatio distent, tamen omnia fiunt
ex ipsis et in ipsa cadunt: resolutaque tellus
in liquidas rarescit aquas, tenuatus in auras
aeraque umor abit, dempto quoque pondere rursus
in superos aer tenuissimus emicat ignes;
inde retro redeunt, idemque retexitur ordo.
ignis enim densum spissatus in aera transit,
hic in aquas, tellus glomerata cogitur unda.

"Nec species sua cuique manet, rerumque novatrix
ex aliis alias reparat natura figuras:
nec perit in toto quicquam, mihi credite, mundo,
sed variat faciemque novat, nascique vocatur
incipere esse aliud, quam quod fuit ante, morique
desinere illud idem. cum sint huc forsitan illa,
haec translata illuc, summa tamen omnia constant.

"Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eadem
crediderim: sic ad ferrum venistis ab auro,
saecula, sic totiens versa est fortuna locorum.
vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
esse fretum, vidi factas ex aequore terras;
et procul a pelago conchae iacuere marinae,
et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis;
quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor,
eque paludosa siccis humus arct harenis,
quaeque sitim tulerant, stagnata paludibus ument.
hic fontes natura novos emisit, at illic
clausit, et aut imis commota tremoribus orbis

far separate in position, nevertheless are all derived each from the other, and each into other falls back again. The element of earth, set free, is rarefied into liquid water, and, thinned still further, the water changes into wind and air. Then, losing weight again, this air, already very thin, leaps up to fire, the highest place of all. Then they come back again in reversed order; for fire, condensed, passes into thick air, thence into water; and water, packed together, solidifies into earth.

"Nothing retains its own form; but Nature, the great renewer, ever makes up forms from other forms. Be sure there's nothing perishes in the whole universe; it does but vary and renew its form. What we call birth is but a beginning to be other than what one was before; and death is but cessation of a former state. Though, perchance, things may shift from there to here and here to there, still do all things in their sum total remain unchanged.

"Nothing, I feel sure, lasts long under the same appearance. Thus the ages have come from gold to iron; thus often has the condition of places changed. I have myself seen what once was solid land changed into sea; and again I have seen land made from the sea. Sea-shells have been seen lying far from the ocean, and an ancient anchor has been found on a mountain-top. What once was a level plain, down-flowing waters have made into a valley; and hills by the force of floods have been washed into the sea. What was once marsh is now a parched stretch of dry sand, and what once was dry and thirsty now is a marshy pool. Here Nature sends forth fresh fountains, there seals them up; and rivers, stirred by some inward quakings of the

flumina prosiliunt, aut exsiccata residunt.
sic ubi terreno Lycus est epotus hiatu,
existit procul hinc alioque renascitur ore;
sic modo conbibitur, tecto modo gurgite lapsus
redditur Argolicis ingens Erasinus in arvis,
et Mysum capitisque sui ripaeque prioris
paenituisse ferunt, alia nunc ire Caicum;
nec non Sicanias volvens Amenanus harenas
nunc fluit, interdum suppressis fontibus aret.
ante bibebatur, nunc, quas contingere nolis,
fundit Anigrus aquas, postquam, nisi vatibus omnis
eripienda fides, illic lavere bimembres
vulnera, clavigeri quae fecerat Herculis arcus.
quid? non et Scythicis Hypanis de montibus ortus,
qui fuerat dulcis, salibus vitiatur amaris?

"Fluctibus ambitae fuerant Antissa Pharosque
et Phoenissa Tyros: quarum nunc insula nulla est.
Leucada continuam veteres habuere coloni:
nunc freta circeunt; Zancle quoque iuncta fuisse
dicitur Italiae, donec confinia pontus
abstulit et media tellurem reppulit unda;
si quaeras Helicen et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
invenies sub aquis, et adhuc ostendere nautae
inclinata solent cum moenibus oppida mersis.
est prope Pittheam tumulus Troezena, sine ullis
arduus arboribus, quondam planissima campi
area, nunc tumulus; nam (res horrenda relatu)
vis fera ventorum, caecis inclusa cavernis,
exspirare aliqua cupiens luctataque frustra

earth, leap forth or, dried up, sink out of sight. So, when Lycus is swallowed up by the yawning earth, he emerges far away and springs forth again with different appearance. So Erasinus is now engulfed and now, gliding along in a hidden stream, reappears as a lordly river in the Argolic fields. And they say that the Mysus, ashamed of his source and former banks, now flows in another region as Caïcus. The Amenanus now flows full over the Sicilian sands, and at times, its sources quenched, is dry. The Anigrus was once wholesome to drink, but now it pours down waters which you would not wish to taste since there (unless all credence is to be denied to bards) the twi-formed centaurs bathed their wounds which the arrows of club-bearing Hercules had dealt. Further, is not the Hypanis, sprung from the Scythian mountains, which once was fresh and sweet, now spoiled with brackish water?

"Antissa and Pharos and Phoenician Tyre were once surrounded by the waters of the sea; but now not one of them is an island. The old inhabitants of that region once possessed Leucas as part of the mainland; but now the waves wash clear around it. Zancle also is said to have been a part of Italy until the sea washed away their common boundary and thrust back the land by the intervening water. If you seek for Helice and Buris, once cities of Achaia, you will find them beneath the waves; and the sailors still show you the sloping cities with their buried walls. Near Troezen, ruled by Pittheus, there is a hill, high and treeless, which once was a perfectly level plain, but now a hill; for (horrible to relate) the wild forces of the winds, shut up in dark regions underground, seeking an outlet for their flowing and striving vainly to obtain a

liberiore frui caelo, cum carcere rima
nulla foret toto nec pervia flatibus esset,
extentam tumefecit humum, ceu spiritus oris
tendere vesicam solet aut derepta bicorni
terga capro; tumor ille loci permansit et alti
collis habet speciem longoque induruit aevo.

"Plurima cum subeant audita et cognita nobis,
pauca super referam. quid? non et lympha figuras
datque capitque novas? medio tua, corniger Ammon,
unda die gelida est, ortuque obituque calescit
admotis Athamanas aquis accendere lignum
narratur, minimos cum luna recessit in orbes.
flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit
viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus;
Crathis et hinc Sybaris nostris conterminus oris
electro similes faciunt auroque capillos;
quodque magis mirum est, sunt, qui non corpora tantum,
verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:
cui non audita est obscenae Salmacis undae
Aethiopesque lacus? quos si quis faucibus hausit,
aut furit aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem;
Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levavit,
vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis,
seu vis est in aqua calido contraria vino,
sive, quod indigenae memorant, Amythaone natus,
Proetidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas
eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas
misit aquas, odiumque meri permansit in undis.
huic fluit effectu dispar Lyncestius amnis,

freer space, since there was no chink in all their prison through which their breath could go, puffed out and stretched the ground, just as when one inflates a bladder with his breath, or the skin of a horned goat. That swelling in the ground remained, has still the appearance of a high hill, and has hardened as the years went by.

"Though many instances that I have heard of and known suggest themselves to me, I shall tell but a few more. Why, does not even water give and receive strange forms? Thy stream, horned Ammon, at midday is cold, but warm in the morning and at eventide; and they say that the Athamanians set wood on fire by pouring water on it when the moon has reached her last point of waning. The Cicones have a river whose waters, if drunk, turn the vitals into stone, make marble of everything they touch. Crathis and Sybaris, a stream not far from our own region, make hair like amber and gold; and, what is still more wonderful, there are streams whose waters have power to change not alone the body, but the mind as well. Who has not heard of the ill-famed waves of Salmacis and of the Aethiopian lakes? Whoever drinks of these waters either goes raving mad or falls into a strange, deep lethargy. Whoever slakes his thirst from Clitor's spring shuns the wine cup and abstemiously enjoys pure water only; whether there is a power in the water which counteracts the heating wine, or whether, as the natives say, Amythaon's son,[1] after he had freed the frenzied daughters of Proetus of madness by his magic songs and herbs, threw into those waters his mind-purifying herbs, and the hate of wine remained in the spring. The Lyncestian river produces

[1] Melampus.

quem quicumque parum moderato gutture traxit,
haut aliter titubat, quam si mera vina bibisset.
est locus Arcadiae, Pheneon dixere priores,
ambiguis suspectus aquis, quas nocte timeto:
nocte nocent potae, sine noxa luce bibuntur;
sic alias aliasque lacus et flumina vires
concipiunt.—tempusque fuit, quo navit in undis,
nunc sedet Ortygie; timuit concursibus Argo
undarum sparsas Symplegadas elisarum,
quae nunc inmotae perstant ventisque resistunt.
nec quae sulphureis ardet fornacibus Aetna,
ignea semper erit, neque enim fuit ignea semper.
nam sive est animal tellus et vivit habetque
spiramenta locis flammam exhalantia multis,
spirandi mutare vias, quotiensque movetur,
has finire potest, illas aperire cavernas;
sive leves imis venti cohibentur in antris
saxaque cum saxis et habentem semina flammae
materiam iactant, ea concipit ictibus ignem,
antra relinquentur sedatis frigida ventis;
sive bitumineae rapiunt incendia vires,
luteave exiguis ardescunt sulphura fumis,
nempe, ubi terra cibos alimentaque pinguia flammae
non dabit absumptis per longum viribus aevum,
naturaeque suum nutrimen deerit edaci,
non feret illa famem desertaque deseret ignis.

"Esse viros fama est in Hyperborea Pallene,
qui soleant levibus velari corpora plumis,

an effect the opposite of this; for if one drinks too copiously of its waters, he staggers in his walk just as if he had drunk undiluted wine. There is a place in Arcadia which the ancients called Pheneus, mistrusted for its uncertain waters. Shun them by night, for, drunk by night, they are injurious; but in the daytime they may be drunk without harm. So lakes and streams have now these, now those effects. There was a time when Ortygia floated on the waves, but now she stands firm. The Argo feared the Symplegades, which at that time clashed together with high-flung spray; but now they stand immovable and resist the winds. And Aetna, which now glows hot with her sulphurous furnaces, will not always be on fire, neither was it always full of fire as now. For if the earth is of the nature of an animal, living and having many breathing-holes which exhale flames, she can change her breathing-places and, as often as she shakes herself, can close up these and open other holes; or if swift winds are penned up in deep caverns and drive rocks against rocks and substance containing the seeds of flame, and this catches fire from the friction of the stones, still the caves will become cool again when the winds have spent their force; or if it is pitchy substances that cause the fire, and yellow sulphur, burning with scarce-seen flames, surely, when the earth shall no longer furnish food and rich sustenance for the fire, and its strength after long ages has been exhausted, and greedy Nature shall feel lack of her own nourishment, then she will not endure hunger and, being deserted, will desert her fires.

"There is a story of certain men in Hyperborean Pallene who gain a covering of light feathers for their bodies after they have nine times plunged in

cum Tritoniacam noviens subiere paludem ;
haut equidem credo : sparsae quoque membra venenis
exercere artes Scythides memorantur easdem.

"Siqua fides rebus tamen est addenda probatis,
nonne vides, quaecumque mora fluidove calore
corpora tabuerint, in parva animalia verti ?
in scrobe delectos mactatos obrue tauros
(cognita res usu) : de putri viscere passim
florilegae nascuntur apes, quae more parentum
rura colunt operique favent in spemque laborant.
pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo est ;
concava litoreo si demas bracchia cancro,
cetera supponas terrae, de parte sepulta
scorpius exibit caudaque minabitur unca ;
quaeque solent canis frondes intexere filis
agrestes tineae (res observata colonis),
ferali mutant cum papilione figuram.

"Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas,
et generat truncas pedibus, mox apta natando
crura dat, utque eadem sint longis saltibus apta,
posterior partes superat mensura priores.
nec catulus, partu quem reddidit ursa recenti,
sed male viva caro est ; lambendo mater in artus
fingit et in formam, quantam capit ipsa, reducit.
nonne vides, quos cera tegit sexangula fetus
melliferarum apium sine membris corpora nasci

Minerva's pool. I do not vouch for it, but the Scythian women also are said to sprinkle their bodies with certain magic juices and produce the same effect.

"Still, if credence is to be given to things that have actually been tested, do you not see that, whenever dead bodies by lapse of time or by the liquefying power of heat have become thoroughly putrid, tiny animals are bred in them? Bury the carcasses of choice bulls in a ditch after they have been offered in sacrifice (it is a well-known experiment), and from the putrid entrails everywhere will spring flower-culling bees which, after the fashion of their progenitors, frequent the country fields, are fond of work, and toil in hope of their reward. A horse, which is a warlike animal, buried in the ground will produce hornets. If you cut off the hollow claws of a sea-crab and bury the rest in the ground, from the buried part a scorpion will come forth threatening with his hooked tail. And worms that weave their white cocoons on the leaves of trees (a fact well known to country-folk) change into funereal butterflies.[1]

"Slimy mud contains seeds that produce green frogs, without legs at first, but soon it gives them legs adapted to swimming, and, that these may be fitted for taking long leaps also, the hind-legs are longer than the fore. A cub that a she-bear has just brought forth is not a cub, but a scarce-living lump of flesh; but the mother licks it into shape, and in this way gives it as much of a form as she has herself. Do you not see how the larvae of the honey-bearing bees, which the hexagonal waxen cell protects, are

[1] The departed soul is sometimes represented on tombstones as a butterfly.

et serosque pedes serasque adsumere pennas?
Iunonis volucrem, quae cauda sidera portat,
armigerumque Iovis Cythereiadasque columbas
et genus omne avium mediis e partibus ovi,
ni sciret fieri, quis nasci posse putaret?
sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulcro,
mutari credant humanas angue medullas.

"Haec tamen ex aliis generis primordia ducunt,
una est, quae reparet seque ipsa reseminet, ales:
Assyrii phoenica vocant; non fruge neque herbis,
sed turis lacrimis et suco vivit amomi.
haec ubi quinque suae complevit saecula vitae,
ilicet in ramis tremulaeque cacumine palmae
unguibus et puro nidum sibi construit ore,
quo simul ac casias et nardi lenis aristas
quassaque cum fulva substravit cinnama murra,
se super inponit finitque in odoribus aevum.
inde ferunt, totidem qui vivere debeat annos,
corpore de patrio parvum phoenica renasci;
cum dedit huic aetas vires, onerique ferendo est,
ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altae
fertque pius cunasque suas patriumque sepulcrum
perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
ante fores sacras Hyperionis aede reponit.

"Si tamen est aliquid mirae novitatis in istis,
alternare vices et, quae modo femina tergo
passa marem est, nunc esse marem miremur hyaenam;

born mere memberless bodies and later put on feet and wings? Juno's bird, which wears starry spots on its tail, and the weapon-bearing bird of Jove, and Cytherea's doves, and the whole family of birds—who would believe, who did not know the facts, that these could be born from the inside of an egg? There are some who think that when the backbone of a man has decomposed in the narrow tomb the spinal marrow is changed into a snake.

"Now all these things get their life's beginning from some other creature; but there is one bird which itself renews and reproduces its own being. The Assyrians call it the phoenix. It does not live on seeds and green things, but on the gum of frankincense and the juices of amomum. This bird, you may know, when it has completed five centuries of its life, builds for itself a nest in the topmost branches of a waving palm-tree, using his talons and his clean beak; and when he has covered this over with cassiabark and spikes of smooth nard, broken cinnamon and yellow myrrh, he takes his place upon it and so ends his life amidst the odours. And from his father's body, so they say, a little phoenix springs up which is destined to attain the same length of years. When age has given him strength, and he is able to carry burdens, he relieves the tall palm's branches of the heavy nest, piously bears his own cradle and his father's tomb through the thin air, until, having reached the city of the Sun, he lays the nest down before the sacred doors of the Sun's temple.

"But if there is anything to wonder at in such novelties as these, we might wonder that the hyena changes her nature and that a creature which was but now a female and mated with a male is now a

id quoque, quod ventis animal nutritur et aura,
protinus adsimulat, tetigit quoscumque colores.
victa racemifero lyncas dedit India Baccho :
e quibus, ut memorant, quicquid vesica remisit,
vertitur in lapides et congelat aere tacto.
sic et curalium quo primum contigit auras
tempore, durescit : mollis fuit herba sub undis.

" Desinet ante dies et in alto Phoebus anhelos
aequore tinguet equos, quam consequar omnia verbis
in species translata novas : sic tempora verti
cernimus atque illas adsumere robora gentes,
concidere has ; sic magna fuit censuque virisque
perque decem potuit tantum dare sanguinis annos,
nunc humilis veteres tantummodo Troia ruinas
et pro divitiis tumulos ostendit avorum ;
clara fuit Sparte, magnae viguere Mycenae,
nec non et Cecropis, nec non Amphionis arces.
[vile solum Sparte est, altae cecidere Mycenae,
Oedipodioniae quid sunt, nisi nomina, Thebae ?
quid Pandioniae restant, nisi nomen, Athenae ?]
nunc quoque Dardaniam fama est consurgere Romam,
Appenninigenae quae proxima Thybridis undis
mole sub ingenti rerum fundamina ponit :
haec igitur formam crescendo mutat et olim
immensi caput orbis erit ! sic dicere vates
faticinasque ferunt sortes, quantumque recordor,
dixerat Aeneae, cum res Troiana labaret,
Priamides Helenus flenti dubioque salutis :
' nate dea, si nota satis praesagia nostrae
mentis habes, non tota cadet te sospite Troia !

male herself. That little animal,[1] also, which gets its nourishment from wind and air immediately takes the colour of whatever thing it rests upon. Conquered India gave to cluster-crowned Bacchus some lynxes as a present, whose watery secretions, as they say, change into stones and harden in contact with the air. So also coral hardens at the first touch of air, whereas it was a soft plant beneath the water.

"The day will come to an end and Phoebus will bathe his panting horses in the deep waters of the sea before I tell of all the things which have assumed new forms. So we see times changing, and some nations putting on new strength and others falling into weakness. So was Troy great in wealth and men, and for ten years was able to give so freely of her blood; but now, humbled to earth, she has naught to show but ancient ruins, no wealth but ancestral tombs. Sparta was at one time a famous city; great Mycenae flourished, and Cecrops' and Amphion's citadels. Sparta is now a worthless countryside, proud Mycenae has fallen; and what is the Thebes of Oedipus except a name? What is left of Pandion's Athens but a name? And now fame has it that Dardanian Rome is rising, and laying deep and strong foundations by the stream of Tiber sprung from the Apennines. She therefore is changing her form by growth, and some day shall be the capital of the boundless world! So, they tell us, seers and fate-revealing oracles are declaring. And, as I myself remember, when Troy was tottering to her fall, Helenus, the son of Priam, said to Aeneas, who was weeping and doubtful of his fate: 'O son of Venus, if you keep well in mind my soul's prophetic visions, while you live Troy shall not wholly

[1] The chameleon.

flamma tibi ferrumque dabunt iter : ibis et una
Pergama rapta feres, donec Troiaeque tibique
externum patria contingat amicius arvum,
urbem et iam cerno Phrygios debere nepotes,
quanta nec est nec erit nec visa prioribus annis.
hanc alii proceres per saecula longa potentem,
sed dominam rerum de sanguine natus Iuli
efficiet, quo cum tellus erit usa, fruentur
aetheriae sedes, caelumque erit exitus illi.'
haec Helenum cecinisse penatigero Aeneae
mente memor refero cognataque moenia lactor
crescere et utiliter Phrygibus vicisse Pelasgos.
" Ne tamen oblitis ad metam tendere longe
exspatiemur equis, caelum et quodcumque sub illo
est,
inmutat formas, tellusque et quicquid in illa est,
nos quoque, pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
verum etiam volucres animae sumus, inque ferinas
possumus ire domos pecudumque in corpora condi.
corpora, quae possint animas habuisse parentum
aut fratrum aut aliquo iunctorum foedere nobis
aut hominum certe, tuta esse et honesta sinamus
neve Thyesteis cumulemus viscera mensis!
quam male consuescit, quam se parat ille cruori
inpius humano, vituli qui guttura ferro
rumpit et inmotas praebet mugitibus aures,
aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus haedum
edentem iugulare potest aut alite vesci,
cui dedit ipse cibos! quantum est, quod desit in istis

perish! Fire and sword shall give way before you. You shall go forth and with you shall you catch up and bear away your Pergama, until you shall find a foreign land, kinder to Troy and you than your own country. I see even now a city destined to the descendants of the Phrygians, than which none greater is or shall be, or has been in past ages. Other princes through the long centuries shall make her powerful, but a prince sprung from Iülus' blood shall make her mistress of the world. When earth shall have had her share of him, the celestial regions shall enjoy him and heaven shall be his goal.' These things I well remember that Helenus prophesied to Aeneas as he bore with him his guardian gods, and I rejoice that my kindred walls are rising and that the Greeks conquered to the profit of the Phrygians.

"But, not to wander too far out of my course, my steeds forgetting meanwhile to speed towards the goal, the heavens and whatever is beneath the heavens change their forms, the earth and all that is within it. We also change, who are a part of creation, since we are not bodies only but also winged souls, and since we can enter wild-beast forms and be lodged in the bodies of cattle. We should permit bodies which may possibly have sheltered the souls of our parents or brothers or those joined to us by some other bond, or of men at least, to be uninjured and respected, and not load our stomachs as with a Thyestean banquet! What an evil habit he is forming, how surely is he impiously preparing to shed human blood, who cuts a calf's throat with the knife and listens all unmoved to its piteous cries! Or who can slay a kid which cries just like a little child, or feed on a bird to which he himself has just given food! How much does such a deed as that fall short

ad plenum facinus? quo transitus inde paratur?
bos aret aut mortem senioribus inputet annis,
horriferum contra borean ovis arma ministret,
ubera dent saturae manibus pressanda capellae!
retia cum pedicis laqueosque artesque dolosas
tollite! nec volucrem viscata fallite virga
nec formidatis cervos inludite pinnis
nec celate cibis uncos fallacibus hamos;
perdite siqua nocent, verum haec quoque perdite tantum:
ora vacent epulis alimentaque mitia carpant!"
Talibus atque aliis instructo pectore dictis
in patriam remeasse ferunt ultroque petitum
accepisse Numam populi Latialis habenas.
coniuge qui felix nympha ducibusque Camenis
sacrificos docuit ritus gentemque feroci
adsuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.
qui postquam senior regnumque aevumque peregit,
exstinctum Latiaeque nurus populusque patresque
deflevere Numam; nam coniunx urbe relicta
vallis Aricinae densis latet abdita silvis
sacraque Oresteae gemitu questuque Dianae
inpedit. a! quotiens nymphae nemorisque lacusque,
ne faceret, monuere et consolantia verba
dixerunt! quotiens flenti Theseius heros
"siste modum," dixit "neque enim fortuna querenda
sola tua est; similes aliorum respice casus:
mitius ista feres, utinamque exempla dolentem
non mea te possent relevare! sed et mea possunt.

of actual murder? What is the end of such a course? Let the bull plow and let him owe his death to length of days; let the sheep arm you against the rough north wind; let the she-goats give full udders to the milking. Have done with nets and traps, snares and deceptive arts. Catch not the bird with the limed twig; no longer hem in the deer with fear-compelling feathers,[1] nor conceal the barbed hook beneath fair-seeming food. Kill creatures that work you harm, but even in the case of these let killing suffice. Make not their flesh your food, but seek a more harmless nourishment."

They say that Numa, with mind filled with these and other teachings, returned to his own land and, being urged thereto, assumed the guidance of the Latin state. He, blessed with a nymph[2] for wife, blessed with the Muses' guidance, taught holy rites and trained a fierce, warlike people in the arts of peace. When he, now ripe in years, laid down his sceptre and his life, the Latin mothers, the commons, and the fathers all mourned for the departed Numa. For his wife fled from the city and hid herself away in the dense forests of the Arician vale, and by her groans and lamentations she disturbed the worship of Orestean Diana. Oh, how often the nymphs of wood and lake urged her to desist and spoke words of consolation! How often to the weeping nymph the heroic son of Theseus said: "Have done with tears, for yours is not the only lot to be lamented. Think upon others who have borne equal losses; then will you bear your own more gently. And I would that I had no experience of my own wherewith to comfort you in your grief! But even mine can comfort you.

[1] Hung on trees to scare the deer towards the nets. [2] Egeria.

" Fando aliquem Hippolytum vestras, puto, contigit aures
credulitate patris, sceleratae fraude novercae
occubuisse neci : mirabere, vixque probabo,
sed tamen ille ego sum. me Pasiphaeia quondam
temptatum frustra patrium temerare cubile,
quod voluit, finxit voluisse et, crimine verso
(indiciine metu magis offensane repulsae ?)
damnavit, meritumque nihil pater eicit urbe
hostilique caput prece detestatur euntis.
Pittheam profugo curru Troezena petebam
iamque Corinthiaci carpebam litora ponti,
cum mare surrexit, cumulusque inmanis aquarum
in montis speciem curvari et crescere visus
et dare mugitus summoque cacumine findi ;
corniger hinc taurus ruptis expellitur undis
pectoribusque tenus molles erectus in auras
naribus et patulo partem maris evomit ore.
corda pavent comitum, mihi mens interrita mansit
exiliis intenta suis, cum colla feroces
ad freta convertunt adrectisque auribus horrent
quadrupedes monstrique metu turbantur et altis
praecipitant currum scopulis ; ego ducere vana
frena manu spumis albentibus oblita luctor
et retro lentas tendo resupinus habenas.
nec tamen has vires rabies superasset equorum,
ni rota, perpetuum qua circumvertitur axem,
stipitis occursu fracta ac disiecta fuisset.
excutior curru, lorisque tenentibus artus
viscera viva trahi, nervos in stipe teneri,

"You may have heard some mention of Hippolytus, how he met his death through the easy credence of his father and the wiles of his accursed stepmother. You will be amazed and I shall scarce prove my statement, but nevertheless I myself am he. Pasiphaë's daughter once, when she had tried in vain to tempt me to defile my father's couch, perverting truth, pretended that I had willed what she herself had willed (was it through fear of discovery or offence at her repulse?), and, guiltless though I was, my father drove me from the city and cursed me as I went with a deadly curse. Banished from home, I was making for Troezen, Pittheus' city, in my chariot, and now was coursing along the beach of the Corinthian bay, when the sea rose up and a huge mound of water seemed to swell and grow to mountain size, to give forth bellowings, and to be cleft at its highest point. Then the waves burst and a horned bull was cast forth, and, raised from the sea breast-high into the yielding air, he spouted out great quantities of water from his nostrils and wide mouth. The hearts of my companions quaked with fear; but my own soul was unterrified, filled with its own thoughts of exile. Then suddenly my spirited horses faced towards the sea and, with ears pricked forward, quaked and trembled with fear at the monstrous shape; then dashed with the chariot at headlong speed over the steep, rocky way. I vainly strove to check them with the reins, flecked with white foam, and, leaning backward, strained at the tough thongs. Still would the horses' mad strength not have surpassed my own had not a wheel, striking its hub against a projecting stock, been broken and wrenched off from the axle. I was thrown from my car, and while the reins held my legs fast, you might

membra rapi partim, partim reprensa relinqui,
ossa gravem dare fracta sonum fessamque videres
exhalari animam nullasque in corpore partes,
noscere quas posses: unumque erat omnia vulnus.
num potes aut audes cladi conponere nostrae,
nympha, tuam? vidi quoque luce carentia regna
et lacerum fovi Phlegethontide corpus in unda,
nec nisi Apollineae valido medicamine prolis
reddita vita foret; quam postquam fortibus herbis
atque ope Paeonia Dite indignante recepi,
tum mihi, ne praesens augerem muneris huius
invidiam, densas obiecit Cynthia nubes,
utque forem tutus possemque inpune videri,
addidit aetatem nec cognoscenda reliquit
ora mihi Cretemque diu dubitavit habendam
traderet an Delon: Creta Deloque relictis
hic posuit nomenque simul, quod possit equorum
admonuisse, iubet deponere 'qui' que 'fuisti
Hippolytus,' dixit 'nunc idem Virbius esto!'
hoc nemus inde colo de disque minoribus unus
numine sub dominae lateo atque accenseor illi."

Non tamen Egeriae luctus aliena levare
damna valent; montisque iacens radicibus imis
liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
mota soror Phoebi gelidum de corpore fontem
fecit et aeternas artus tenuavit in undas.

Et nymphas tetigit nova res, et Amazone natus

see my living flesh dragged along, my sinews held on the sharp stake, my limbs partly drawn on and in part caught fast and left behind, and my bones broken with a loud, snapping sound. You might see my spent spirit breathed out and there was no part of my body which you could recognize, but it all was one great wound. Now can you, dare you, nymph, compare your loss with my disaster? Further, I saw the rayless world of death and bathed my torn body in the waves of Phlegethon. And there should I still be had not Apollo's son by his potent remedies given me back my life. And when I had regained it by the help of strong herbs and medicinal aid, though 'twas against the will of Dis, then Cynthia threw a thick cloud around me, lest I be seen and stir up envy of my gift of life. And, that I might be safe and able to be seen without fear of punishment, she gave me the look of age and left me no features that could be recognized. She debated long whether to give me Crete or Delos for my home. But, deciding against Crete and Delos, she placed me here and bade me lay aside the name which could remind me of my horses, and said: 'You who were Hippolytus shall now be Virbius.' From that time I have dwelt within this grove and, one of the lesser deities, I hide beneath my mistress' deity and am accepted as her follower."

But Egeria's grief could not be assuaged by the woes of others, and, lying prostrate at the mountain's base, she melted away in tears; until Phoebus' sister, in pity of her faithful sorrow, made her body into a cool spring and dissolved her slender limbs into unfailing streams.

This strange event struck the nymphs with wonder; and the son of the Amazon was no less

haut aliter stupuit, quam cum Tyrrhenus arator
fatalem glaebam mediis adspexit in arvis
sponte sua primum nulloque agitante moveri,
sumere mox hominis terraeque amittere formam
oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis:
indigenae dixere Tagen, qui primus Etruscam
edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros;
utve Palatinis haerentem collibus olim
cum subito vidit frondescere Romulus hastam,
quae radice nova, non ferro stabat adacto
et iam non telum, sed lenti viminis arbor
non exspectatas dabat admirantibus umbras;
aut sua fluminea cum vidit Cipus in unda
cornua (vidit enim) falsamque in imagine credens
esse fidem, digitis ad frontem saepe relatis,
quae vidit, tetigit, nec iam sua lumina damnans
restitit, ut victor domito veniebat ab hoste,
ad caelumque manus et eodem lumina tollens
"quicquid," ait "superi, monstro portenditur isto,
seu laetum est, patriae laetum populoque Quirini,
sive minax, mihi sit." viridique e caespite factas
placat odoratis herbosas ignibus aras
vinaque dat pateris mactatarumque bidentum,
quid sibi significent, trepidantia consulit exta;
quae simul adspexit Tyrrhenae gentis haruspex,
magna quidem rerum molimina vidit in illis,
non manifesta tamen; cum vero sustulit acre
a pecudis fibris ad Cipi cornua lumen,
"rex," ait "o! salve! tibi enim, tibi, Cipe, tuisque

amazed than was the Tyrrhene plowman when he saw in his fields a clod, big with fate, first moving of its own accord, and with no one touching it, then taking on the form of man and losing its earthy shape, and finally opening its new-made mouth to speak things that were to be. The natives called him Tages, who first taught the Etruscan race how to read the future. And no less amazed than was Romulus when of old he saw his spear, which he had planted on the Palatine hill, suddenly putting forth leaves, and standing, not with iron point driven in the earth, but with new-grown roots; and now 'twas not a spear at all, but a tough-fibred tree, giving unexpected shade to those who gazed on it in wonder; or than was Cipus when in the river water he saw horns springing from his head. For he saw them and, thinking that he was deceived by the reflection, lifting his hands again and again to his forehead, he touched what he saw; and now no longer disbelieving his eyes he halted on his triumphal march and lifting his hands and eyes to the heavens cried: "O ye gods, whatever is portended by this monstrous thing, if it be fortunate, let the good fortune befall my country and the people of Quirinus; but if it threaten ill, may the ill be mine." Then, making an altar of green turf, he appeased the gods with a fragrant burnt-offering, made a libation of wine, and consulted the quivering entrails of the slaughtered victims as to what they might mean for him. When the Etruscan seer inspected these he saw the signs of great enterprises there, but not yet clearly visible. But when he raised his keen eyes from the sheep's entrails to the horns of Cipus, he cried: "All hail, O king! for to thee, to thee, Cipus, and to thy horns

hic locus et Latiae parebunt cornibus arces.
tu modo rumpe moras portasque intrare patentes
adpropera! sic fata iubent; namque urbe receptus
rex eris et sceptro tutus potiere perenni."
rettulit ille pedem torvamque a moenibus urbis
avertens faciem "procul, a! procul omnia" dixit
"talia di pellant! multoque ego iustius aevum
exul agam, quam me videant Capitolia regem."
dixit et extemplo populumque gravemque senatum
convocat, ante tamen pacali cornua lauro
velat et aggeribus factis a milite forti
insistit priscosque deos e more precatus
"est" ait "hic unus, quem vos nisi pellitis urbe,
rex erit: is qui sit, signo, non nomine dicam:
cornua fronte gerit! quem vobis indicat augur,
si Romam intrarit, famularia iura daturum.
ille quidem potuit portas inrumpere apertas,
sed nos obstitimus, quamvis coniunctior illo
nemo mihi est: vos urbe virum prohibete, Quirites,
vel, si dignus erit, gravibus vincite catenis
aut finite metum fatalis morte tyranni!"
qualia succinctis, ubi trux insibilat eurus,
murmura pinetis fiunt, aut qualia fluctus
aequorei faciunt, siquis procul audiat illos,
tale sonat populus; sed per confusa frementis
verba tamen vulgi vox eminet una "quis ille est?"
et spectant frontes praedictaque cornua quaerunt.
rursus ad hos Cipus "quem poscitis," inquit
"habetis"

shall this place and Latium's citadels bow down. Only delay not and make speed to enter the open gates! Such is fate's command; for, received within the city, thou shalt be king and wield the sceptre in safe and endless sway." He started back and, keeping his gaze stubbornly turned from the city's walls, he said: "Far, oh, far from me may the gods keep every such fate. Better far it is that I should spend my days exiled from home than that the Capitol should see me king." He spoke and straightway called a joint assembly of the people and the reverend senate. But first he hid his horns with a wreath of peaceful laurel; then, standing on a mound raised by the brave soldiery and praying to the ancient gods according to the rite, he said: "There is one here who will be king unless you drive him from your city. Who he is, not by his name but by a sign I will disclose to you: he wears horns upon his brow! The augur declares that if once he enters Rome he will reduce you to the rank of slaves. He might have forced his way through your gates, for they stand open; but I withstood him, though no one is more closely bound to him than I. Do you, Quirites, keep him from your city, or, if he deserves it, bind him with heavy fetters, or end your fear of the fated tyrant by his death!" At this such a murmur arose among the people as comes from the high-girt pine-groves when the boisterous wind whistles through them, or as the waves of the sea make heard from afar. But, midst the confused words of the murmuring throng, one cry rose clear: "Who is the man?" They looked at each other's foreheads, and sought to find the horns that had been spoken of. Then Cipus spoke again and said: "Him whom you seek you have"; and removing the wreath from

et dempta capiti populo prohibente corona
exhibuit gemino praesignia tempora cornu.
demisere oculos omnes gemitumque dedere
atque illud meritis clarum (quis credere possit?)
inviti videre caput: nec honore carere
ulterius passi festam inposuere coronam;
at proceres, quoniam muros intrare vetaris,
ruris honorati tantum tibi, Cipe, dedere,
quantum depresso subiectis bobus aratro
conplecti posses ad finem lucis ab ortu.
cornuaque aeratis miram referentia formam
postibus insculpunt, longum mansura per aevum.

Pandite nunc, Musae, praesentia numina vatum,
(scitis enim, nec vos fallit spatiosa vetustas,)
unde Coroniden circumflua Thybridis alti
insula Romuleae sacris adiecerit urbis.

Dira lues quondam Latias vitiaverat auras,
pallidaque exsangui squalebant corpora morbo.
funeribus fessi postquam mortalia cernunt
temptamenta nihil, nihil artes posse medentum,
auxilium caeleste petunt mediamque tenentis
orbis humum Delphos adeunt, oracula Phoebi,
utque salutifera miseris succurrere rebus
sorte velit tantaeque urbis mala finiat, orant:
et locus et laurus et, quas habet ipse pharetras,
intremuere simul, cortinaque reddidit imo
hanc adyto vocem pavefactaque pectora movit:

his head, while the people sought to stay him, he showed to them his temples marked with the two horns. All cast down their eyes and groaned aloud, and (who could believe it?) reluctantly looked upon that deservedly illustrious head. Then, not suffering him further to stand dishonoured, they replaced upon his head the festal wreath. But the senate, since you might not come within the walls, gave you, Cipus, as a gift of honour, as much land as you could enclose with a yoke of oxen and a plow from dawn till close of day. And the horns in all their wondrous beauty they engraved upon the bronze pillars of the gates, there to remain through all the ages.

Reveal to me now, O Muses, ye ever-helpful divinities of bards (for you know, nor has far-stretching time dimmed your memory), whence did the island bathed by the deep Tiber bring Coronis' son[1] and set him midst the deities of Rome.

In olden time a deadly pestilence had corrupted Latium's air, and men's bodies lay wasting and pale with a ghastly disease. When, weary with caring for the dead, men saw that their human efforts were as nothing, and that the healers' arts were of no avail, they sought the aid of heaven, and, coming to Delphi, situate in the earth's central spot, the sacred oracle of Phoebus, they begged that the god would vouchsafe with his health-bringing lots to succour them in their wretchedness and end the woes of their great city. Then did the shrine and the laurel-tree and the quiver which the god himself bears quake together, and the tripod from the inmost shrine gave forth these words and stirred their hearts trembling with fear: "What you seek

[1] Aesculapius.

"quod petis hinc, propiore loco, Romane, petisses,
et pete nunc propiore loco: nec Apolline vobis,
qui minuat luctus, opus est, sed Apolline nato.
ite bonis avibus prolemque accersite nostram."
iussa dei prudens postquam accepere senatus,
quam colat, explorant, iuvenis Phoebeius urbem,
quique petant ventis Epidauria litora, mittunt;
quae simul incurva missi tetigere carina,
concilium Graiosque patres adiere, darentque,
oravere, deum, qui praesens funera gentis
finiat Ausoniae: certas ita dicere sortes.
dissidet et variat sententia, parsque negandum
non putat auxilium, multi retinere suamque
non emittere opem nec numina tradere suadent:
dum dubitant, seram pepulere crepuscula lucem;
umbraque telluris tenebras induxerat orbi,
cum deus in somnis opifer consistere visus
ante tuum, Romane, torum, sed qualis in aede
esse solet, baculumque tenens agreste sinistra
caesariem longae dextra deducere barbae
et placido tales emittere pectore voces:
"pone metus! veniam simulacraque nostra relinquam.
hunc modo serpentem, baculum qui nexibus ambit,
perspice et usque nota visu, ut cognoscere possis!
vertar in hunc: sed maior ero tantusque videbor,
in quantum debent caelestia corpora verti."
extemplo cum voce deus, cum voce deoque
somnus abit, somnique fugam lux alma secuta est.
postera sidereos aurora fugaverat ignes:

from this place you should have sought, O Roman, from a nearer place. And even now seek from that nearer place. Nor have you any need of Apollo to abate your troubles, but of Apollo's son. Go with kindly auspices and call on my son." When the senate, rich in wisdom, heard the commands of the god, they sought in what city the son of Phoebus dwelt, and sent an embassy by ship to seek out the coast of Epidaurus. When the embassy had beached their curved keel upon that shore, they betook them to the council of the Grecian elders and prayed that they would give the god who with his present deity might end the deadly woes of the Ausonian race; for thus the oracle distinctly bade. The elders disagreed and sat with varying minds. Some thought that aid should not be refused; but the many advised to keep their god and not let go the source of their own wealth nor deliver up their deity. And while they sat in doubt the dusk of evening dispelled the lingering day and the darkness spread its shadows over the world. Then did the health-giving god seem in your dreams to stand before your couch, O Roman, even as he is wont to appear in his own temple, holding his rustic staff in his left hand and with his right stroking his flowing beard, and with calm utterance to speak these words: "Fear not! I shall come and leave my shrine. Only look upon this serpent which twines about my staff, and fix it on your sight that you may know it. I shall change myself to this, but shall be larger and shall seem as great as celestial bodies should be when they change." Straightway the god vanished as he spoke, and with the voice and the god sleep vanished too, and the kindly day dawned as sleep fled. The next morning had put the gleaming

incerti, quid agant, proceres ad templa petiti
conveniunt operosa dei, quaque ipse morari
sede velit, signis caelestibus indicet, orant.
vix bene desierant, cum cristis aureus altis
in serpente deus praenuntia sibila misit
adventuque suo signumque arasque foresque
marmoreumque solum fastigiaque aurea movit
pectoribusque tenus media sublimis in aede
constitit atque oculos circumtulit igne micantes:
territa turba pavet, cognovit numina castos
evinctus vitta crines albente sacerdos;
"en deus est, deus est! animis linguisque favete,
quisquis adest!" dixit "sis, o pulcherrime, visus
utiliter populosque iuves tua sacra colentes!"
quisquis adest, iussum venerantur numen, et omnes
verba sacerdotis referunt geminata piumque
Aeneadae praestant et mente et voce favorem.
adnuit his motisque deus rata pignora cristis
et repetita dedit vibrata sibila lingua;
tum gradibus nitidis delabitur oraque retro
flectit et antiquas abiturus respicit aras
adsuetasque domos habitataque templa salutat.
inde per iniectis adopertam floribus ingens
serpit humum flectitque sinus mediamque per urbem
tendit ad incurvo munitos aggere portus.
restitit hic agmenque suum turbaeque sequentis
officium placido visus dimittere vultu
corpus in Ausonia posuit rate: numinis illa

stars to flight when the chiefs, still uncertain what to do, assembled at the sumptuous temple of the sought-for god and begged him by heavenly tokens to reveal where he himself wished to abide. Scarce had they ceased to speak when the golden god, in the form of a serpent with high crest, uttered hissing warnings of his presence, and at his coming the statue, altars, doors, the marble pavement and gilded roof, all rocked. Then, raised breast-high in the temple's midst, he stood and gazed about with eyes flashing fire. The terrified multitude quaked with fear; but the priest, with his sacred locks bound with a white fillet, recognized the divinity and cried: "The god! behold the god! Think holy thoughts and stand in reverent silence, all ye who are in this presence. And, O thou most beautiful, be this vision of thee expedient for us and bless thou this people who worship at thy shrine." All in the divine presence worshipped the god as they were bid, repeating the priest's words after him, and the Romans, too, performed their pious devotions with heart and lips. The god nodded graciously to them and, moving his crest, assured them of his favour and with darting tongue gave forth repeated hisses. Then he glided down the polished steps and with backward gaze looked fixedly upon the ancient altars which he was about to leave, and saluted his well-known home and the shrine where he had dwelt so long. Thence the huge serpent wound his way along the ground covered with scattered flowers, bending and coiling as he went, and proceeded through the city's midst to the harbour guarded by a curving embankment. Here he halted and, seeming with kindly expression to dismiss his throng of pious followers, he took his place within the Ausonian ship. It felt the burden

sensit onus, pressa estque dei gravitate carina ;
Aeneadae gaudent caesoque in litore tauro
torta coronatae solvunt retinacula navis.
inpulerat levis aura ratem : deus eminet alte
inpositaque premens puppim cervice recurvam
caeruleas despectat aquas modicisque per aequor
Ionium zephyris sextae Pallantidos ortu
Italiam tenuit praeterque Lacinia templo
nobilitata deae Scylaceaque litora fertur ;
linquit Iapygiam laevisque Amphrisia remis
saxa fugit, dextra praerupta Cocinthia parte,
Romethiumque legit Caulonaque Naryciamque
evincitque fretum Siculique angusta Pelori
Hippotadaeque domos regis Temesesque metalla
Leucosiamque petit tepidique rosaria Paesti.
inde legit Capreas promunturiumque Minervae
et Surrentino generosos palmite colles
Herculeamque urbem Stabiasque et in otia natam
Parthenopen et ab hac Cumaeae templa Sibyllae.
hinc calidi fontes lentisciferumque tenetur
Liternum multamque trahens sub gurgite harenam
Volturnus niveisque frequens Sinuessa columbis
Minturnaeque graves et quam tumulavit alumnus
Antiphataeque domus Trachasque obsessa palude
et tellus Circaea et spissi litoris Antium.
huc ubi veliferam nautae advertere carinam,
(asper enim iam pontus erat), deus explicat orbes
perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens

of the deity and the keel was forced deep down by the god's weight. The Romans were filled with joy and, after sacrificing a bull upon the beach, they wreathed their ship with flowers and cast loose from the shore. A gentle breeze bore the vessel on, while the god, rising on high and reclining heavily with his neck resting upon the ship's curving stern, gazed down upon the azure waters. With fair winds he sailed through the Ionian sea and on the sixth morning he reached Italy, sailed past the shores of Lacinium, famed for Juno's temple, past Scylaceum, left Iapygia behind, and, avoiding the Amphrisian rocks upon the left and the Cocinthian crags upon the right, skirted Romethium and Caulon and Narycia; then passed the Sicilian sea and Pelorus' narrow strait, sailed by the home of King Hippotades, past the coppermines of Temesa, and headed for Leucosia and mild Paestum's rose-gardens. Thence he skirted Capreae, Minerva's promontory, and the hills of Surrentum rich in vines; thence sailed to Herculaneum and Stabiae and Parthenope,[1] for soft pleasure founded, and from there to the temple of the Cumaean Sibyl. Next the hot pools[2] were reached, and Liternum, thick grown with mastic-bearing trees, and the Volturnus, sweeping along vast quantities of sand beneath its whirling waters; Sinuessa, with its thronging flocks of snow-white doves; unwholesome Minturnae and the place[3] named for her whose foster-son[4] entombed her there; the home of Antiphates, marsh-encompassed Trachas, Circe's land also, and Antium with its hard-packed shore. When to this place the sailors turned their ship with sails full spread (for the sea was rough) the god unfolded his coils and, gliding on with many a sinuous curve and mighty fold, entered

[1] *i.e.* Naples. [2] Of Baiae. [3] Caieta. [4] Aeneas.

templa parentis init flavum tangentia litus.
aequore placato patrias Epidaurius aras
linquit et hospitio iuncti sibi numinis usus
litoream tractu squamae crepitantis harenam
sulcat et innixus moderamine navis in alta
puppe caput posuit, donec Castrumque sacrasque
Lavini sedes Tiberinaque ad ostia venit.
huc omnis populi passim matrumque patrumque
obvia turba ruit, quaeque ignes, Troica, servant,
Vesta, tuos, laetoque deum clamore salutant.
quaque per adversas navis cita ducitur undas,
tura super ripas aris ex ordine factis
parte ab utraque sonant et odorant aera fumis,
ictaque coniectos incalfacit hostia cultros.
iamque caput rerum, Romanam intraverat urbem:
erigitur serpens summoque accliuia malo
colla movet sedesque sibi circumspicit aptas.
scinditur in geminas partes circumfluus amnis
(Insula nomen habet) laterumque a parte duorum
porrigit aequales media tellure lacertos:
huc se de Latia pinu Phoebeius anguis
contulit et finem specie caeleste resumpta
luctibus inposuit venitque salutifer urbi.

Hic tamen accessit delubris advena nostris:
Caesar in urbe sua deus est; quem Marte togaque
praecipuum non bella magis finita triumphis
resque domi gestae properataque gloria rerum
in sidus vertere novum stellamque comantem,
quam sua progenies; neque enim de Caesaris actis

his father's temple set on the tawny strand. When the sea had calmed again, the Epidaurian god left his paternal altars and, having enjoyed the hospitality of his kindred deity, furrowed the sandy shore as he dragged his rasping scales along and, climbing up the rudder, reposed his head on the vessel's lofty stern, until he came to Castrum, the sacred seats of Lavinium and the Tiber's mouth. Hither the whole mass of the populace came thronging to meet him from every side, matrons and fathers and the maids who tend thy fires, O Trojan Vesta, and they saluted the god with joyful cries. And where the swift ship floated up the stream incense burned with a crackling sound on altars built in regular order on both the banks, the air was heavy with sweet perfumes, and the smitten victim warmed the sacrificial knife with his blood. And now the ship had entered Rome, the capital of the world. The serpent raised himself aloft and, resting his head upon the mast's top, moved it from side to side, viewing the places fit for his abode. The river, flowing around, separates at this point into two parts, forming the place called the Island; on each side it stretches out two equal arms with the land between. On this spot the serpent-son of Phoebus disembarked from the Latian ship and, resuming his heavenly form, put an end to the people's woes and came to them as health-bringer to their city.

Now he came to our shrines as a god from a foreign land; but Caesar is god in his own city. Him, illustrious in war and peace, not so much his wars triumphantly achieved, his civic deeds accomplished, and his glory quickly won, changed to a new heavenly body, a flaming star; but still more his offspring deified him. For there is no work among

ullum maius opus, quam quod pater exstitit huius:
scilicet aequoreos plus est domuisse Britannos
perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili
victrices egisse rates Numidasque rebelles
Cinyphiumque Iubam Mithridateisque tumentem
nominibus Pontum populo adiecisse Quirini
et multos meruisse, aliquos egisse triumphos,
quam tantum genuisse virum, quo praeside rerum
humano generi, superi, favistis abunde!
ne foret hic igitur mortali semine cretus,
ille deus faciendus erat; quod ut aurea vidit
Aeneae genetrix, vidit quoque triste parari
pontifici letum et coniurata arma moveri,
palluit et cunctis, ut cuique erat obvia, divis
"adspice," dicebat "quanta mihi mole parentur
insidiae, quantaque caput cum fraude petatur,
quod de Dardanio solum mihi restat Iulo.
solane semper ero iustis exercita curis,
quam modo Tydidae Calydonia vulneret hasta,
nunc male defensae confundant moenia Troiae,
quae videam natum longis erroribus actum
iactarique freto sedesque intrare silentum
bellaque cum Turno gerere, aut, si vera fatemur,
cum Iunone magis? quid nunc antiqua recordor
damna mei generis? timor hic meminisse priorum
non sinit; en acui sceleratos cernitis enses?
quos prohibete, precor, facinusque repellite neve
caede sacerdotis flammas exstinguite Vestae!"

all Caesar's achievements greater than this, that he became the father of this our Emperor. Is it indeed a greater thing to have subdued the sea-girt Britons, to have led his victorious fleet up the seven-mouthed stream of the papyrus-bearing Nile, to have added the rebellious Numidians, Libyan Juba, and Pontus, swelling with threats of the mighty name of Mithridates, to the sway of the people of Quirinus, to have celebrated some triumphs and to have earned many more—than to have begotten so great a man? With him as ruler of the world, you have indeed, O heavenly ones, showered rich blessings upon the human race! So then, that his son might not be born of mortal seed, Caesar must needs be made a god. When the golden mother of Aeneas saw this, and saw also that dire destruction was being plotted against her high-priest and that an armed conspiracy was forming, she paled with fear and cried to all the gods as she met them in turn: "Behold what a crushing weight of plots is prepared against me, and with what snares that life is sought which alone remains to me from Dardanian Iülus. Shall I alone for ever be harassed by well-founded cares, since now the Calydonian spear of Diomede wounds me and now the falling walls of ill-defended Troy o'erwhelm me, since I see my son driven by long wanderings, tossed on the sea, entering the abodes of the silent shades and waging war with Turnus, or, if we speak plain truth, with Juno rather? But why do I now recall the ancient sufferings of my race? This present fear of mine does not permit me to remember former woes. Look! do you not see that impious daggers are being whetted? Ward them off, I pray, prevent this crime and let not Vesta's fires be extinguished by her high-priest's blood!"

Talia nequiquam toto Venus anxia caelo
verba iacit superosque movet, qui rumpere quamquam
ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
signa tamen luctus dant haut incerta futuri;
arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes
terribilesque tubas auditaque cornua caelo
praemonuisse nefas; solis quoque tristis imago
lurida sollicitis praebebat lumina terris;
saepe faces visae mediis ardere sub astris,
saepe inter nimbos guttae cecidere cruentae;
caerulus et vultum ferrugine Lucifer atra
sparsus erat, sparsi lunares sanguine currus;
tristia mille locis Stygius dedit omina bubo,
mille locis lacrimavit ebur, cantusque feruntur
auditi sanctis et verba minantia lucis.
victima nulla litat, magnosque instare tumultus
fibra monet, caesumque caput reperitur in extis,
inque foro circumque domos et templa deorum
nocturnos ululasse canes umbrasque silentum
erravisse ferunt motamque tremoribus urbem.
non tamen insidias venturaque vincere fata
praemonitus potuere deum, strictique feruntur
in templum gladii: neque enim locus ullus in urbe
ad facinus diramque placet nisi curia caedem.
tum vero Cytherea manu percussit utraque
pectus et Aeneaden molitur condere nube,
qua prius infesto Paris est ereptus Atridae,
et Diomedeos Aeneas fugerat enses.
talibus hanc genitor: "sola insuperabile fatum,

The anxious goddess cried these complaints throughout the sky, but all in vain. The gods were moved indeed; and although they were not able to break the iron decrees of the ancient sisters, still they gave no uncertain portents of the woe that was at hand. They say that the clashing of arms amid the dark storm-clouds and fear-inspiring trumpets and horns heard in the sky forewarned men of the crime; also the darkened face of the sun shone with lurid light upon the troubled lands. Often firebrands were seen to flash amidst the stars; often drops of blood fell down from the clouds; the morning-star was of dusky hue and his face was blotched with dark red spots, and Luna's chariot was stained with blood. In a thousand places the Stygian owl gave forth his mournful warnings; in a thousand places ivory statues dripped tears, and in the sacred groves wailing notes and threatening words were heard. No victim sufficed for expiation; the liver warned that portentous struggles were at hand and its lobe was found cleft amidst the entrails. In the market-place and around men's houses and the temples of the gods, they say, dogs howled by night, the shades of the silent dead walked abroad and the city was shaken with earthquakes. Yet even so, the warnings of the gods were unable to check the plots of men and the advancing fates. Naked swords were brought into the sacred curia; for no place in the whole city would do for this crime, this dreadful deed of blood, save only that. Then indeed did Cytherea smite on her breast with both her hands and strive to hide her Caesar in a cloud in which of old Paris had been rescued from the murderous Atrides and in which Aeneas had escaped the sword of Diomede. Then thus the Father spoke: "Dost thou, by thy sole

nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum
tecta trium: cernes illic molimine vasto
ex aere et solido rerum tabularia ferro,
quae neque concussum caeli neque fulminis iram
nec metuunt ullas tuta atque aeterna ruinas;
invenies illic incisa adamante perenni
fata tui generis: legi ipse animoque notavi
et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.
hic sua conplevit, pro quo, Cytherea, laboras,
tempora, perfectis, quos terrae debuit, annis.
ut deus accedat caelo templisque colatur,
tu facies natusque suus, qui nominis heres
inpositum feret unus onus caesique parentis
nos in bella suos fortissimus ultor habebit.
illius auspiciis obsessae moenia pacem
victa petent Mutinae, Pharsalia sentiet illum,
Emathiique iterum madefient caede Philippi,
et magnum Siculis nomen superabitur undis,
Romanique ducis coniunx Aegyptia taedae
non bene fisa cadet, frustraque erit illa minata,
servitura suo Capitolia nostra Canopo.
quid tibi barbariem gentesque ab utroque iacentes
oceano numerem? quodcumque habitabile tellus
sustinet, huius erit: pontus quoque serviet illi!

[1] *i.e.* Macedonian; Emathia was a district of Macedonia.
[2] Though Philippi is in Macedonia and Pharsalus in Thessaly, Ovid with poetic daring practically identifies the two great battlefields.

power, my daughter, think to move the changeless fates? Thou thyself mayst enter the abode of the three sisters. Thou shalt there behold the records of all that happens on tablets of brass and solid iron, a massive structure, tablets which fear neither the crashings of the sky, nor the lightning's fearful power, nor any destructive shocks which may befall, being eternal and secure. There shalt thou find engraved on everlasting adamant thy descendant's fates. I have myself read these and marked them well in mind; and these will I relate, that thou mayst be no longer ignorant of that which is to come. This son of thine, goddess of Cythera, for whom thou grievest, has fulfilled his allotted time, and his years are finished which he owed to earth. That as a god he may enter heaven and have his place in temples on the earth, thou shalt accomplish, thou and his son. He as successor to the name shall bear alone the burden placed on him, and, as the most valiant avenger of his father's murder, he shall have us as ally for his wars. Under his command the conquered walls of leaguered Mutina shall sue for peace; Pharsalia shall feel his power; Emathian[1] Philippi shall reek again[2] with blood; and he of the great name[3] shall be overcome on Sicilian waters. A Roman general's Egyptian mistress, who did not well to rely upon the union, shall fall before him, and in vain shall she have threatened that our Capitol shall bow to her Canopus. But why should I recall barbaric lands to you and nations lying on either ocean-shore? Nay, whatsoever habitable land the earth contains shall be his, and the sea also shall come beneath his sway!

[3] Sextus Pompeius, youngest son of Pompey the Great. He seems also to have assumed the name *Magnus*.

" Pace data terris animum ad civilia vertet
iura suum legesque feret iustissimus auctor
exemploque suo mores reget inque futuri
temporis aetatem venturorumque nepotum
prospiciens prolem sancta de coniuge natam
ferre simul nomenque suum curasque iubebit,
nec nisi cum senior Pylios aequaverit annos,
aetherias sedes cognataque sidera tanget.
hanc animam interea caeso de corpore raptam
fac iubar, ut semper Capitolia nostra forumque
divus ab excelsa prospectet Iulius aede!"

Vix ea fatus erat, media cum sede senatus
constitit alma Venus nulli cernenda suique
Caesaris eripuit membris nec in aera solvi
passa recentem animam caelestibus intulit astris
dumque tulit, lumen capere atque ignescere sensit
emisitque sinu: luna volat altius illa
flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
stella micat natique videns bene facta fatetur
esse suis maiora et vinci gaudet ab illo.
hic sua praeferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,
libera fama tamen nullisque obnoxia iussis
invitum praefert unaque in parte repugnat:
sic magnus cedit titulis Agamemnonis Atreus,
Aegea sic Theseus, sic Pelea vicit Achilles;
denique, ut exemplis ipsos aequantibus utar,
sic et Saturnus minor est Iove: Iuppiter arces

"When peace has been bestowed upon all lands, he shall turn his mind to the rights of citizens, and as a most righteous jurist promote the laws. By his own good example shall he direct the ways of men, and, looking forward to future time and coming generations, he shall bid the son,[1] born of his chaste wife, to bear at once his name and the burden of his cares; and not till after he as an old man shall have equalled Nestor's years shall he attain the heavenly seats and his related stars. Meanwhile do thou catch up this[2] soul from the slain body and make him a star in order that ever it may be the divine Julius who looks forth upon our Capitol and Forum from his lofty temple."

Scarce had he spoken when fostering Venus took her place within the senate-house, unseen of all, caught up the passing soul of her Caesar from his body, and not suffering it to vanish into air, she bore it towards the stars of heaven. And as she bore it she felt it glow and burn, and released it from her bosom. Higher than the moon it mounted up and, leaving behind it a long fiery train, gleamed as a star. And now, beholding the good deeds of his son, he confesses that they are greater than his own, and rejoices to be surpassed by him. And, though the son forbids that his own deeds be set above his father's, still fame, unfettered and obedient to no one's will, exalts him spite of his desire, and in this one thing opposes his commands. So does the great Atreus yield in honour to his son, Agamemnon; so does Theseus rival Aegeus, and Achilles, Peleus; finally, to quote an instance worthy of themselves, is Saturn less than Jove. Jupiter controls the heights

[1] Tiberius, son of Livia and Ti. Claudius Nero.

[2] *i.e.* of Julius Caesar.

temperat aetherias et mundi regna triformis,
terra sub Augusto est; pater est et rector uterque.
di, precor, Aeneae comites, quibus ensis et ignis
cesserunt, dique Indigetes genitorque Quirine
urbis et invicti genitor Gradive Quirini
Vestaque Caesareos inter sacrata penates,
et cum Caesarea tu, Phoebe domestice, Vesta,
quique tenes altus Tarpeias Iuppiter arces,
quosque alios vati fas appellare piumque est:
tarda sit illa dies et nostro serior aevo,
qua caput Augustum, quem temperat, orbe relicto
accedat caelo faveatque precantibus absens!

Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignis
nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.
cum volet, illa dies, quae nil nisi corporis huius
ius habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat aevi:
parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum,
quaque patet domitis Romana potentia terris,
ore legar populi, perque omnia saecula fama,
siquid habent veri vatum praesagia, vivam.

of heaven and the kingdoms of the triformed universe; but the earth is under Augustus' sway. Each is both sire and ruler. O gods, I pray you, comrades of Aeneas, before whom both fire and sword gave way, and ye native gods of Italy, and thou, Quirinus, father of our city, and Gradivus, invincible Quirinus' sire, and Vesta, who hast ever held a sacred place midst Caesar's household gods, and thou Apollo, linked in worship with our Caesar's Vesta, and Jupiter, whose temple sits high on Tarpeia's rock, and all ye other gods to whom it is fitting for the bard to make appeal: far distant be that day and later than our own time when Augustus, abandoning the world he rules, shall mount to heaven and there, removed from our presence, listen to our prayers!

And now my work is done, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor the gnawing tooth of time shall ever be able to undo. When it will, let that day come which has no power save over this mortal frame, and end the span of my uncertain years. Still in my better part I shall be borne immortal far beyond the lofty stars and I shall have an undying name. Wherever Rome's power extends over the conquered world, I shall have mention on men's lips, and, if the prophecies of bards have any truth, through all the ages shall I live in fame.

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Crataeis, a nymph, the mother of Scylla, XIII. 749

Crenaeus, a centaur, XII. 313

Cressa, a Cretan woman, Telethusa, IX. 703

Crete, the island of Crete, VII. 434, 481 ; VIII. 99, 118 ; IX. 666, 735 ; XIII. 706 ; XV. 540, 541

Crimese, a town in Lucania, XV. 52

Crocale, a nymph in the train of Diana, III. 169

Crocus, a youth who pined away with hopeless love of the nymph Smilax, and changed into a crocus-flower ; Smilax also changed into a flower, IV. 283

Cromyon, a village near Corinth, VII. 435

Croton, a mythical hero who had entertained Hercules at his home

in Italy; Hercules promised that ages hence a city should be founded on that spot and be named from his host; the city was Crotona, XV. 15 ff.

Crow, once a beautiful princess, daughter of Coroneus; pursued by Neptune, she was changed to a bird by her goddess Minerva, but lost favour because of her unwelcome tattling, II. 569 ff.

Ctesylla, daughter of Alcidamas, changed into a dove, VII. 369

Cumae, an ancient Euboean colony on the sea-coast of Campania, XIV. 104, 121, 135; XV. 712

Cumaea, an epithet of the Sibyl of Cumae, who guided Aeneas through the underworld; she tells to him the story of Apollo's wooing, XIV. 121, 135; she had a temple at Cumae, XV. 712

Cupido, or Amor, the god of Love, son of Venus, I. 463; represented as a young boy armed with bow and arrows, I. 456, 468; IV. 321; V. 366; IX. 543; X. 311; he caused Apollo to be inflamed with love for Daphne, I. 453 ff.; and Pluto for Proserpina, V. 380 ff.

Cures, the chief city of the Sabines in ancient times, XIV. 778; XV. 7

Curetes, the mythical origin of, IV. 282

Curetis, of Crete, VIII. 153

Cyane, a fountain-nymph of Sicily whose waters flow into the River Anapis near Syracuse, V. 409; she was changed into water by Pluto because she strove to stop his abduction of Proserpina, V. 425 ff.

Cyaneae, two small rocky islands at the entrance of the Euxine Sea, which according to fable clashed together whenever any object attempted to pass between them, VII. 62. *See* Symplegades

Cyanee, a nymph, daughter of Maeander, mother by Miletus of Caunus and Byblis, IX. 452

Cybele, mother of the gods, X. 104, 686; XIV. 536; turret-crowned, X. 696; her favourite seats were Mounts Ida and Berecyntus, XI. 16; XIV. 534; is drawn in a chariot with yoked lions, X. 704; XIV. 538; in wrath at the desecration of her temple, she changes Hippomenes and Atalanta into lions, X. 696 ff.; rescues from fire the ships of Aeneas which had been built of her sacred pines on Ida, and changes them into water-nymphs, XIV. 535 ff.

Cyclades, a circle of islands in the Aegean Sea, II. 264

Cyclopes, a fabulous race of giants on the coast of Sicily, having one eye and that in the centre of the forehead; they forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter, I. 259; III. 305; XIV. 2; XV. 93; one in particular, Polyphemus, called Cyclops, in love with Galatea, XIII. 744 ff.; his murderous attack on Ulysses and his crew, XIV. 174, 249. *See* Polyphemus

Cycnus: (1) son of Sthenelus, grieving for the death of his relative Phaëthon, changed to a swan, II. 367 ff., 377; XII. 581; (2) son of Apollo and Hyrie, a great hunter, who in a fit of anger leaped off a cliff, but in mid-air was changed by Apollo into a swan; hence Tempe is called Cycneia, VII. 371; (3) the invulnerable son of Neptune, met Achilles and was finally strangled by him; changed by Neptune into a swan, XII. 72

Cydonaeus, from Cydonia, a town in Crete, VIII. 22

Cyllarus, a centaur beloved by Hylonome, XII. 393 ff.

Cyllene, a mountain in Arcadia, the birthplace of Mercury, I. 217, 713; II. 720, 818; V. 176, 331, 607; VII. 386; XI. 304; XIII. 146; XIV. 291

Cyllenius, an epithet of Mercury from Mount Cyllene, I. 713; II. 720, 818; XIII. 146; XIV. 291

Cymelus, one of the Lapithae, XII. 454

Cynthia, an epithet of Diana from Cynthus, a mountain in Delos, her birthplace, II. 465; VII. 755; XV. 537

Cynthus, a mountain on Delos, sacred to Apollo and Diana, II. 221, 465; VI. 204; VII. 755; XV. 537

Cyparissus, a youth who was loved by Apollo, and at his death changed by the god into a cypress-tree, X. 106 ff.

Cyprus, an island on the coast of Asia Minor, sacred to Venus, X. 270, 645, 718; XIV. 696

Cytherea, Cythereïas, Cythereïs, Cythereïus, of or belonging to the island of Cythera in the Aegean Sea, an epithet of Venus, who is said to have sprung from the sea-foam near the island, IV. 190, 288; X. 529, 640, 717; XIII. 625; XIV. 487, 584; XV. 386, 803

Cythereïus heros, applied to Aeneas as the son of Venus, XIII. 625; XIV. 584

Cythnus, an island of the Cyclades, V. 252; VII. 464

Cytoriacus, from Cytorus, a mountain in Paphlagonia abounding in boxwood, IV. 311; VI. 132

DAEDALION, a son of Lucifer, brother of Ceyx, father of Chione; crazed by his daughter's death at the hands of Diana, he is changed by Apollo into a hawk, XI. 295 ff.

Daedalus, a mythical Athenian architect, built labyrinth for the confinement of the Minotaur at the command of Minos, VIII. 155; himself confined in Crete, he makes wings for himself and his son and so escapes, VIII. 183 ff.; envies his nephew, Perdix, and pushes him off a cliff, VIII. 240; finds refuge after his flight with king Cocalus in Sicily, VIII. 261; quoted as type of resourceful man in time of trouble, IX. 742

Damasichthon, one of the seven sons of Niobe, VI. 254

Danaë, daughter of Acrisius and mother of Perseus by Jupiter, who came to her in the form of a golden shower, IV. 611; VI. 113; XI. 117

Danaëius heros, Perseus, son of Danaë, V. 1

Daphne, daughter of the river-god Peneus, hence called Peneïs, I. 472, 504; the first love of Phoebus Apollo, I. 452 ff.; changed to a laurel-tree, which the god adopts as his sacred tree, I. 548 ff.

Daphnis, a shepherd boy of Ida, IV. 277

Dardanidae matres, Dardanian, *i.e.* Trojan women, XIII. 412

Dardanius, an epithet applied to the descendants of Dardanus, the son of Jupiter and Electra, who came from Italy to the Troad, and was one of the ancestors of the royal line of Troy; = Trojan; to Hellenus, XIII. 335; to Iulus, XV. 767; to Rome as founded by one of the Trojan race, XV. 431

Daulis, a city in Phocis, V. 276

Daunus, an ancient king of Apulia, XIV. 458, 510

Deianira, daughter of Oeneus, king of Calydon, hence called Calydonis, IX. 112; sister of Meleager, IX. 149; wooed by Acheloüs and Hercules, won by Hercules, insulted by Nessus, who in turn is slain by Hercules, IX. 9 ff.; sends tunic anointed with the poisoned blood of Nessus to Hercules in order to win back his love from Iole, IX. 138 ff.; one of the sisters of Meleager not turned into a bird, VIII. 544

Deionides, son of Deione, Miletus, IX. 443

Dēĭphobus, son of Priam, after Hector's death one of the greatest heroes among the Trojans, XII. 547

Delia, an epithet of Diana from Delos, her birthplace, V. 639

Delius, an epithet of Apollo, I. 454; V. 329; VI. 250; XI. 174; XII. 598

Delos, an island of the Cyclades, sacred to Apollo and Diana as their birthplace, I. 454; V. 329, 639; VI. 191, 250, 333; VIII. 221; XI. 174; XII. 598; XIII. 631; XV. 337

Delphi, a famous city in Phocis where was the oracle of Apollo, I. 379, 515; II. 543, 677; IX. 332; X. 168; XI. 304, 414; XV. 144, 631

Delphicus, an epithet of Apollo from his oracle at Delphi, II. 543, 677

Demoleon, a centaur, XII. 350, 368

Deoïs, a daughter of Deo, a name of Ceres, Proserpina, VI. 114

Deoïus, belonging to Ceres, her oak-trees, VIII. 758

Derceto, a Syrian goddess mother of the Babylonian Semiramis, IV. 45

Deucalion, son of Prometheus; he with his wife, Pyrrha, were the only human pair saved from the flood, I. 318 ff.; VII. 356; repeople the world by throwing stones over their shoulders, I. 395

Dia, an old name for Naxos, III. 690; VIII. 174

Diana, daughter of Jupiter and Latona, twin sister of Apollo, V. 330; XV. 550; born on Delos; represented on earth as goddess of the hunt, III. 163; armed with darts, bow and quiver, III. 252; V. 375; swift of foot, IV. 304; with robes girt high, I. 695; II. 245; III. 156; IX. 89; in heaven as the moon-goddess, XV. 196; *see* Luna *and* Phoebe; in the underworld identified with Hecate or Trivia, because worshipped where three roads meet, II. 416; she is ever virgin, I. 487, 695; V. 375; XII. 28; expels Callisto from her train, II. 441 ff.; changes Actaeon into a stag, II. 185 ff.; took refuge in the form of a cat from the pursuit of the Giants, V. 330; with Apollo destroys the children of Niobe, VI. 204 ff.; enraged at the slight of Oeneus, king of Calydon, sends huge boar to ravage his country, VIII. 272; angered by the presumption of Chione, shoots the girl with an arrow through the tongue, XI. 321; angered because Agamemnon had killed her favourite stag, or had boasted over her of his skill in hunting, she stays the Greek fleet at Aulis until they should sacrifice Iphigenia to her, XII. 27 ff., 185; at the last moment substitutes a hind on the altar

for the girl, and bears her away to be her priestess at Tauris in Scythia, XII. 34; Orestes, rescued from death at Tauris by her aid, brings her image away to Aricia in Latium, hence she is called Orestea, XV. 489; changes Hippolytus' appearance beyond recognition after his restoration to life and brings him to Italy, XV. 537 ff.; in pity of her woe for her husband's death, changes Egeria into a spring of water, XV. 550; her epithets are Latonia, I. 696; Ortygia, I. 694; Cynthia, II. 465; Titania, II. 173; Delia, V. 639; Dictynna, II. 441; Scythia, XIV. 331; Orestea, XV. 489

Dictaeus, from Mount Dicte in Crete, = Cretan, III. 2, 223; IX. 717; an epithet of Minos, VIII. 43

Dictynna, "goddess of the net," an epithet of Britomartis in Crete, identified with Diana, II. 441

Dictys: (1) a sailor with Acoetes, III. 615; (2) a centaur, XII. 334

Dido, a Phoenician, queen of Carthage, who killed herself out of hopeless love for Aeneas, XIV. 80. *See* Sidonis

Didyme, two small islands near Syrus in the Aegean, VII. 469

Dindyma, a mountain in Mysia, sacred to Ceres, II. 223

Diomedes: (1) son of Tydeus, king of Argos, one of the bravest of the Greek heroes at Troy, the frequent companion of the undertakings of Ulysses, XIII. 68, 100, 239, 242; wounded Venus while she was attempting to shield Aeneas, XIV. 477; XV. 769, 806; after the Trojan war he settled in Italy at Arpi and married the daughter of Daunus, king of Apulia, XIV. 510; received the messenger of Turnus who came to ask aid against Aeneas, and told the story of his adventures, XIV. 457 ff.; his epithets are Tydides, as son of Tydeus, XII. 622; XIII. 68; Oenides, as grandson of Oeneus, king of Calydon in Aetolia, XIV. 512; Aetolius heros, XIV. 461; hence his territory in Italy is called Calydonia regna, XIV. 512; (2) a barbarous king of Thrace, killed by Hercules, IX. 194

Dirce, a famous spring near Thebes in Boeotia, II. 239

Dis, a name for Pluto (which does not appear in the *Metamorphoses*), king of the underworld, IV. 438, 444, 511; V. 356, 508; X. 16; he gained his kingdom by lot, V. 368; the son of Saturn, V. 420; brother of Jupiter and Neptune, V. 528; through the craft of Venus he falls in love with Proserpina and carries her off to the lower world, V. 359 ff.; X. 28; his kingdom described, IV. 432 ff.; X. 15 ff.

Dodona, a city in Epirus where was an oracle of Jupiter, the oldest in Greece, whose responses were delivered by the rustling of the sacred oaks, VII. 623; XIII. 716. *See* Chaonian oaks

Dodonaeus, Dodonis, of Dodona, VII. 623; XIII. 716

Dolon, a Phrygian spy out on a night adventure, slain by Ulysses, XIII. 98, 244

Dolopes, a people in Thessaly, XII. 364

Doris, daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, wife of Nereus, mother of the Nereids, II. 11, 269; mother of Galatea, XII. 742

Dorylas: (1) a friend of Perseus, V. 129; (2) a centaur, XII. 380

Dryades, wood-nymphs, III. 507;

VI. 453; VIII. 746, 777; XI. 49; XIV. 326

Dryas, son of Mars and brother of the Thracian Tereus, was present at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 307; and at the battle of the Lapithae against the centaurs, XII. 290, 296, 311 ff.

Dryope, daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, mother by Apollo of Amphissus, married by Andraemon, changed into a tree, IX. 331 ff.

Dulichius, an epithet of Ulysses from Dulichium, a small island near Ithaca, XIII. 107, 425, 711; XIV. 226

Dymantis, Hecuba, the daughter of Dymas, XIII. 620

Dymas, father of Hecuba, XI. 761

ECHETLUS, a centaur, XII. 450

Echidna, a monster, half woman, half snake, mother of Cerberus, Chimaera, the Hydra, and the Sphinx, IV. 501; VII. 408

Echinades, a group of islands into which as many nymphs were changed through the wrath of Acheloüs, VIII. 589

Echion: (1) one of the five surviving heroes sprung from the dragon's teeth sowed by Cadmus, III. 126; he married Agave, the daughter of Cadmus, and became by her the father of Pentheus, III. 526; built a temple to Cybele, X. 686; (2) a son of Mercury, one of the heroes at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 311, 315

Echionides, an epithet of Pentheus as son of Echion, III. 513, 701

Echo, a nymph deprived by Juno of the power of initiating speech, III. 358; conceives a hopeless love for Narcissus, III. 380, 493; is changed to a mere voice, III. 399

Edonides, the women of the Edoni, a Thracian people who murdered Orpheus, and were changed by Bacchus into trees, XI. 69 ff.

Ection, king of Thebes in Mycia, father of Andromache, XII. 110

Egeria, an Italian nymph, instructress and wife of Numa, XV. 482; at Numa's death she refused to be comforted, XV. 487 ff.; and finally dissolved away into a spring of water, XV. 547

Elatus, a prince of the Lapithae, father of Caenis, XII. 189, 497

Eleleus, a name for Bacchus from the wild cry of the Bacchantes, IV. 15

Eleusin, a city in Attica, famous for the worship of Ceres, VII. 439

Elis, a country and city in the western part of the Peloponnesus, II. 679; V. 487, 576, 608; IX. 187; XII. 550; XIV. 325

Elpenor, a comrade of Ulysses, XIV. 252

Elymus, a centaur, XII. 460

Elysium, the home of the blessed spirits in the underworld, XIV. 111

Elysius, of Elysium, the abode of the blessed in the underworld, XIV. 111

Emathides, the daughters of Pierus, king of Emathia in Macedonia, who insulted the Muses and were changed to magpies, V. 669

Emathion, an old man killed in the fight between Phineus and Perseus, V. 100

Emathius, from Emathia, a district of Macedonia, V. 313; XII. 462; XV. 824

Enaesimus, son of Hippocoön,

killed at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 362

Enipeus, a river in Thessaly, I. 579; VI. 116; VII. 229; also the river-god who was the lover of Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus; in the form of Enipeus Neptune tricked Tyro; according to another story Neptune with Iphimedia, the wife of Aloeus, begot the giants Otus and Ephialtes, called Aloidae from Aloeus; Ovid has mixed these two stories in VI. 117

Ennomus, a Lycian, XIII. 260

Envy, her home described, II. 760 ff.; sent to punish Aglauros, II. 785

Epaphus, son of Jupiter and Io, grandson of Inachus, worshipped as a god in Egypt along with his mother, I. 748

Ephyre, an ancient name for Corinth, II. 240; VII. 391

Epidaurius, from Epidaurus, a city of Argolis, sacred to Aesculapius, III. 278; VII. 436; XV. 643, 723

Epimethis, Pyrrha, the daughter of Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, I. 390

Epirus, a country in the north of Greece, VIII. 283; XIII. 720

Epopeus, one of the sailors of Acoetes, III. 619

Epytus, one of the Alban kings, XIV. 613

Erasinus, a river in Argolis, XV. 276

Erebus, a name for the underworld, V. 443; X. 76; XIV. 404

Erectheus, king of Athens, son of Pandion, father of Orithyia and Procris, VI. 677, 701; VII. 697

Erichthonius, a son of Vulcan, born without mother, II. 553, 757; IX. 424

Eridanus, the mythical name of the River Po, II. 324, 365

Erigdupus, a centaur, XII. 453

Erigone, daughter of Icarius, loved by Bacchus, VI. 125; she hanged herself through grief at her father's tragic death, and was set in the heavens as the constellation Virgo, X. 451

Erinnys, a Fury, or goddess of vengeance; the Furies were three sisters, Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megaera, daughters of Uranus and Night, IV. 452; VIII. 481; X. 314; called euphemistically Eumenides; with snaky hair and torches in hand they pursue the guilty, IX. 410; X. 314, 349; they are wild, horrible, baleful, implacable, mad, I. 241, 725; IV. 452, 481, 490; XI. 14; at the request of Juno they drive Athamas mad, IV. 470 ff.; were present at the wedding of Tereus and Procne, VI. 429

Eriphyle, wife of Amphiaraüs, whom she betrayed to Polynices, and was slain by her own son Alcmaeon, IX. 407

Erycina, an epithet of Venus from Eryx, a mountain in Sicily sacred to her, V. 363

Erymanthus: (1) a river in Arcadia, II. 244; (2) a mountain in Arcadia, II. 499; V. 608

Erysichthon, son of the Thessalian king Triopas, committed sacrilege against Ceres by cutting down her sacred tree, and was punished by unappeasable hunger, VIII. 738 ff.

Erytus, son of Actor, companion of Phineus, V. 79

Eryx: (1) a mountain in Sicily sacred to Venus, II. 221; V. 363; (2) a son of Venus, hence brother of Aeneas, XIV. 83; (3) an opponent of Perseus petrified by the Gorgon-head, V. 196

Eteocles, son of Oedipus and Iocasta, brother of Polynices; their death prophesied, IX. 405

Ethemon, an opponent of Perseus, V. 163

Etruscus, of Etruria, a country of Central Italy, XV. 558

Euagrus, one of the Lapithae, XII. 290

Euander, son of Carmentis, emigrated from Pallantium in Arcadia before the Trojan war and founded the city of Pallanteum in Latium; gave aid to Aeneas against Turnus, XIV. 456

Euboea, a large island east of Central Greece, IX. 218, 226; XIII. 182, 660, 905; XIV. 4, 155

Eucnus, a river of Aetolia near Calydon, VIII. 527; IX. 104

Euhan, a name of Bacchus from the cry of his worshippers, IV. 15

Euippe, wife of Pierus, mother of the Pierides, V. 303

Eumelus, father of Botres, VII. 390

Eumenides, "the kind goddesses," a euphemistic name of the Furies, VI. 430; VIII. 482; IX. 410; X. 46

Eumolpus, a mythical singer of Thrace, priest of Ceres, brought the Eleusinian mysteries to Attica, XI. 93

Eupalamus, one of the heroes at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 360

Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, a brave Trojan killed by Menelaüs; Pythagoras claimed to be Euphorbus reincarnate, XV. 161

Euphrates, a river of Syria, II. 248

Europa, daughter of the Phoenician king Agenor, betrayed by Jupiter in the form of a bull, II. 858; VI. 104; her son was Minos, VIII. 23, 120

Eurotas, a river in Laconia, II. 247; X. 169

Eurus, the east wind, I. 61; II. 160; VII. 659; VIII. 2; XI. 481; XV. 603

Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, X. 31, 48; XI. 63, 66

Eurylochus, a companion of Ulysses, XIV. 252, 287

Eurymides, Telemus, son of Eurymus, XIII. 770

Eurynome, mother of Leucothoë, IV. 210, 219

Eurynomus, a centaur, XII. 310

Eurypylus: (1) a king of Cos, slain by Hercules, VII. 363; (2) a Thessalian hero at Troy, one of the nine who offered themselves for a duel with Hector, XIII. 357

Eurystheus, king of Mycenae, son of Sthenelus, IX. 273; by a trick of Juno he was given mastery over Hercules, and imposed upon him the famous twelve labours, IX. 203, 274

Eurytides, Hippasus, son of Eurytus (3), one of the heroes at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 371

Eurytion, present at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 311

Eurytis, Iole, daughter of Eurytus (1), IX. 395

Eurytus: (1) king of Oechalia, father of Iole and Dryope, IX. 356; (2) the centaur who precipitated the strife between the centaurs and Lapithae at the wedding of Pirithoüs and Hippodamia, XII. 220; (3) the father of Hippasus, VIII. 371

Exadius, one of the Lapithae, XII. 266

FAMA, Rumour, personified, IX. 137; XII. 43 ff.

Fames, Famine, a hag, personification of hunger, sent by Ceres to torment Erysichthon, VIII. 784 ff.

Farfarus, a small tributary of the Tiber, XIV. 330

Faunigena, Latinus, son of Faunus, XIV. 449

Faunus: (1) an ancient king of Latium, father of Acis, XIII. 750; of Latinus, XIV. 449; (2) a sylvan deity of flocks and fields, identified with the Greek Pan, VI. 329; (3) in plural, demi-gods generally ranked with satyrs, I. 193; VI. 392

GALANTHIS, a faithful handmaid of Alcmena, changed by Juno into a weasel, IX. 306

Galatea, a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus and Doris, tells story of her love for Acis, and the Cyclops' wooing of her, XIII. 738 ff.

Gallicus, from Gaul, I. 533

Ganges, a river in India, II. 249; IV. 21; VI. 636

Ganymedes, son of Tros, brother of Ilus and Assaracus; on account of his great beauty Ganymedes was loved by Jupiter, who sent his eagle to steal him away, X. 155; XI. 756

Gargraphie, a vale and spring in Bocotia, sacred to Diana, where she was surprised by Actaeon, III. 156

Geryon, a three-bodied monster killed by Hercules, IX. 184

Gigantes, monstrous sons of Earth and Tartarus, with numerous arms and serpent feet, fabled to have made war upon the gods, scaling heaven by piling mountains one on another; they were overthrown by Jupiter's thunderbolts and buried under Sicily, I. 152, 157, 183; V. 319; X. 150; XIV. 1, 184

Glaucus, a fisherman of Anthedon in Bocotia, is changed into a sea-divinity by his chance eating of a magic herb, VII. 233; falls in love with Scylla, XIII. 906 ff.; appeals to Circe in aid of his suit to Scylla, and is himself loved by Circe, XIV. 9 ff.

Gnosiacus, Gnosius, from Gnosos, a city in Crete, = Cretan, III. 208; VII. 474; VIII. 40, 52, 144; IX. 669

Golden Age, described, I. 89 ff.

Gorge, daughter of Oeneus, king of Calydon, sister of Meleager, VIII. 543

Gorgo, Medusa, best known of three Gorgons, daughters of Phorcys, IV. 743; she had snaky hair, IV. 615, 699, 771, 792; V. 241; a look at her face turned the observer to stone, IV. 655, 781; V. 180 ff., 249; Medusa's head cut off by Perseus, IV. 615, 770; from her blood sprang Pegasus and Chrysasor, IV. 786; VI. 120; drops of blood falling on the sands of Libya change them to snakes, IV. 618; Atlas changed into a mountain at sight of the Gorgon-head, IV. 655 ff.; its touch changes seaweed to coral, IV. 744; why Medusa only of her sisters has snaky hair, IV. 791; Perseus uses the petrifying head as a last resort against Phineus and his band, V. 180 ff.; the head is finally set by Minerva in her aegis, IV. 803

Gortyniacus, from the city of Gortyn in Crete, = Cretan, VII. 778

Gradivus, an epithet of Mars, VI. 427; XIV. 820; XV. 863

Graecia, Greece, XIII. 199

Graïus, Grecian, IV. 16, 538; VII. 214; XII. 64, 609; XIII. 241, 281, 402, 414; XIV. 163, 220, 325; XV. 9

Granicus, a river and river-god of Asia Minor, father of Alexiroë, XI. 763

Gratiae, the Graces, young and

beautiful sisters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, attendants of Venus; used collectively, Gratia, VI. 429
Gryneus, a centaur, XII. 260, 628
Gyarus, an island of the Cyclades, V. 252; VII. 470

HADES, the underworld of spirits, kingdom of Dis, described, IV. 432 ff.
Haemonia, an old name for Thessaly, I. 568; II. 81, 543, 599; V. 306; VII. 132, 159, 314; VIII. 813; XI. 409, 652; XII. 81, 213
Haemonius, Thessalian, from Haemonia, an old name of Thessaly; an epithet of Jason, VII. 132: of Achilles, XII. 81
Haemus, a mountain in Thrace, II. 219; X. 77
Haemus, once a man, changed into a mountain in punishment of his impious presumption, VI. 87
Halcyoneus, a companion of Phineus, V. 135
Halesus, one of the Lapithae, XII. 462
Hamadryas, a wood-nymph, I. 690; XIV. 624
Hammon, *see* Ammon
Harmonia, daughter of Mars and Venus, wife of Cadmus, III. 132; she and her husband were changed into snakes, IV. 571 ff.
Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, represented with his finger on his mouth, IX. 692
Hebe, daughter of Juno, born without father, IX. 400, 416; given to Hercules as wife after his translation to heaven, IX. 401; restored Iolaüs to youth, IX. 400; called stepdaughter and daughter-in-law of Jupiter, IX. 416
Hebrus, a river in Thrace, II. 257
Hecate, daughter of Perses and Asterie, sister of Latona, VII. 74, 174, 241; XIV. 405; often identified with Diana and Luna, and hence pictured as having three forms or three heads, VII. 94, 194; goddess of enchantments, VI. 139; VII. 194; XIV. 44
Hector, son of Priam and Hecuba, XI. 758; XII. 3; bravest hero among the Trojans, kills Protesilaüs, the first to fall among the Greeks, XII. 68; attempts to burn the Greek ships, XIII. 7; demands a champion from among the Greeks to fight him, XIII. 82 ff.; fights duel with Ajax, XIII. 85, 275; fights with Achilles and is slain by him, XII. 77; XIII. 178; his dead body dragged around the walls of Troy, XII. 591; Priam ransoms his son's body with gold, XIII. 473
Hecuba, daughter of Dymas, XI. 761; XIII. 620; wife of Priam, XIII. 404; mother of Hector, XIII. 486; in the division of the Trojan captives she fell to the lot of Ulysses, XIII. 485; her farewell to Troy, XIII. 423; her lament over the death of Polyxena, XIII. 494 ff.; finds Polydorus' dead body on the shore in Thrace, XIII. 536; takes terrible vengeance on Polymestor, his murderer, XIII. 549 ff.; is changed to a dog, XIII. 406, 567 ff.
Helena, daughter of Leda and Jupiter (Tyndareus, the husband of Leda, was her putative father, XV. 233); wife of Menelaüs, stolen by Paris, and thus the cause of the Trojan war, XII. 5; XIII. 200; quoted as type of famous beauty, XIV. 669; while still a maiden she had been captured by Theseus, but recovered by her brothers and brought back to Sparta, XV. 233; in her old age mourns the loss of her beauty, XV. 232

Helenus, a son of Priam having the gift of augury, captured along with the Palladium by Ulysses and Diomede, XIII. 99, 335 ; after the fall of Troy is set by Pyrrhus over Epirus, where he entertains and advises Aeneas as to his future course, XIII. 723 ; XV. 438

Heliades, daughters of the Sun-god and Clymene, mourn the death of their brother Phaëthon ; changed into poplars and their tears into amber, II. 340 ff. ; X. 91, 263

Helice, a name for the constellation of the Great Bear, VIII. 207

Helices, a companion of Phineus, V. 87

Helicon, a mountain in Boeotia, celebrated as the favourite haunt of the Muses, II. 219 ; V. 254, 663 ; by metonymy for the art of music and poetry, VIII. 534

Helle, daughter of Athamas and Nephele, sister of Phrixus ; fleeing with her brother on the gold-fleeced ram, she fell off and was drowned in the Hellespont, which bears her name, XI. 195

Hellespontus, the narrow strait which joins the Propontis with the Aegean Sea, XIII. 407

Helops, a centaur, XII. 334

Hennaeus, belonging to Henna, a town in Sicily, V. 385

Hercules, the most famous of the Greek heroes, son of Jupiter, IX. 104, 246 ff. ; XV. 12 ; and of Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon, IX. 23 ; as reputed son of Amphitryon, he is frequently called Alcides, from Alceus, father of Amphitryon, *see* Alcides ; and Amphitryoniades, IX. 140 ; called also Tirynthius from Tiryns, in Argolis, his home town, *see* Tirynthius ; on the day when he was to be born Jupiter announced that a descendant of Perseus was about to be born who should hold sway over all other descendants of that hero ; Juno induced him to confirm this with an oath ; she then, as goddess of birth, withheld the birth of Hercules, who, through Alcmena, was great-grandson of Perseus, and hastened the birth of Eurystheus, grandson of Perseus, and by this trick the mighty Hercules was made subject to the weakling Eurystheus, IX. 281 ff. ; Eurystheus was born in Mycenae and Hercules in Thebes, hence the latter is called Aonius, IX. 112 ; at Juno's instigation Eurystheus set Hercules twelve great labours, IX. 22, 199 ; XV. 39 ; these labours are rehearsed in IX. 182 ff. ; they are, in order of performance : (1) the killing of the Nemean lion, IX. 197 ; (2) the destruction of the Lernean hydra, IX. 69, 192, 193 ; (3) the capture alive of the stag famous for its speed and golden horns, IX. 188 ; (4) the bringing alive to Eurystheus of the Erymanthian boar, IX. 192 ; (5) the cleansing of the stables of Augeas, king of Elis, IX. 187 ; (6) the killing of the carnivorous birds near the Stymphalian lake in Arcadia, IX. 187 ; (7) the capture alive of the wild Cretan bull, IX. 186 ; (8) the capture of the mares of Diomede which fed on human flesh, IX. 194 ; (9) the securing of the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, IX. 189 ; (10) the killing of Geryon and the capture of his oxen, IX. 184 ; (11) the securing of the apples of the Hesperides, IX. 190 ; (12) the bringing to the upper world of

the dog Cerberus from Hades, VII. 410; IX. 185; in addition to these set labours, Hercules killed Busiris, IX. 183; Antaeus, IX. 184; fought the centaurs, IX. 191; XII. 541; bore the heavens on his shoulders in Atlas' place, IX. 198; visited Croton in Italy, and prophesied the founding of Crotona, XV. 12; rescued Hesione, daughter of Laomedon, from the sea-monster, and being cheated of his promised reward, with the aid of Telamon captured Troy and dethroned Laomedon, XI. 213 ff.; XIII. 23; came to Cos, where he killed Eurypylus, VII. 364; fought with Acheloüs for Deianira and overcame him, VII. 13 ff.; killed the centaur, Nessus, who insulted his bride, IX. 101 ff.; destroyed Messene and Elis and Pylos, and slew all the twelve sons of Neleus except Nestor, XII. 549 ff.; fought against Eurytus, king of Oechalia, laid waste his kingdom, and took his daughter Iole captive, IX. 136 ff.; received the poisoned tunic from Deianira, sent by her in the belief that this, soaked in the blood of Nessus, would restore her husband's love to her; his great sufferings described, IX. 159 ff.; he built a pyre on Mount Oeta, and was burned alive thereon, IX. 299 ff.; his immortal part was deified by his father Jupiter, and set in the heavens as a constellation, IX. 271; after his translation to heaven he received Hebe as his wife, IX. 401; he gave his bow and arrows to Philoctetes as a reward for setting fire to his funeral-pyre, and in Philoctetes' hands these weapons were destined once again to war against Troy, IX. 231 ff.; XIII. 52, 401

Hermaphroditus, the son of Mercury and Venus, story of, IV. 288

Herse, daughter of Cecrops, II. 559; beloved by Mercury, II. 724 ff.

Hersilia, the wife of Romulus; after his death she was reunited to her deified husband by Iris, and received the name of Hora, XIV. 830, 848

Hesione, a daughter of Laomedon, exposed to a sea-monster at the command of Neptune, rescued by Hercules and given by him to Telamon, to whom she bore Teucer, XI. 211 ff.

Hesperides, "the western maidens," three nymphs who on an island beyond Mount Atlas watched a garden with golden apples, IV. 637; XI. 114; these apples, though guarded by a sleepless dragon, were secured by Hercules, IX. 190

Hesperie, a nymph, daughter of the river-god Cebren, beloved by Aesacus, killed by the bite of a serpent, XI. 769

Hesperus, the evening star, V. 441

Hiberus, Hiberian or Spanish, VII. 324; a geographical epithet applied to the three-formed Geryon, whom Hercules slew, and whose cattle that hero drove away, IX. 184; XV. 12

Hippasus: (1) son of Eurytus, one of the Calydonian hunters, VIII. 313, 371; (2) a centaur, XII. 352

Hippocoön, king of Amyclae, sent a part of his many sons, one of whom was Enaesimus, to the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 314, 363

Hippocrene, a famous spring on Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses; said to have burst forth

under the stroke of the hoof of Pegasus, v. 256
Hippodamas, father of Perimele, VIII. 593
Hippodame or Hippodamia, daughter of Adrastus, wife of Pirithoüs; at her wedding the centaur Eurytus attempted violence upon her, and so precipitated the great battle of the centaurs and Lapithae, XII. 210 ff.; quoted as a famous beauty, XIV. 670
Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons; Hercules conquered her and took from her her famous golden girdle, IX. 189; she was married by Theseus, to whom she bore Hippolytus, XV. 552
Hippolytus, son of Theseus and the Amazon Hippolyte, XV. 552; in his attempt to comfort Egeria he tells the story of his own sufferings and death, XV. 492 ff.; restored to life by Aesculapius, wholly changed in appearance, and placed in Italy by Diana, XV. 533 ff.; here he was known by the name of Virbius, XV. 544
Hippomenes, son of Megareus, a youth who conquered Atalanta in a race and married her, X. 575 ff.; changed by the angry Cybele into a lion, X. 689 ff.
Hippotades, a name of Aeolus as son of Hippotes, IV. 663; XI. 431; XIV. 86; XV. 707. *See* Aeolus
Hippothoüs, one of the Calydonian hunters, VIII. 307
Hister, the Lower Danube, II. 249
Hoditcs: (1) an Ethiopian in the court of Cepheus, V. 97; (2) a centaur, XII. 457
Hora: (1) the name given to Hersilia after her deification and reunion with Romulus, XIV. 851; (2) in plural, the Hours, attendants of the Sun-god, II. 26, 118
Hyacinthia a festival celebrated at Amyclae, in honour of Hyacinthus, X. 219
Hyacinthus, a beautiful Spartan youth, son of Amyclas, king of Amyclae, hence he is called Amyclides, X. 162; called also Oebalidès, as a general name for Spartan, from Oebalus, king of Sparta, X. 196; *and see* XIII. 396; he was beloved by Apollo and accidentally killed by the god in a game of quoits, X. 162 ff.; from his blood a flower sprang up whose petals bore the marks of Apollo's grief, AIAI, X. 217; XIII. 396
Hyades, daughters of Atlas, sisters of the Pleiades, a cluster of seven stars in the head of the Bull; their setting brings wet and stormy weather, III. 595; XIII. 293; Dione, mother of Niobe, was one of the Hyades, VI. 174
Hyale, a nymph in the train of Diana, III. 171
Hyanteüs, Boeotian, applied to Aganippe, V. 312; to Iolaüs, VIII. 310
Hyantius, the same as the above, applied to Actaeon, III. 147
Hyles, a centaur, XII. 378
Hyleus, one of the Calydonian hunters, VIII. 312
Hyleüs, from Hyle, a little town in Boeotia, XIII. 684
Hyllus, son of Hercules and Deianira, who after his father's death married Iole, IX. 279
Hylonome, a female centaur, beloved by Cyllarus, XII. 405
Hymen or Hymenaeus, the god of marriage, present at the marriage of Perseus and Andromeda, IV. 758; he did not bless the marriage of Tereus and Procne, VI. 429; at the marriage of Iphis and Ianthe, IX. 762 ff.; Orpheus

and Eurydice, x. 2; the Hymenaeum, or nuptial song, at the marriage of Pirithoüs and Hippodamia, XII. 215
Hymettus, a mountain in Attica, VII. 702; X. 284
Hypaepa, a little town in Lydia, VI. 13; XI. 152
Hypanis, a river of Sarmatia, XV. 285
Hyperboreüs, Hyperborean, belonging to the extreme north, XV. 356
Hyperion: (1) a Titan, son of Coelus and Terra, father of the Sun-god, IV. 192; (2) the Sun-god himself; Heliopolis, in Egypt, the city of Hyperion, XV. 406, 407
Hypseus, a companion of Phineus, V. 99
Hypsipyle, daughter of Thoas, king of Lemnos; at the time of the Argonauts she saved her father alone when the women killed all the men of the island, XIII. 399
Hyrie, a lake and town near it in Boeotia; named from the mother of Cycnus (2) by Apollo; thinking that her son had perished, she melted away in tears and was changed to the pool that bears her name, VII. 371, 380

Iacchus, a name for Bacchus from the shouts of his worshippers, IV. 15
Ialysius, from Ialysos, a city in Rhodes, VII. 365
Ianthe, daughter of Cretan Telestes, a beautiful girl betrothed to Iphis, IX. 715 ff.
Iapetionides, Atlas, son of Iapetus, IV. 632
Iapetus, a Titan, father of Atlas, Prometheus, and Epimetheus, I. 82; IV. 632
Iapygia, the country in the heel of Italy, XV. 703
Iapyx, a son of Daedalus, who ruled in Apulia, in Southern Italy, XV. 52; hence Daunus, an ancient king of Apulia, is called Iapygian, XIV. 458, 510
Iasion, a son of Jupiter and Electra, beloved by Ceres, IX. 423
Iason, son of Aeson, VII. 60, 77, 156, 164; VIII. 411; Aeson's brother, Pelias, usurped the throne of Iolchus in Thessaly, and sent Jason off on the adventure of the Golden Fleece; in the Argo, which he built by the aid of Minerva (called the first ship, VI. 721; VIII. 302), he assembled the heroes of Greece and sailed in quest of the Fleece; the story of the adventure is told in VII. 1 ff.; Jason was also present at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 302, 349, 411. *See* Pagasaeus
Icarus: (1) son of Daedalus; attempting to fly on wings made by his father, he went too near the sun, lost his wings, and fell into the sea, called after him the Icarian Sea, VIII. 195 ff.; (2) Icarus, or Icarius, the father of Erigone and Penelope, placed in the heavens as the constellation of Boötes, X. 450
Icelos, a dream-god, son of Somnus, XI. 640
Ida, a mountain near Troy, II. 218; IV. 277, 289, 293; VII. 359; X. 71; XI. 762; XII. 521; XIII. 324; XIV. 535
Idalia, an epithet of Venus from her sacred mountain, Idalium, in Cyprus, XIV. 694
Idas: (1) son of Aphareus, king of Messene, took part in Calydonian boar-hunt, proles Apharëia, VIII. 304; (2) a courtier of Cepheus, slain by Phineus, V. 90; (3) a

companion of Diomede, changed by Venus into a bird, XIV. 504
Idmon, of Colophon, father of Arachne, VI. 8
Idomeneus, a king of Crete, leader of the Cretans against Troy, XIII. 358
Iliades: (1) an epithet of Ganymedes, = Trojan, X. 160; (2) an epithet of Romulus, as the son of Ilia, XIV. 781, 824
Ilion, Ilium or Troy, VI. 95; XIII. 408, 505; XIV. 467
Ilioneus, one of the seven sons of Niobe, VI. 261
Ilithyia, the Greek goddess of child-birth, corresponding to the Roman Lucina, IX. 283. *See* Lucina
Illyricus, of Illyria, a country on the Adriatic Sea, north of Epirus, IV. 568
Ilus, son of Tros, builder of Ilium, XI. 756
Imbreus, a centaur, XII. 310
Inachides, a male descendant of Inachus: (1) Epaphus, his grandson, I. 753; (2) Perseus, merely as an offspring of an Argive royal line, IV. 720
Inachis, the daughter of Inachus, Io, I. 611; Isis, the Egyptian goddess, the divine manifestation of Io, IX. 687
Inachus, a river and river-god in Argolis, I. 583, 611, 640, 687, 753
Inarime, an island off the coast of Campania, XIV. 89
Indiges, the name under which the deified Aeneas was worshipped, XIV. 608
Indigetes, deified heroes, worshipped as the patron deities of their country, XV. 862
Indus, of India, I. 778; V. 47; VIII. 288; XI. 167
Ino, daughter of Cadmus, wife of Athamas, sister of Semele, foster-mother of Bacchus, III. 313; helps to tear in pieces her nephew, Pentheus, III. 722; makes unseemly boast of the power of her foster-son, Bacchus, IV. 417; is pursued by Athamas, who was driven mad by Juno, and leaps with her son, Melicerta, from a cliff into the sea, but is changed by Neptune into the sea-goddess Leucothoë, IV. 519 ff.
Io, daughter of Inachus, I. 611; called Argolica paelex, from her father's country of Argolis, I. 726; loved and ravished by Jupiter, I. 588 ff.; changed by him into a heifer to avoid detection by Juno, I. 611; guarded by Argus, I. 624 ff.; driven over the world by a gadfly sent by Juno, I. 725 ff.; comes at last to the banks of the Nile and there regains her human form, I. 728 ff.; bears a son Epaphus, I. 748; is worshipped in Egypt as Isis, I. 747
Iolaüs, the son of Iphicles, nephew and companion of Hercules, restored to youth by Hebe, VIII. 310; IX. 399, 430. *See* Hyanteus
Iolciacus, of Iolcos, a seaport town of Thessaly, whence the Argonauts sailed, VII. 158
Iole, daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, captured by Hercules, IX. 140; after the death of Hercules, at his command she was given as wife to his son, Hyllus, IX. 279
Ionium (aequor, mare), the Ionian Sea, lying west of Greece, IV. 535; XV. 50, 700
Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, king of Mycenae, hence she is called Mycenis, XII. 34; sacrificed by her father to Diana at Aulis; but Diana is said to have substituted a hind at the last

moment, and to have carried off the maiden to be her priestess at Tauris, XII. 28 ff.; XIII. 184
Iphinoüs, a centaur, XII. 379
Iphis: (1) born the daughter of one Ligdus, a Cretan, and afterwards by the grace of Isis changed into a young man, IX. 668 ff.; (2) a humble youth of Cyprus who indulged a hopeless love for Anaxarete, and hanged himself at her door, XIV. 699 ff.
Iphitides, son of Iphitus, Coeranus, XIII. 257
Iris, goddess of the rainbow, XI. 590, 632: daughter of Thaumas, hence Thaumantias, IV. 480; special messenger of Juno, I. 271; XIV. 85; sent by Juno to Somnus, XI. 585 ff.; sent to burn the ships of Aeneas in Sicily, XIV. 85; sent to unite Hersilia to her dead husband, Romulus, XIV. 839
Iron Age, described, I. 127 ff.
Isis, an Egyptian goddess, believed by Greek mythology to have been the deified Io, I. 747; hence called Inachis, IX. 687; promises aid to Telethusa, IX. 687; fulfils her promise by changing Iphis, born a girl, into a boy, IX. 773 ff.; her train described, IX. 687 ff.
Ismarius, from Ismarus, a mountain in Thrace, = Thracian, II. 257; IX. 642; X. 305; XIII. 530
Ismenides, Theban women, so called from the neighbouring river, Ismenus, III. 733; IV. 31; VI. 159; certain Theban women, changed by the wrath of Juno into birds, IV. 543 ff.
Ismenis, daughter of the Boeotian river-god Ismenus, the nymph Crocale, III. 169
Ismenus, one of the seven sons of Niobe, VI. 224
Ismenus, a river in Boeotia near Thebes, II. 244; III. 169, 733 IV. 31, 562; VI. 159; XIII. 682
Isse, daughter of Macareus (1), VI. 124
Isthmus, the Isthmus of Corinth, VI. 419; VII. 405
Italia, Italy, XIV. 17; XV. 9, 59, 291, 701
Ithaca, an island in the Ionian Sea, the home of Ulysses, XIII. 98, 103, 512, 711
Ithacus, a name for Ulysses as king of Ithaca, XIII. 98, 103
Itys, son of Tereus and Procne, VI. 437; slain by his mother and her sister, and served up at a banquet to his father, VI. 620 ff.
Iuba, a king of Numidia, XV. 755
Iulus, Ascanius, the son of Aeneas, from whom the gens Iulia claimed its origin, XIV. 583; XV. 547, 767
Iuno, daughter of Saturn (*see* Saturnia) and Rhea; foster-daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, II. 527; sister and wife of Jupiter and queen of the gods, I. 620; II. 466, 512; III. 263, 265, 284; VI. 94, 332; XIV. 829; goddess of marriage, VI. 428; IX. 762, 796; XI. 573; goddess of childbirth, *see* Lucina; her daughter was Hebe, IX. 400; her son, Vulcan, IV. 173; *see also* Mars; Iris is her messenger, *see* Iris; her bird is the peacock, in whose tail she set the eyes of the slain Argus, I. 722; XV. 385; her activities are most often employed in punishing her mortal rivals in the love of her husband; so she works her jealous rage on Io, I. 601 ff.; on Callisto, II. 466 ff.; on Semele, III. 261 ff.; punishes Ino through the madness of Athamas, IV. 421 ff.; changes the Theban women, friends of Ino, into

stones, IV. 543 ff.; persecutes Latona, VI. 332 ff.; sends pestilence on Aegina, because named from her rival, VII. 523 ff.; stays the birth of Hercules, whom she hates for Alcmena's sake, and by this trick makes him subject to Eurystheus, IX. 21, 176, 284, 295 ff.; punishes Echo for her treachery in shielding Jupiter, III. 362 ff.; strikes Tiresias with blindness for siding with Jupiter against her, III. 359; being tricked by Galanthis, she changes her into a weasel, IX. 306; changes the queen of the Pygmies into a crane and Antigone into a stork, both for daring to contend against her, VI. 90 ff.; takes refuge from the pursuit of the Giants in the form of a white cow, V. 330; incensed that Jupiter should take Ganymede to be his cup-bearer, X. 161; takes pity on Alcyone and reveals to her her husband's death, XI. 583 ff.; is hostile to Aeneas and to the Trojans, but at last gives up her enmity, XIV. 582; sends Iris to reunite Hersilia to her dead husband, Romulus, XIV. 829; Proserpina is called Iuno Averna, "the Juno of the Lower World," XIV. 114

Iunonigena, Vulcan, the son of Juno, IV. 173

Iuppiter, the son of Saturn and Rhea (*see* Saturnius); born in Crete and watched over in his infancy by the priests of Ida, IV. 282; VIII. 99; with his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto, dethrones Saturn, and in the division of the kingdom by lot the dominion of the heavens falls to him, who thus became the highest of the gods, I. 114, 154, 197, 251, 328; II. 60, 280, 292; XIV. 807; XV. 858; he is subject only to the decrees of fate, I. 256; V. 532; IX. 434; XV. 807; his emblems of power are the sceptre, I. 178; II. 847; and the thunderbolt, I. 154, 170, 197; II. 61, 848; XII. 51; his sacred bird is the eagle, which bears his thunderbolts in its talons, IV. 714; X. 158; XV. 386; his sacred tree is the oak, I. 106, *and see* Chaonia *and* Dodona; he is the god and guardian of hospitality, X. 224; his name is used by metonymy for the heavens and the upper air, II. 377; IV. 260; XIII. 707; his wife, who is also his sister, is Juno, and his sons by her are Vulcan and Mars; his children by other deities are Minerva, born without mother from the head of Jupiter (*see* Minerva); Mercury, by Maia, I. 669; Proserpina, by Ceres, V. 515; VI. 114; the nine Muses, by Mnemosyne, VI. 114; Venus, by Dione, XIV. 585; his amours with nymphs or mortal women and his sons by these are: with Io, Epaphus, I. 588 ff.; Latona, Apollo and Diana, I. 517, 696; VI. 336; Callisto, Arcas, II. 422 ff.; Europa, Minos, II. 846 ff.; VI. 103; VIII. 122; and Rhadamanthus, IX. 436; Semele, Bacchus, III. 260 ff.; Danaë, Perseus, IV. 611, 697; Malia, the Palici, V. 406; Leda, Castor and Pollux, VI. 109; Antiope, Amphion and Zethus, VI. 111; Aegina, Aeacus, VI. 113; VII. 615; XIII. 28; Alcmena, Hercules, IX. 23; Euryodia, Arcesius, XIII. 145; his age was the Silver Age of the world, I. 113 ff.; leaves heaven to investigate the sins of men I. 212 ff.; decides to destroy

the human race by flood, I. 253 ff.; hurls thunderbolt at Phaëthon and stops universal conflagration, II. 304; apologizes to Phoebus for this act, II. 396; disputes with Juno and refers the dispute to Tiresias, III. 320 ff.; changes Memnon on his funeral pyre into a bird, III. 586; changes Celmis into a stone, IV. 282; flees to Egypt from the pursuit of the Giants, and hides in the form of a ram; is hence worshipped as the Libyan Ammon, with ram's horns on his head, V. 327; is entertained by Philemon and Baucis, VIII. 626 ff.; reveals the fates to Venus, how under Augustus Rome is to come to her highest glory, XV. 807 ff.; his temple on the Capitol at Rome, XV. 866

Ixion, king of the Lapithae, father of Pirithoüs, VIII. 403, 613; XII. 210; for attempting violence upon Juno he was punished in the underworld, bound to a whirling wheel, IV. 461; IX. 124; X. 42; with a cloud-form which Jupiter made in the image of Juno he begot the centaurs, XII. 504; *see* Nubigenae

LACEDAEMONIUS, of Lacedaemon, or Sparta, XV. 50

Laciuius, of Lacinium, a promontory in Italy near Crotona, XV. 13, 701

Laconis, Laconian, Lacedaemonian, III. 223

Ladon, a river in Arcadia, I. 702

Laërtes, son of Arcesius, father of Ulysses, XII. 625; XIII. 144

Laërtiades, Ulysses, the son of Laërtes, XIII. 48

Laërtius heros, Ulysses, XIII. 124

Laestrygones, an ancient people of Italy in Campania, fabled to have been cannibals, XIV. 233

Laïades, Oedipus, the son of Laïus, solved the riddle of the sphinx, VII. 759

Lampetides, a musician in the court of Cepheus, V. 111

Lampetie, one of the Hellades, II. 349

Lamus, a mythical king of the Laestrygonians, the founder of Formiae, XIV. 233

Laomedon, king of Troy, father of Priam, Hersione, and Antigone, VI. 96; XI. 196, 757; cheats Apollo and Neptune out of their promised reward for building the walls of Troy, XI. 200 ff.

Lapithae, an ancient people in South-western Thessaly; their great fight with the centaurs, XII. 210 ff., 536; XIV. 670

Larissaeus, of Larissa, a city in Thessaly, II. 542

Latialis, Latinus, of Latium, Latian, Latin, generally = Roman, II. 366; XIV. 610, 623; XV. 481

Latinus: (1) son of Faunus, king of Laurentum in Latium, father of Lavinia, hospitably receives Aeneas, XIV. 449; (2) one of the Alban kings, XIV. 611

Latium, a country in Central Italy in which Rome was situated, XIV. 452, 832

Latius, Latian, Latin, generally = Roman, I. 560; XIV. 326, 390, 422, 832; XV. 486, 582, 626, 742

Latoïs, Diana, the daughter of Latona, VIII. 278

Latoïus, Apollo, the son of Latona, XI. 196

Latona, daughter of Coeus, a Titan, VI. 185, 346, 366; mother by Jupiter of Apollo and Diana, VI. 160, 315, 336; refused by Juno a place on earth where she might

bear her children, she gave them birth on the floating island of Delos, VI. 185 ff., 332; is insulted by Niobe and appeals to her two children for vengeance, VI. 204 ff.; story of her persecution by Lycian rustics, whom she changed into frogs, VI. 339 ff.; the sacred trees in Delos under which she bore her children, VI. 335; XIII. 635

Latonia, an epithet of Diana as daughter of Latona, I. 696; VIII. 394, 542

Latonigenae, the twin children of Latona, VI. 160

Latoïs, belonging to Latona, her altar, VI. 274; her son Apollo, VI. 384

Latreus, a centaur, XII. 463

Laurens, of Laurentium, an ancient city of Latium, seat of King Latinus, XIV. 336, 342, 598

Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, for whom Turnus fought against Aeneas, XIV. 570

Lavinium, a city of Latium, founded by Aeneas, XV. 728

Learchus, son of Athamas and Ino, slain by his father in a fit of madness, IV. 516

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Ninus, an Assyrian king, husband of Semiramis, IV. 88

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Nisus, a king of Megara, besieged by Minos; he had a purple lock of hair upon the preservation of which his life and kingdom depended; this lock his daughter Scylla, secretly in love with Minos, cut off and gave to her father's enemy, VIII. 8 ff.

Nixi patres, three guardian deities of women in labour; their statues stood in the Capitol at Rome, representing the gods in a kneeling posture, IX. 294

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Noricus, of Noricum, a country lying between the Danube and the Alps, XIV. 712

Notus, the south wind, bringer of rain, I. 264

Nox, goddess of Night, daughter of Chaos, mother of the Furies, IV. 452; XIV. 404

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Numicius, a small river in Latium, XIV. 328, 599

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Numitor, king of Alba, driven from his throne by his brother Amulius, but restored by his grandsons, Romulus and Remus, XIV. 773

Nyctëïs, Antiope, daughter of the Boeotian king Nycteus; mother by Jupiter of Zethus and Amphion, VI. 111

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Nyctimene, daughter of Epopeus, king of Lesbos, who unknowingly had intercourse with her father; in despair she fled into the forest, where she was changed by Minerva into an owl, II. 590 ff.

Nyseïdes, the nymphs of Mount Nysa in India, who cared for the infant Bacchus in their caves, III. 314; Bacchus obtained their rejuvenation from Medea, VII. 295

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Oceanus, the great all-encircling sea, the ocean, VII. 267; IX. 594; XIII. 292; XV. 12; personified, a deity, son of Coelus and Terra, husband of his sister, Tethys, II. 510; IX. 499; XIII. 951

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Oebalius. *See* Hyacinthus

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Tarentum, a city in Lower Italy founded by a colony of Lacedaemonians, XV. 50

Tarpeïa, a Roman maid who treacherously opened the citadel to the Sabines and was killed beneath the weight of their arms which they threw upon her, XIV. 776; the Tarpeïae arces was the Capitoline Hill, on which stood a temple of Jupiter, XV. 866

Tartarus, and plural, Tartara, a name for the infernal regions, I. 113; II. 260; V. 371, 423; VI. 676; XI. 670; XII. 257, 523, 619

Tartessius, of Tartessus, an old Phoenician colony in Spain, XIV. 416

Tatius, a king of the Sabines who fought against Romulus, but afterwards made peace and reigned jointly with him, XIV. 775, 804, 805

Taurus, a mountain in Asia Minor, II. 217

Taÿgete, a daughter of Atlas, one of the Pleiades, III. 595

Tectaphus, one of the Lapithae, XII. 433

Tegeaea = Arcadian, from Tegea, an ancient town in Arcadia; an epithet of Atalanta (1), VIII. 317, 380

Telamon, son of Aeacus, king of Aegina, XIII. 25; grandson of Jupiter, XIII. 28; brother of Peleus and Phocus, VII. 476, 669; XIII. 151; father of Ajax, XII. 624; XIII. 22, 346; was present at the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 309, 378; took part in the Argonautic expedition, XIII. 24; aided Hercules in taking Troy, XIII. 23; whereby he gained Hesione as his wife, XI. 216; he was banished with Peleus from his father's house for the accidental killing of their half-brother Phocus, XIII. 145. *See* Peleus

Telamoniades and Telamonius, epithets of Ajax as the son of Telamon, XIII. 194, 231, 266, 321

Telchines, a fabled family of priests in Ialysus, an ancient city of Rhodes, who by the glance of their eyes could change things into ugly shapes; Jupiter plunged them into the sea, VII. 365

Teleboas, a centaur, XII. 441

Telemus, son of Eurymus, a seer, XIII. 770

Telephus, a king of Mysia, son of Hercules and the nymph Auge; he was wounded at Troy by the spear of Achilles and afterwards healed by that hero, who rubbed rust from the spear upon the wound, XIII. 171; XII. 112

Telestes, a Cretan, father of Ianthe, IX. 717

Telethusa, wife of Lygdus, mother of Iphis, IX. 682, 696, 766

Tellus, the personification of the earth, the Earth-goddess, II. 272, 301; VII. 196. *See* Terra

Temese, a town in Bruttium, rich in copper mines, VII. 207; XV. 707

Tempe, the beautiful and famous valley of the Peneus in Thessaly, between Olympus and Ossa, I. 569; VII. 222, 371

Tenedos, a small island near Troy, I. 516; XII. 109; XIII. 174

Tenos, an island of the Cyclades, VII. 469

Tereus, king of Thrace, relieved Pandion, king of Athens, from siege and received his daughter, Procne, in marriage, VI. 424 ff.; at his wife's request goes to Athens that he may bring Philomela back with him to visit her sister, VI. 440 ff.; is entrusted

by Pandion with the care of Philomela, whom on the journey homeward he ravishes and shuts up in a house in the deep woods, VI. 520 ff.; the two wronged women take vengeance upon him by murdering his son, Itys, and serving him up as a feast to the unwitting father, VI. 647 ff.; he pursues them and both he and they are changed into birds, VI. 671 ff.

Terra, the Earth-goddess, mother of the Giants, I. 157. *See* Tellus

Tethys, a sea-goddess, sister and wife of Oceanus, II. 69, 156, 509; IX. 499; XIII. 951; changes Aesacus into a diving-bird, XI. 784 ff.

Teucer: (1) one of the most ancient kings of Troy, who came originally from Crete; from him the people were called Teucrians, XIII. 705; (2) the son of Telamon and Hesione, half-brother of Ajax; though the cousin of Achilles, he does not claim that hero's arms, XIII. 157; he is represented as the ancestor of Anaxarete of Cyprus, XIV. 698

Teucri, a name of the Trojans from Teucer, their ancient king, XIII. 705, 728; = Trojan, XIV. 72

Thaumantes, Thaumantias, and Thaumantis, epithets referring to Iris, the daughter of Thaumas, IV. 480; XI. 647; XIV. 485

Thaumas: (1) the father of Iris, *see above*; (2) a centaur, XII. 303

Thebae: (1) the capital city of Boeotia, founded by Cadmus, ruled over by Amphion, Oedipus, and Pentheus, the scene of numerous stories in myth and legend, III. 131, 549, 553; IV. 416; V. 253; VI. 163; VII. 761; IX. 403; XIII. 685, 692; XV. 427, 429; (2) a city in Mysia XII. 110; XIII. 173

Thebaïdes, the women of Thebes, VI. 163

Themis, the daughter of Heaven and Earth, goddess of Justice; has also oracular power; Deucalion consults her oracle after the flood has subsided, I. 321, 379; warns Atlas that a son of Jupiter will despoil him of his golden tree, IV. 643; checks the vow of Hebe that she would grant the gift of youth to no one after Iolaüs, IX. 403, 418

Thereus, a centaur, XII. 353

Thermodon, a river of Pontus on which lived the Amazons, II. 246; IX. 189; XII. 611

Therses, a guest of Anius, XIII. 682

Thersites, a mean fellow among the Greeks before Troy who loved to abuse the Greek chiefs; he was chastised by Ulysses, XIII. 233

Thescelus, a companion of Phineus, V. 182

Theseïus heros, Hippolytus, son of Theseus, XV. 492

Theseus, son of Aegeus, king of Athens, XV. 856; called thence Aegides, VIII. 174, 405; according to another story he was the son of Neptune, hence Neptunius heros, IX. 1; his mother, with whom he spent his boyhood, was Aethra, daughter of Pittheus, king of Troezen; when grown to manhood he made his way to Athens to his father; on this journey he slew a number of murderous robber giants who infested the road, VII. 433 ff.; he came to Athens unknown to his father; Medea, whom Aegeus had lately married, sought to poison Theseus, but his father,

recognizing him at the critical moment, drove Medea away, VII. 404 ff.; finding Aegeus paying by compulsion of Minos a tribute of youths and maidens to feed the Minotaur, he joined this band at the next levy, sailed to Crete, slew the Minotaur, and by the aid of Ariadne found his way out of the labyrinth, fled from Crete with her to Dia, where he deserted her, VIII. 170 ff.; he now returns to Athens, where he is joyfully received, VIII. 263; goes to the Calydonian boar-hunt, VIII. 270 ff.; on his return to Athens he is entertained by the river-god, Acheloüs, VIII. 547 ff.; as a fast friend of Pirithoüs, he takes a prominent part in the battle of the Lapithae against the centaurs, XII. 227; he had a son, Hippolytus, by Hippolyte, the Amazon; for this son, now grown to young manhood, Phaedra, a second wife of Theseus, conceived a passion; repulsed by the young man, she accused him to his father of attempting violence upon her; Theseus prayed to his father Neptune, who sent a monster from the sea to destroy Hippolytus, XV. 497 ff. *See* Cecropides

Thespiades, a name given to the Muses from Thespiae, a city near their favourite haunt on Helicon, V. 310

Thessalis, Thessalus, of Thessaly, a country in the north-eastern part of Greece, VII. 222; VIII. 768; XII. 190

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Thisbaeus, of Thisbe, a town in Boeotia, in a region famous for its doves, XI. 300

Thisbe, a beautiful Babylonian maiden loved by Pyramus, IV. 55 ff.

Thoactes, armour-bearer of Cepheus, V. 147

Thoas, king of Lemnos, father of Hypsipyle, XIII. 399

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Thybris, a Greek and poetic form of the name Tiber, XIV. 427, 448; XV. 432, 624

Thyesteae mensae, "Thyestean banquet," such as that which Thyestes consumed; Atreus, his brother, served up Thyestes' own sons to him as a horrid revenge for his own wrongs, XV. 462

Thyneïus, of the Thyni, a Thracian people who emigrated to Bithynia, =Bithynian, VIII. 719

Thyoneus: (1) an epithet of Bacchus from Thyone, the name under which his mother, Semele, was worshipped, IV. 13; (2) a son of Bacchus; the god, in order to conceal his son's theft of a bullock, changed the latter into a stag and his son into the form of a hunter, VII. 359

Tiberinus, an Alban king, XIV. 614; of the Tiber, XV. 728

Tiresias, a Theban who spent seven years in the form of a woman, III. 324 ff.; he decides a dispute between Jupiter and Juno in favour of the former and is stricken with blindness by Juno, III. 332; is given power of prophecy by Jupiter, III. 336; foretells fate of her son, Narcissus, to Liriope, III. 346; his fame increased by tragic fate of Narcissus, III. 511; warns Pentheus of his impending doom, III. 516

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Tisiphone, one of the Furies, IV. 474; at the request of Juno she drives Athamas mad, IV. 481

Titan, the Titans were the children of Uranos and Gaea (Heaven and Earth), among whom the following are mentioned in the *Metamorphoses*: Coeus, Hyperion, Iapetus, Oceanus, Saturnus, Mnemosyne, Tethys, Themis; the name Titan is most frequently applied to Sol, the Sun-god, son of Hyperion, I. 10; VI. 438; X. 79, 174; XI. 257; also to Phoebus in his manifestation as the Sun-god, II. 118

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